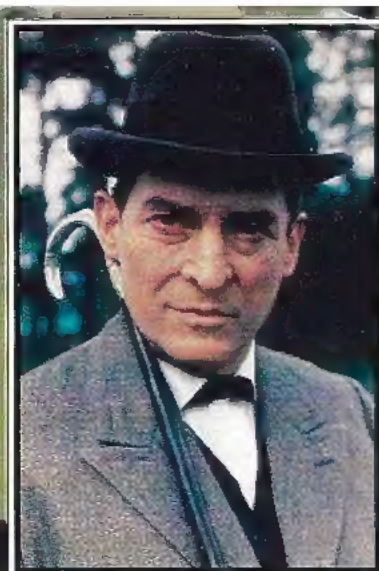


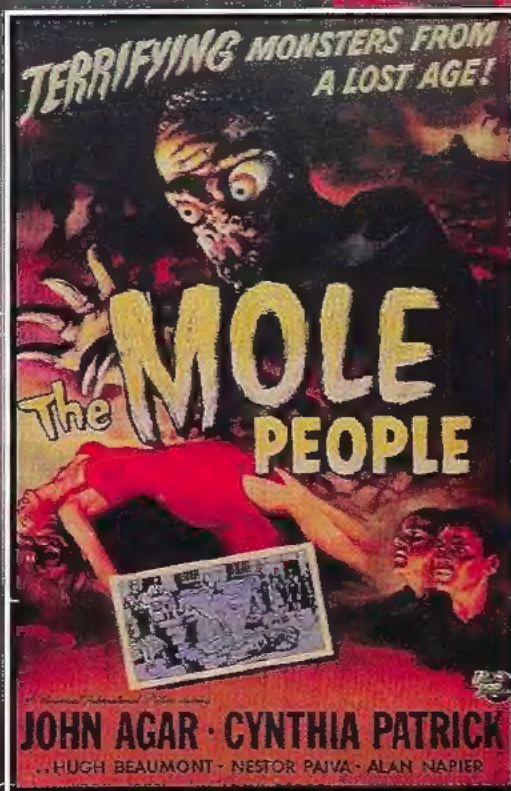
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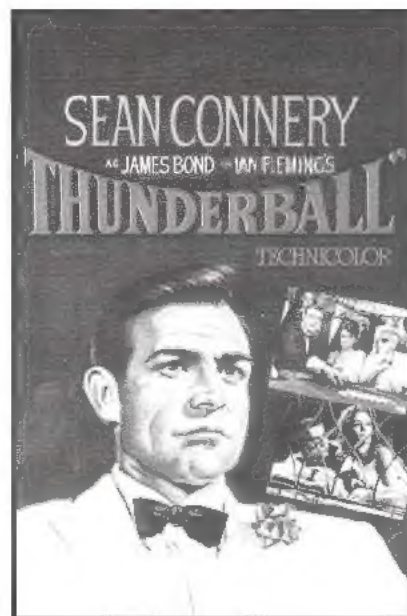
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COVER: Vincent Price strikes up the band as THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES (1971), Jeremy Brett as Sherlock Holmes, and THE MOLE PEOPLE (1956).

Scarlet Letters

Well, I don't know how you do it, but the Winter '96 issue was the best! Not only the best *Scarlet Street* so far, but as good an issue as any genre magazine has ever produced. There, I've said it and I'm glad.

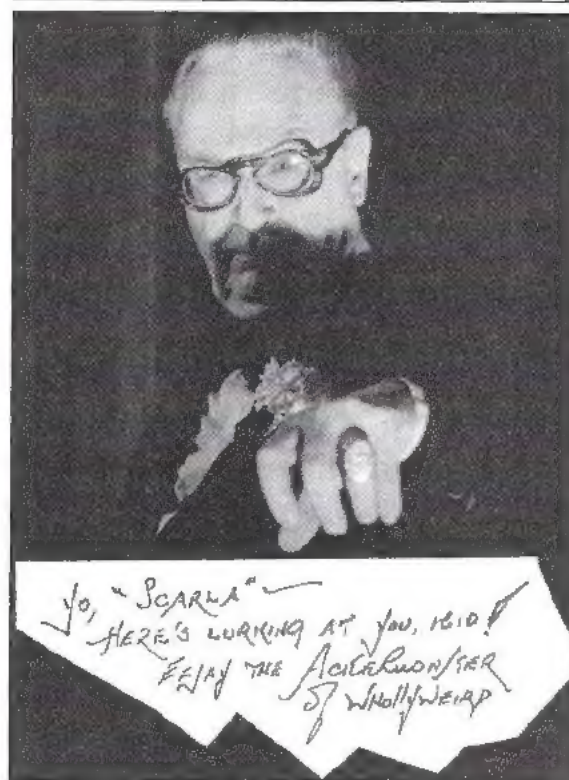
Where to start? It seems almost every article was about someone or something that I love. The Cornell Woolrich article (my favorite suspense author) was long overdue. So many of his works were turned into films (both good and bad), radio plays, and television shows, that he's probably one of the most adapted authors in modern literature. THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (Truffaut), PHANTOM LADY (Siodmak), REAR WINDOW (Hitchcock), THE LEOPARD MAN (Tourneur—from *Black Alibi*), BLACK ANGEL (Roy William Neill), NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES (Farrow) NO MAN OF HER OWN (Leisen) and I MARRIED A SHADOW (Robin Davis—from *I Married A Dead Man*), MISSISSIPPI MERMAID (Truffaut—from *Waltz Into Darkness*), THE WINDOW (Tetzlaff), THE CHASE (Arthur Ripley—from *The Black Path of Fear*), STREET OF CHANCE (Jack Hively—from *The Black Curtain*, also adapted for ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS and directed by Sydney Pollack), and on and on. Not to mention Hitchcock's finest directorial effort for television "Four O'Clock" (from the short story "Three O'Clock"). But enough about Woolrich.

The article on Pat Hitchcock was especially welcome. She's a wonderful actress and unforgettable in STRANGERS ON A TRAIN. Richard Valley's pieces on STAGE FRIGHT, STRANGERS ON A TRAIN, and John Michael Hayes were wonderful, as was Jessie Lilley's interview with "Guy Haines" himself, Farley Granger. Growing up in the '50s, it seemed that every one of my favorite TV shows had Hillary Brooke in it. I never missed an episode of MY LITTLE MARGIE or ABBOTT AND COSTELLO, and I got so used to seeing Ms. Brooke that she seemed like a second mother to me. (She

actually looked quite a bit like my mother.) I saw INVADERS FROM MARS at a kiddie matinee in 1956 (at the Lido Theater in Los Angeles), and was horrified when my Hillary was transformed by those dirty Martians into a cold, heartless thing. In fact, after seeing the movie, I vividly remember my mother scolding me for something, and that I demanded to see the back of her neck (to see if there was the telltale "X").

And finally, Michael Mallory's article on Raymond Burr. I met him once (in my acting days, when I was shooting a show on the Universal lot) and he was an extremely nice man (and to my mind the only Steve Martin). I'm sure there isn't space for me to mention all the other good pieces (even the ads were great), but I guess you get the point:

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Forrest J Ackerman



superb! And a belated thank you for the swell review of the NOT OF THIS EARTH CD. To be called "deliciously demented" by people who really know their dementias is high praise indeed.

Bravo to all concerned on another spectacular issue (have I said that enough????).

Bruce Kimmel
Varèse Sarabande Records
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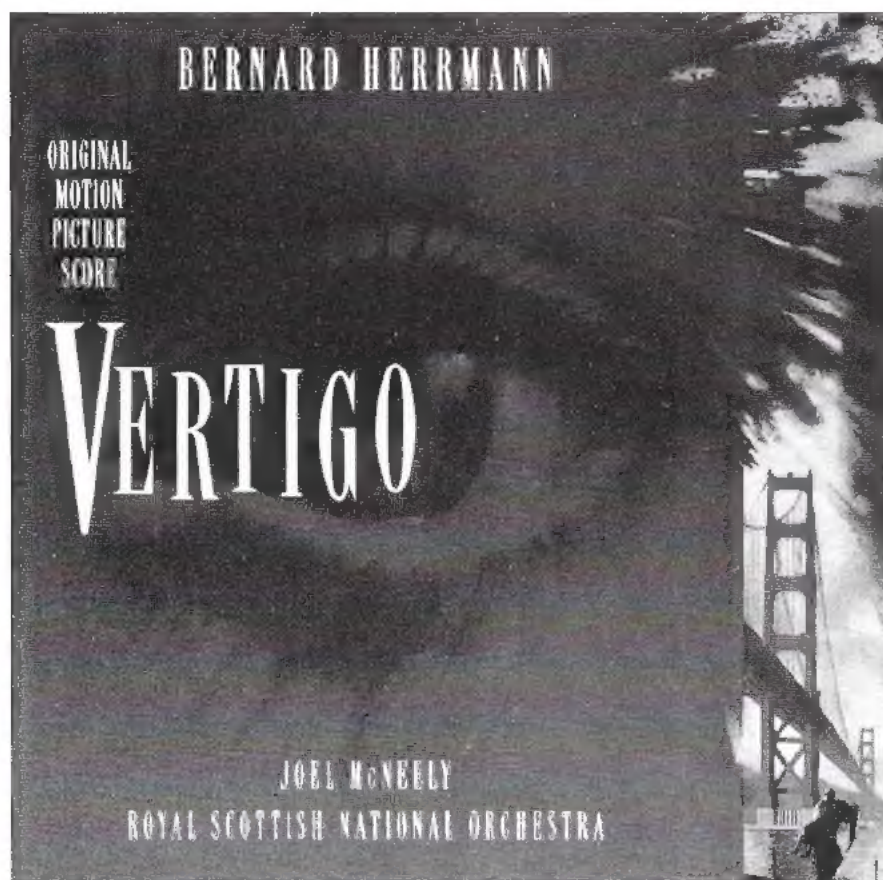
Our Grammy-nominated pal Bruce is responsible for some of Varèse Sarabande's finest albums, and his latest offering should be of particular interest to Sherlock Holmes fans. Check out page 22. The game, as someone once said, is afoot!

I have just finished devouring the Winter 1996 edition of *Scarlet Street* and I had to take a moment to write and let you know how much I appreciate your fine magazine. As a longtime Hitchcock aficionado, this was really the issue that I have been waiting to receive. All the articles relating to Hitchcock and REAR WINDOW were superb and all of them offered your typically unique slant on subject matter that, in this case, has been extensively covered elsewhere.

I found Richard Valley's article about STAGE FRIGHT and STRANGERS ON A TRAIN to be fascinating and feel that it sheds valuable new light on the process Hitchcock used to cobble together the screenplays for his films. Should Hitchcock fans take offense at the suggestion that the director might have "copped" the endings for these films from separate, uncredited mysteries by Edmund Crispin? Frankly, I don't think so. Hitchcock utilized the works of others to give his films a unique style that now is copied and obsessed

Continued on page 8

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**WHO
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—Forrest J Ackerman

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—Up 'n Coming!

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The standard of writing is above average and the number of interviews with actors in old films and TV series is unequalled by any other mag.

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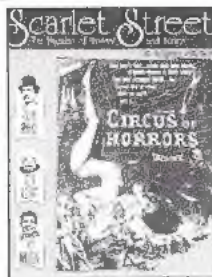
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SCARLET LETTERS

Continued from page 4

over frequently by today's filmmakers (who, in copying Hitchcock's visual style and evoking his name to sell their films, are probably guilty of much more egregious plagiarism). The fact that Hitchcock thought these endings would work well fused onto stories by others—and, at least in the case of *STRANGERS*, history has proven him right—does not diminish from the quality of these two films.

We all know that Hitchcock was a relentless self promoter from early in his career and this, combined with the adoration given him by the "auteur" critics of the '50s and '60s, resulted in many of his collaborators feeling justifiably overlooked. Your interview with John Michael Hayes is an excellent addition to the recent writings acknowledging this fine writer's contributions to Hitchcock's mid-'50s successes. The interview with Patricia Hitchcock, the one person still living who knew the director best, was also very useful for those of us perpetually searching for insights into "Hitch's" personal and professional life.

The one slightly sour note I might add was that I found the sympathet-

ic coverage given to Sheldon Abend, the lawyer who sued twice over *REAR WINDOW*, a little offensive given Abend's non-altruistic interest in the work. (The article does, in fact, acknowledge this.) However, I still found the subject matter of the article intriguing, since there has been very little else written about this long-term dispute that apparently affected the film's distribution for some years.

A few years ago I was in Santa Rosa and stumbled on the old train station that Hitchcock used as the set for the memorable arrival of Uncle Charlie in *SHADOW OF A DOUBT*. It was just as it appeared in the movie, but deserted and in disuse, like a ghost. What a great spot for an Alfred Hitchcock museum/library, if the powers that be would care to make one!

Lastly, I would like to know if your magazine is aware of any groups or organizations of people like myself who continue to obsess (much to the annoyance of friends and family) over the works of the Master of Suspense? Given the vast amount of critical material that continues to be published about Hitchcock more than 15 years since his death, I would

think there would have to be. I have noticed the existence of a number of fan clubs, cult groups, and so on in your magazine for a variety of performing artists... is there anything out there for us Hitchcock nuts? I would appreciate any information you could give me on this subject.

I would sign off with a bunch of clichés like "keep up the good work," etc., but given the unique way that your magazine approaches its subjects, I don't think it would be appropriate. Suffice it to say that, with *Scarlet Street* #21, you have given another reader a very enjoyable time with your magazine.

Jim Davidson
Concord, CA

Since MCA declined to comment on the *REAR WINDOW* case, we had only Sheldon Abend to quote in our article. *Scarlet Streeters*, if you know of any Hitchcockian cults meeting secretly at out-of-the-way motels, clue us in!

Scarlet Street #21 contained a vast wealth of information pertaining to the peerless Alfred Hitchcock. As one of his disciples, I am always eager for knowledge regarding the

Continued on page 12

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Frankly Scarlet



A few issues back, composer and critic Ross Care mentioned in his RECORD RACK column the colorful "cameo appearance" made by the London street sets for THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (1945) in the big "Limehouse Blues" number in ZIEGFELD FOLLIES (1946). A sharp observation, that, but honestly, it's possible for anyone watching a movie with care (if not with Care) to make some pretty odd connections between otherwise unas- sociated productions.

Case in point: a few moons ago, I was tapping my toes to an underrated MGM musical from 1955 called IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER. Cyd Charisse (she of the gams that go on forever) has a dynamite dance routine with a gang of plug-uglies in a Manhattan gym, but what caught my eye on this particular eve was that she was singing and dancing with Irving August, the jittery, doomed

detective of Val Lewton's 1943 masterpiece THE SEVENTH VICTIM! Yes, yes, I know it wasn't the character Irving August—it was the actor, Lou Lubin, who so brilliantly played him—but it was still disconcerting. Here he was, bouncing around a boxing ring with a leggy broad, and the last time I'd seen him his scraggly ol' corpse was being dragged all over creation on a subway train!

Longtime Scarlet Street- ers (at least those who read this column) know that, along with a lust for horror and mystery, I'm stuck on musicals. Not just musicals, really. Movie music. That's why I've really enjoyed putting this issue together. We have interviews with several of filmdom's most talented composers: David Raksin, Irving Gertz, Herman Stein, and James Bernard. Singer/songwriter Amanda McBroom reminisces about her father, David Bruce, whom fright fans will remember as the one and only MAD GHOUL. Drew Sullivan heads "Over the Rainbow" with Dr. Anton Phibes. And I get to report (with the help of Tom Amorosi) on a recording of Sherlock Holmes music that I actually played a small part in putting together.

It's a gala year for fans of movie music. Even Disney has jumped on the horror-related bandwagon with their latest animated song-fest: THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME! (No truth to the rumor that the original title was THE BELLS ARE RINGING.)

On the compact disc front, there's a gaggle of ghoulish delights to tickle your ear. RCA has released a boxed set of Mancini melodies (HENRY MANCINI: THE DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES/RCA 07863 66603-2), which includes cuts from such mystery and suspense classics as television's PETER GUNN and MR. LUCKY, EXPERIMENT IN TERROR (1962), CHARADE (1963), WAIT UNTIL DARK (1967), and, on the lighter side, THE PINK PANTHER and A SHOT IN THE DARK (both 1964).



ABOVE: There's never been a better talkie made about Hollywood's early days than the glorious SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (1952), starring Gene Kelly. BOTTOM LEFT: Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse dance through the mean streets of "The Girl Hunt Ballet" from THE BAND WAGON (1953).

Lest we forget, the composer of "Moon River" took his first plunge in a pond of a different color, writing cues for CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (1954). You'll find some of Mancini's MONSTROUS MOVIE MUSIC on the disk of the same name, and also on MORE MONSTROUS MOVIE MUSIC. These recordings are must listening for fans of '50s sci-fi films.

Never one to take a back seat, Varèse Sarabande has been lavishing both the new (the first complete recording of Bernard Herrmann's landmark score for 1958's VERTIGO) and the old (the long-awaited CD release of the original soundtrack for 1974's CHINATOWN) on eager ears. (More about these in an upcoming issue.)

And let's not neglect traditional musicals. (After all, who knows when Irving August may pop up in Brigadoon or the Emerald City?) Working together to brilliant effect, Rhino and Turner Classic Movies have opened a treasure trove of aural delights, including glorious remastered soundtracks from 1939's THE WIZARD OF OZ (R2 71964), 1942's FOR ME AND MY GAL (R2 72204), 1943's CABIN IN THE SKY (R2 72245), 1944's MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS (R2 71958), 1946's THE HARVEY GIRLS (R2 72151), 1946's ZIEGFELD FOLLIES (R2 72151), 1946's ZIEGFELD FOLLIES (R2 72151), 1946's ZIEGFELD FOLLIES (R2 72151).





FELD FOLLIES (R2 71959), 1948's EASTER PARADE (R2 71960), 1951's SHOW BOAT (R2 71998), 1952's SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (R2 71963), and 1958's GIGI (R2 71962). (Golly, isn't that THE VAMPIRE'S GHOST playing Maurice Chevalier's manservant in GIGI? And what's the twister from Oz doing whirling that Cabin up into the Sky?)

Many more CDs are promised, and a certain editor of a certain mag is impatiently awaiting such gems as WORDS AND MUSIC (1948), THREE LITTLE WORDS (1950), THE BAND WAGON (1953, with its jazzy, Spillane-inspired detective spoof called "The Girl Hunt Ballet"), KIS-

MET (1955), SILK STOCKINGS (1957, with Peter Lorre cutting a rug instead of a throat!), and BILLY ROSE'S JUMBO (1962).

For the major MGM musical nut, don't let's forget Rhino/Turner's THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT! (R2 72182), modestly (and appropriately) subtitled "The Ultimate Anthology of MGM Musicals." This six-CD set includes the soundtracks to THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT! (1974), THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT, PART II (1976), and THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT! III (1995). Not enough? How about one last disc called THAT'S MORE ENTERTAINMENT!, with an additional 25 cuts?

And let's remember that Rhino/Turner has also sent forth the original soundtrack to the 1959 Hitchcock classic NORTH BY NORTHWEST (R2 72101), the nifty two-disc original soundtrack of Miklos Rozsa's score from 1959's BEN-HUR (R2 72197), the twin soundtracks of 1970's HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS and 1971's NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS (R2 72401), and a spectacular collection of the scores of Erich Wolfgang Korngold (including 1938's THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, 1940's THE SEA HAWK, and 1942's KINGS ROW) titled ERICH WOLFGANG KORN-

GOLD: THE WARNER BROS. YEARS (R2 72243).

So don't let it get you down that poor ol' Fox still hasn't managed to release the endlessly-promised Bernard Herrmann score for JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH (1959) after doing such a memorable job on his THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (1951) and David Raksin's LAURA (1944); there's still plenty out there, and lots more planned. Just think of it all as Music to Read *Scarlet Street* By . . .

Speaking of stuff worth singing (or in my case croaking) about, it is with great pride that I welcome the one and only Dr. Acula himself, Forrest J Ackerman, to *Scarlet Street's* pages as a regular columnist. Uncle Forry's bejeweled fingers have been typing away like mad (hey, who else do you know who sports both Dracula's and Imhotep's rings?), so get thee at once to page 42, where you'll find the Father of *Famous Monsters* and the first installment of THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES.

Me? I'll see you next time . . .

Richard Valley

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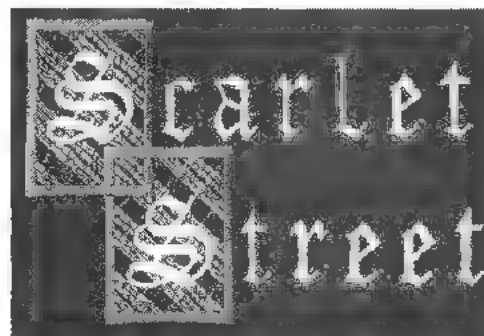
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SCARLET LETTERS

Continued from page 8

Master of Suspense. The conversation with John Michael Hayes offers invaluable insight into the creative process behind some of Hitch's best motion pictures. Hayes was the scenarist for the timeless classic REAR WINDOW, obviously the best of his four collaborations with Hitchcock.

Speaking of REAR WINDOW, Ronald Dale Garmon's essay on Cornell Woolrich was an incisive examination of a compelling literary figure. Woolrich claimed that he wrote to "cheat death," and it appears he was successful. A quarter of a century after his departure, his fiction continues to inspire film projects. (Another good article is Ron Goulart's profile of Woolrich in the December 1984 issue of *Twilight Zone Magazine*. Goulart actually knew Woolrich in the early '60s.)

In addition to the Hitchcock related material, I really enjoyed Sean Farrell's evaluation of THRILLER, and his enthusiastic review of the two Dr. Phibes films in SCREEN AND SCREEN AGAIN.

Timothy M. Walters
Muskogee, OK

I was very appreciative of Michael Brunas' article on the films of Val Lewton (*Scarlet Street* #20)—and for his kind comments regarding our album CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE: THE FILM MUSIC OF ROY WEBB.

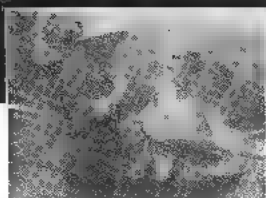
However, Michael makes mention of "glaring omissions" on the album—because, for instance, the disc does not include music from THE BODY SNATCHER and I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE. Well, as the album is nearly 75 minutes long, I do not see how we could have included any more music. But to set the record straight, there were no deliberate omissions, as I included on the disc everything that was available to me, the original tracks for THE BODY SNATCHER and I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE, plus many other outstanding Webb scores, just no longer seem to exist. (If anyone knows of their whereabouts, please let me know!) There were a couple more tracks from THE LOCKET, but these were in very poor condition and could not be cleaned up sufficiently well for CD release. I did not even have the main title for CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE, which had to be found from another (inferior) source. My inclusion of the brief cut

from MIGHTY JOE YOUNG was indeed "downright indecent in its brevity" as described by Michael, but again that is all I had, and I thought folks would rather have that than nothing.

However, hopefully over 70 minutes of prime Roy Webb, plus a 16-page full-color booklet will not disappoint too many people. A great deal of trouble also went into de-clicking the original acetates, and we are proud of the rich, full sound, with plenty of base response, we were able to conjure.

For the record (literally), on the 24th and 25th of November I produced new digital recordings of symphonic suites from WITCH-FINDER GENERAL (Paul Ferris), CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB (Carlo Martelli), CURSE OF THE DEMON (Clifton Parker), HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM (Gerard Schurmann), CORRIDORS OF BLOOD (Buxton Orr), FIEND WITHOUT A FACE (Buxton Orr), THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN (Humphrey Searle), THE HAUNTING (Humphrey Searle), and CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF (Benjamin Frankel). Next week we are recording an album of music by James Ber-

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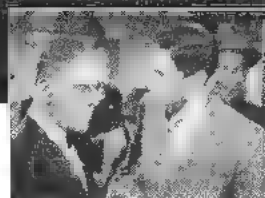
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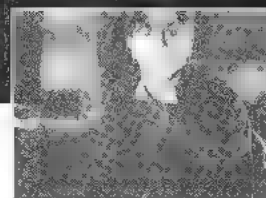
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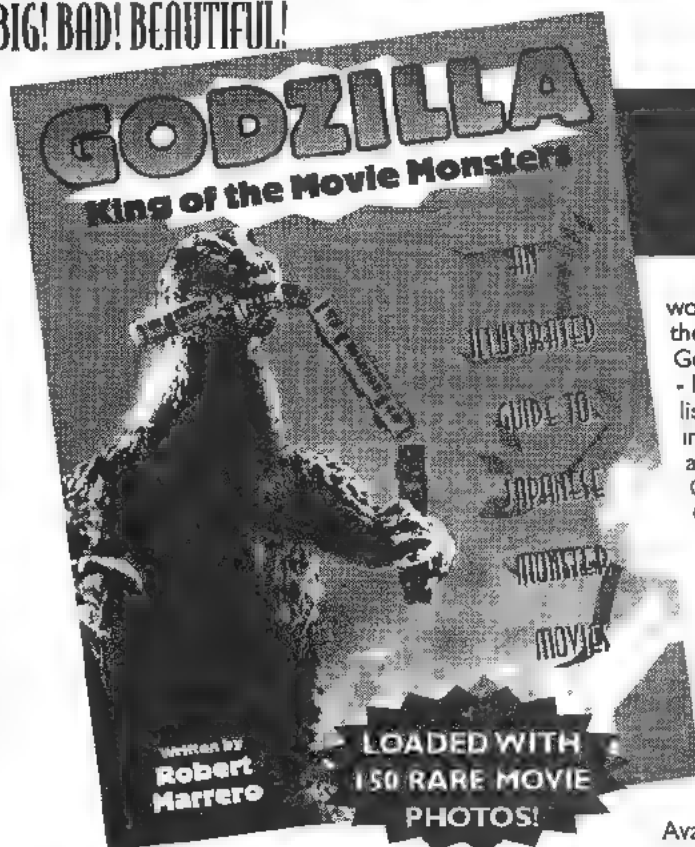
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nard—including *THE DEVIL RIDES OUT* and *SHE*. These albums are scheduled for release on Silva Screen Records and Silva America Records in the USA in May 1996.

David Wishart
Silva Screen Records
London, England

For more lifting information on the new CDs from Silva, turn to page 23 for an exclusive chat with composer James Bernard.

Good God, *Scarlet Street* goes from strength to strength! I can't imagine how it could be better—yet it seems to get better with each issue. You are to be heartily congratulated. Don't ever stop!

But one point to make: I do not understand this defensive attitude I see towards remarks about *SS* having a "gay agenda." First off, I don't think I would have bothered to react at all if I was you. (I got some serious criticism about the girlie shots in the last *Little Shoppe of Horrors*. I dropped the next part of the article not because of reader problems, but because it made *LSoH* an "adults only" magazine (going into plastic sleeves, etc.), which I never wanted. So it was me, personally, who made that decision. *Scarlet Street* has to be your baby. You must publish what pleases

you, or why bother? If you like running gay-themed articles, then run them. I don't think it hurts *SS* one bit. Still about the best filmzine around. But some of the letters in defense are a bit harsh, and would never be tolerated if said by a hetero... "usual hassles of heterosexual intercourse"... "repressive agents and agencies of a (hetero) sexist patriarchy"... "normal heterosexual couples and Van Helsing figures are slowly dwindling away."

I realize I'm taking these out of context, but I hope I am making my point. My suggestion? Run exactly what you want to and what you have in the past. Do not acknowledge the pissers and moaners. It is your magazine—and you are doing a wonderful job.

A birthday party for James Bernard in the Hollywood Hills and then a visit to Disneyland with James and three other friends made me realize what it's like to be the only hetero man among many gay men. I suspect that they were a lot nicer to me than hetero men would have been to the only gay guy in a group. Although I find most (not all, sadly) to be decent people. Or at least they keep their prejudices to themselves.

LSoH #13 is coming along well and should be out in the Spring. I'm

pretty excited. Over 30 interviews related to the making of *DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE*, *TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA*, and *SCARS OF DRACULA*. Tributes to Michael Camerons, Len Harris, and Roy Ashton. And a tribute to Peter Cushing unlike anything else published.

Dick Klemensen
Little Shoppe of Horrors
Des Moines, IA

We can't stress enough the frightful joys of Dick Klemensen's *Little Shoppe of Horrors*. If you love Hammer Horror, there's no better fanzine for you!

I enjoyed the Farley Granger interview (*SS* #21) and think it's great he participated in the documentary *THE CELLULOID CLOSET*, though like many stars, he didn't address his own sexuality. But I find two of his statements curious, and incorrect: he denies Robert Walker's Bruno character was gay, yet Bruno is heavily coded (stereotypically) as homosexual, and it is primarily heterosexual film critics who have pointed out *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN*'s undeniable gay subtext—even though Granger says it's the imagination of "the homosexual community," with which he feels too little solidarity, something alas

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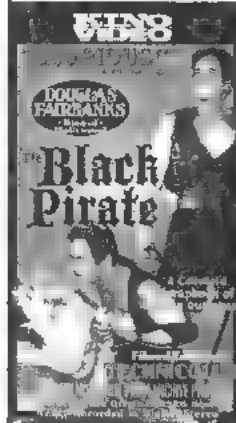


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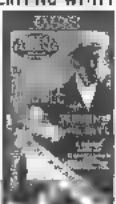
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typical of his generation of actors. Hollywood's celluloid closet has more to do with its performers than its on-screen characters . . .

A brief correction: Vito Russo's book on which the documentary is based wasn't "groundbreaking" if that means pioneering or a first. The first book about gays on the screen was in 1972, *Screening the Sexes*, by poet and film critic (immortalized in Gore Vidal's novel *Myra Breckinridge*) Parker Tyler. Mr. Tyler died a few years later and hadn't done lecture tours about his book, which is sadly overlooked today.

Although I myself am hetero-romantic, everyone has gay relatives and/or friends and/or associates, and as a pro-gay *Scarlet Street* reader, I must chide Ronald Dale Garmon for opening his profile of a writer (Cornell Woolrich) who happened to be gay with a tired stereotype ("a lonely, tortured, alcoholic homosexual")—try that same phrase with the word "heterosexual" instead, and see if that doesn't sound unfair, too.

Linda Fresia
Beverly Hills, CA

I recently discovered your wonderful magazine. It is very informative and put together very well. The continuing articles on Jeremy Brett are

wonderful. I also loved the interview with Hillary Brooke. I have always loved her as an actress and a glamorous symbol of the 1940s "look." Please keep up the great work.

Fred Sopher
Owings Mills, MD

One of the best articles in the new *Scarlet Street* was Michael Mallory's examination of the "secret life" of Raymond Burr. (I've considered MM one of SS's best writers ever since his FRANK MEETS WOLF MAN/SON OF DRACULA piece several issues back.) Mallory writes that Burr film debuted in *WITHOUT RESERVATIONS* (1946), but the new book *Republic Confidential—The Players* credits him with an unbilled appearance in *EARL OF PUDDLESTONE*, a 1940 Republic comedy. The Republic book is too painstakingly researched to slough it off as a mistake, so the question is how did Burr manage to make his first and second movies six years apart?

Della, please get Paul Drake on the phone!

Lorenzo Cameron
Ashton, GA

Hey, look . . . maybe Burr was busy. Those imaginary marriages take up a helluva lot of time!

Thank you from the depths of my heart for the interview with Mitch Pileggi (SS #20). This interview just confirmed for all of us what a wonderful, warm, and witty man he really is! He's the main reason we watch X-FILES and scream "More Mitch! More Mitch!" when he's not on.

Shannon O'Neill
Nashua, NH

I loved the Hitchcock coverage in your latest issue—peeling the layers away from the legend without taking anything away from what he accomplished. How about providing info (in fact, adding to your video sales list) on the best copies of the early Hitchcock stuff, the British material, silent and talkie both? Criterion has great lasers on some of 'em, but other, key stuff—*THE LODGER*, for instance—is hard to find on a quality tape.

Max Allan Collins
Muscataine, IA

Mystery writer and film director Max Allan Collins' nasty ol' *MOMMY* made her broadcast debut on (appropriately, Mother's Day weekend on the Lifetime cable network. We're happy to report that a sequel is in the works.

I never thought my first letter to *Scarlet Street* would be a request not

to print something, but in response to Alistair Robb's letter in issue #21, please, no fiction. Not that there is anything wrong with fiction, I just don't think *Scarlet Street* is the place for it. The reason I enjoy the magazine so much is for all the information I get on old movies/actors/radio shows I may have heard about but have never had a chance to see or hear (yet!). I would hate to lose any of that to a collection of fiction.

Now for something I'd like to see. How about an article/filmography on Dana Andrews? I first became aware of him in *CRACK IN THE WORLD*, then he seemed to be in every other movie on AMC. When I saw him in *CURSE OF THE DEMON* I really became intrigued. He sure seems to have had a lengthy and varied career.

And plowing through a pile of back issues, I would say my favorite is #6. A whole issue on movies revolving around the circus! I had no idea there were so many! I wish you would do more issues like that: pick one theme and devote the whole magazine to it. What ever happened to *PARTING SHOT*?

Mark Everett

San Mateo, CA

It's not a filmography, but you'll find plenty of Dana Andrews in this issue's

articles on one of his most famous films: LAURA. Scarlet Street #6 is one of Ye Reditor's fave issues, too, so we may very well return to that format one day. PARTING SHOT, unfortunately, gave way to our need for more room to showcase feature articles, but again, maybe some day . . .

The Winter 1996 issue was excellent, particularly the Hitchcock article and the interviews with Farley Granger and Patricia Hitchcock. But I must commend you for your continuing tribute to Jeremy Brett. As a Sherlockian (and a Bretian as well), I have followed the Granada series since the first episode, and been a devoted supporter of Brett's portrayal of Holmes. I eagerly await the next installment of your tribute.

Laura Kuhn

Allen Park, MI

My dearest Scarlet, I've always dreamed of someone like you. Someone attractive, articulate, compact, and well-organized. Someone accessible, yet independent; nostalgic, yet progressive. Someone warm and gentle, yet capable of taking a big, ragged piece out of those jerks who complain about her gay friends. Someone with a political agenda I can really sink my teeth into. Some-

one mature, yet unwilling to gracefully surrender all the things of Youth . . .

And, above all, this: someone well versed in all the arts and ecstasies of those scented gardens known as Mystery and Horror. Someone who is willing to share those secrets with one less experienced, less knowledgeable than she. Someone . . . who would lead me astray!

My parents would never approve of you, my darling, and I don't care! Teach me, Scarlet! I want to learn! I want to learn!!

Curtis Armstrong

Los Angeles, CA

Really, Mr. Armstrong, if you're going to send us mash notes we're going to have to engage the Blue Moon Detective Agency to put a stop to it!

Scarlet Streeters!

**Write today to
Scarlet Letters**

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**You must have been
out on a tear last night!**



Yes, it's the *Scarlet Street* Slightly Mangled Special. We have in our vaults some issues with minor defects: price tags glued on the covers, a folded page, a gypsy curse scrawled on the classifieds . . . nothing too grim, but enough to render them unsuitable for sale at the usual rate.

So, gang . . . now's your chance to get the *Scarlet Street* you've been missing! Just fill out the coupon stage right and we'll send you copies that, in the words of Ygor, are "broken, crippled, and distorted"—just a teensy bit.

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Sinister Cinema

Presents: MORE TERRORIFFIC DRIVE-IN Double Features

Great News! All you hard-core drive-in fanatics will be pleased to know that last year (1996) was the first time in decades that there were more drive-in screens standing at the end of the year than there were at the beginning. Let's keep our fingers crossed, maybe this is the start of a new trend. In celebration of this joyous news, we've got another 12 nostalgia-packed double bill combos ready to go.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! You've begged us for them for years and now we've finally caved in. This year, for the first time ever, we're offering "Walk-In Double Features." These are basically the same as our Drive-In combos except that the intermission material is geared for walk-in theaters. We've been sitting on top of a mountain of terrific walk-in material for a long time, and we're sure you'll find it all very, very enjoyable. There

are three walk-in combos and nine drive-in double features to satisfy your nostalgia cravings. All pairings include two movies recorded back-to-back, countdowns, snack bar ads, promotional announcements, previews of coming attractions—everything that used to make going to the movies such a unique All-American experience. And as usual, we again have lots of new intermission stuff not previously available.

ALL TAPES RECORDED AT SP. 2-4000 MODE: You get both movies, the snack-bar commercials, the previews, everything... all on a 2- (60 or longer) tape, recorded from start to finish in the SP mode.

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Wax nostalgic for the incredibly low price of

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Here's the lineup ...



DRIVE-IN COMBO NO. 73 (8DI-73)*

THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE (1959) Herb Evers, Virginia Leith. **TOTALLY UNCUT!** Luscious black and white, sleazy schlock at its absolute best. A severed head, a gross looking monster battling strippers, a mad scientist, all blended together in an unbelievable way. This could be the single greatest piece of drive-in celluloid ever made. A crazed scientist keeps his decapitated fiancée's head alive in a pan full of strange solutions. Look out for the conch-headed monster in the closet. Other pre-releases of this are drastically cut! From 18mm.

JACK THE RIPPER (1959) Leo Paterson, Eddie Byrne, Ewen Solon. The definitive film about the famed English madman "Jack" commits a series of gruesome slayings in an effort to wipe out prostitution from the streets of London. Brutal and sadistic for its time with the famed color sequence at the film's climax. "Are you Mary Clark?" A well acted, solid British chiller. From 18mm.

DRIVE-IN COMBO NO. 74 (8DI-74)*

THE EMBALMER (1966) Maureen Brown, Gin Mart, Luciano Casper, Anita Todesco. One of the most sought after Italian horror films. A horrible fiend is on the loose under the streets of Venice. He pulls beautiful girls down into murky canals that calcify the eviscerated of the ancient Italian city. He kills and "stuffs" them, then adds them to his grisly collection of mock-classic human statues that adorn the walls of his underground lair. Brat! From 35mm.

THE SHE BEAST (1966) Barbara Steele, John Karlson, Mal Welles. An 18th century witch, killed by villagers, swears revenge from the grave. Two centuries later, Barb's car crashes into a lake and she transforms into the ancient sorceress who then sets out to terrorize the local villagers. Barb's gorgeous as usual, but we don't mind saying this is probably the pug-ugliest witch in the history of film. **ugh. Color.**



WALK-IN COMBO NO. 1 (WAI-01)*

THE MAD MONSTER (1942) George Zucco, Glenn Strange, Johnny Downs, Anne Nagel. Ever seen a werewolf in Oak Kosh before? You will now. A mad scientist transforms his dim-witted gardener into a snarling werewolf for the purpose of killing his enemies. This is a fun, little cheese, much on the same level as **THE DEVIL BAT**, which it was often teamed with on the 50s re-release circuit. From a gorgeous 16mm original print.

THE DEVIL BAT (1940) Bela Lugosi, Dave O'Brien, Suzanne Kaaren. Bela's giant murderous bats are on the loose, attacking and killing everyone wearing a strange shaving lotion concocted by Bela, himself. This is one of those priceless "B" schlockers that has an uncanny appeal to it. Lots of lab scenes, too. "Rub some here on the tender part of your neck." Low budget charm. From 16mm.

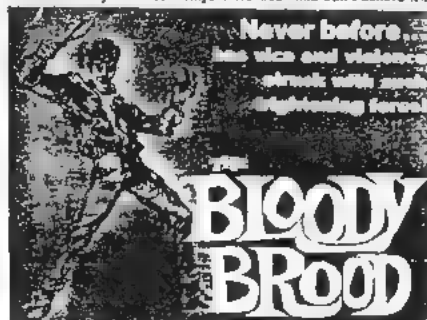
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DRIVE-IN COMBO NO. 75 (#DI-75)*

GLEN OR GLENDA (1953 aka **LED 2 LIVES**) Ed Wood, Jr. Dolores Fuller, Timothy Farrell. The greatest exploitation film of all time and like no other study of transvestitism you'll ever come across. If there's such a thing as "inspired" lunacy, this film's got it. **LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT** disappeared, but this survived, now that's heavy. Some magical moments of total nonsense and hilarity.

VIOLATED (1954) Mitchell Kowal, Wm. Holland, Lili Davn, Vicki Carlsen. In what has to be one of the campiest exploitation films ever made, the police are baffled by a series of hair-fetish murders in which the killer plays his victims and then gives them a haircut. A psychopathologist is brought in to give the police advice (much like in **GLEN OR GLENDA**). The suspects are a paunchy old man with a thing for young girls, and a sleazy photographer. From 35mm.

Your shocked eyes will see it...your stunned mind won't believe it...



STARRING PETER FALK JACK BETTS/BARBARA LORD
produced and directed by Julian Roffman/released by Sutton Pictures Corp



DRIVE-IN COMBO NO. 76 (#DI-76)*

THE BLOODY BROOD (1959) Peter Falk, Jack Betts, Barbara Lord. An intense and sometimes brutal film about a drug dealing gang of beatniks who get their kicks by perverse and violent means. (They feed a messenger boy a hamburger faced with ground glass). Extremely well done for such a low budget vehicle. Falk is excellent in one of his earliest screen appearances. From 35mm.

THE BEATNIKS (1960) Tony Travis, Peter Brook, Karen Kador. The good looking leader of a gang of beatnik thieves is heard singing along with a jukebox by a coning talent scout who offers him a chance at the big time. His beatnik buddy isn't too crazy about him treating from the gang and sets out to cause trouble. Produced by legendary voice-man, Paul Frees. From 35mm.



DRIVE-IN COMBO NO. 77 (#DI-77)*

HERCULES AGAINST THE MOON MEN (1964) Alan Steel, Jany Clair. Better than average musclemen stuff as Hercules battles magical moon men trying to conquer the world. Their queen has slept for centuries and needs blood to be revived. Hercules also has a run in with some neocretous, stone robots. Steel never had the charisma of Steve Reeves, but this is probably his best film and he does a commendable job in the title role. Beautiful color. 16mm.

BLACK TORMENT (1954) Heather Sears, John Turner, Ann Lyns. A British nobleman is suspected of rape, murder and witchcraft. He returns to his castle with a new bride. There, he is haunted by his mad twin brother and the ghost of his first wife. A very unusual and interesting gothic thriller. Color. From 16mm.



DRIVE-IN COMBO NO. 78 (#DI-78)*

MARRIED TOO YOUNG (1962) Harold Lloyd, Jr., Anthony Dexter, Jessa Lund, Maranna Hill. A forgotten Ed Wood film. This was a film without an ending, so Headliner Productions brought in Ed to finish the last 20-25% of the script. Ed was paid cash and was credited in the opening titles. The plot has a pair of high school sweethearts getting married on the sly, then finding the burdens of real life too tough. Trouble comes when they get mixed up in a hot car racket. A tremendous climax and crash. This is probably the highest quality film that Ed ever worked on. A must for all Ed Wood and J.D. collectors. Available exclusively from Sinister Cinema.

WILD GUITAR (1962) Arch Hall, Jr., Arch Hall, Sr., Ray Dennis Steckler. A young Arch, Jr. is given a shot at the big time by the unscrupulous owner of a small record company played by Arch, Sr. aka William Waters. Steckler steals the show as Sr.'s sleazy right hand-man. The scene where he brings in a hooker for Jr. is a hoot! Made almost exclusively for the drive-in circuit. From 16mm.

DRIVE-IN COMBO NO. 79 (#DI-79)*

LIANE JUNGLE GODDESS (1956) Marion Michael, Hardy Kruger. A beautiful (and completely topless) white jungle queen is discovered in the wilds of Africa living with a native tribe. It's thought she may be the lost granddaughter of a wealthy Englishman. She is brought back to London for a reunion but finds as much danger in civilization as in the jungle. The story is basically a variation on the Greystoke legend. Michael has to be one of the most beautiful sex kittens of the era. Most definitely rated "R." Transferred from a beautiful color 35mm print.

UNNATURAL (1952) Eric Von Stroheim, Hildegard Neff, Karl Boehm. A fascinating story of a strange scientist who creates a beautiful female fatale via artificial insemination. Because her heritage is artificial, she appears to have no soul or inborn sense of morality. She brings tragedy to everyone who surrounds her. A beautifully shot, gothic sci-fi fantasy. From 35mm.



WALK-IN COMBO NO. 2 (#WA-02)*

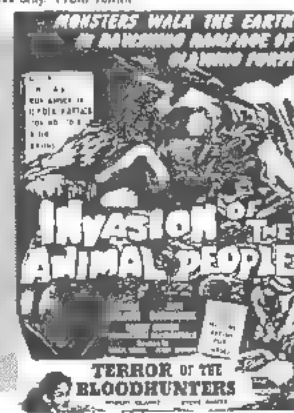
THE SCREAMING SKULL (1950) John Hudson, Peggy Weber, Alex Nicol. A memorable '50s "B" horror film from the guys at American International. This one's about a lady who's terrorized by the vision of her husband's first wife's skull. A well-paced AIP effort that boasts a tremendous music score. Be ready for the highly shocking supernatural ending. Fantastic! 16mm.

FANTASTIC PUPPET PEOPLE (1958) John Agar, June Kenney, John Hoyt. A '50s drive-in classic. A mad doll-maker has a shrinking machine in his back room that reduces people to a tenth of their size. He's a lonely old wacko that keeps his victims in small glass tubes, taking them out occasionally to ward off the emotional strain of his solitude. Agar, who's been miniaturized himself, rallies the other victims against their giant captor. From 16mm.

DRIVE-IN COMBO NO. 80 (#DI-80)*

THE BEAST OF YUCCA FLATS (1961) Tor Johnson, Douglas Meller, Tony Cardozo, Barbara Francis. One of the great "bad" pictures. Tor plays a Russian scientist who's caught in a nuclear blast. The radiation transforms him into a man-eating, desert monster that terrorizes the countryside. Some brief topless nudity is featured in the opening rape scene. From 16mm.

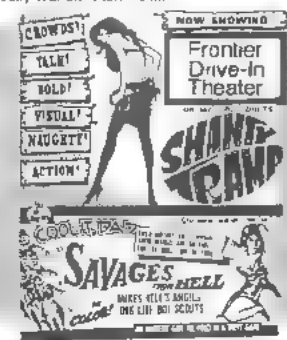
SECRET OF THE TELEGAN (1962) Koji Tsuruta, Tadan Nakamura, Atsuhito Hirata. One of the rarest of all Japanese sci-fi films. Men are being mysteriously murdered by a vengeful mudman known as "the Tegan," who uses a mailer/transmitting device to find his intended victims no matter where they hide. Released in the U.S. in B&W only. From 16mm.



WALK-IN COMBO NO. 3 (#WI-03)*

INVASION OF THE ANIMAL PEOPLE (1961) John Carraidine, Robert Burton, Barbara Wilson. Aliens land in Lapland and deposit a giant, furry monster that mates with the local natives. Shot on location in Lapland by an American crew and English speaking cast. Pretty good if you can get by the Jerry Warren inserts that were added later. From 16mm.

TERROR OF THE BLOODHUNTERS (1962) Robert Clarke, Dorothy Harey. Jungle horror as an escaped prisoner faces the terrifying savagery of a ferocious South American tribe. This was played up as a horror film when originally released, although actually a jungle thriller. Another Hall of Shame classic from grade-Z horror director Jerry Warren. From 16mm.



DRIVE-IN COMBO NO. 81 (#DI-81)*

SHANTY TRAMP (1966) Bill Rogers, produced by K. Gordon Murray. A sleazy manager puts the move on a small town's shanty tramp. She makes a move on a local black kid, which almost gets him lynched! Not bad, really. Kind of an "R" rated sleazy cross between **ELMER GANTTRY** and **TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD**. Cheap, but fascinating. From 35mm.

SAVAGES FROM HELL (1968) William Kelley, Viola Boyd, Bobbie Byers. The leader of a vicious motorcycle gang kidnaps a farmworker's daughter. He also beats her brother for messing around with his woman. A fairly entertaining "small-town-good-guys-against-the-bad-bad-bikers" movie. Color, from 35mm.

THIS OFFER ABSOLUTELY ENDS AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT NOVEMBER 30, 1996!

the NEWS HOUND

The Hound celebrates the onset of spring in his usual fashion: cleaning the den, slaughtering a few villagers, and bringing eager Scarlet Streeters the latest entertainment news . . .

Armageddon Tired Of This Stuff

Brace yourselves for attack on July 4th! Not only will the nasty aliens of Fox's sci-fi disaster movie **INDEPENDENCE DAY** descend upon us, but so will all the merchandising. (See the movie! Read the book! Buy the Marvel comics! Play with the toys! Collect the trading cards! Sit in the lawn furniture! Eat the Happy Meal!) The movie, at least, looks like a lot of popcorn-munching fun. The **STARGATE** team of Roland Emmerich and Dean Devlin (soon to take over TriStar's much delayed **GODZILLA**) have crammed all the popular UFO tabloid mythology into their script, and have hired a cast that keeps tongue planted firmly in cheek amid the spectacular mayhem. Jeff Goldblum, Will Smith, Bill Pullman, Brent Spiner, and Harvey Fierstein are among those who defend Earth against the alien invaders, who incidentally look like very ugly, skinny parrots with tentacles. Polly want a planet?

Joining the invasion of the ticket snatchers at your local cinemas this summer are May releases **TWISTER** (Warner Bros.), **THE CRAFT** (Columbia), **SPY HARD** (Hollywood) and Tom Cruise's **MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE** (Paramount); June offering **THE PHANTOM** (Paramount); July feature **THE RELIC** (Paramount); and August premieres (for a good caws) **THE CROW**, **CITY OF ANGELS** (Dimension) and **TALES FROM THE CRYPT PRESENTS BORDELLO OF BLOOD** (Universal).

CARLO COLLODI'S **PINOCCHIO** is also due this summer; New Line's live-action fantasy features Oscar-winner Martin Landau and intriguing effects from the Jim Henson crew

. . . Another (grim) fairy tale soon to surface is Polygram's decidedly un-Disneyesque retelling of **SNOW WHITE IN THE BLACK FOREST**, starring Sigourney Weaver as the Witch Queen. Costar Sam Neill has been quoted as calling it a "Gothic horror film" in which Weaver "does unspeakable things to me." With or without the dwarves?

ney Weaver and maybe Wynona Ryder (Fox); and the long-shot contender **STAR WARS: THE SPECIAL EDITION**.

If It Ain't Broke Dept.

Wes Craven has announced his intention to produce a remake of Herk Harvey's low budget 1962 cult favorite **CARNIVAL OF SOULS** for TriMark. Perhaps he can relocate the setting from Kansas to New York City and make it into another Eddie Murphy vehicle. How does the title **WEIRD, PASTY FACED GUY IN BROOKLYN** sound?

Runners-up in the dubious remake competition include developing Fox projects **WHEN SHE WAS GOOD** (the 1953 Marilyn Monroe opus **NIAGARA** rewritten for Michelle Pfeiffer) and **FANTASTIC VOYAGE** (from the **INDEPENDENCE DAY** team); Disney remakes **FLUBBER** (with Robin Williams as the Absent-Minded Professor), **JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH**, and **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG** (as a musical, perhaps?); and Warner's raids on the Hitchcock crypt: **DIAL M FOR MURDER** (starring Nicole Kidman) and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**. (Maybe Tom Cruise can meet up again with

Brad Pitt.) Last but not least, Nick and Nora Charles may return in a new version of **THE THIN MAN**, starring that suave, urbane real-life couple Nicholas Cage and Rosanna Arquette. Pass the flat champagne.

Blame It On The Boob Tube

THE AVENGERS feature is due to start shooting in June, with Nicole Kidman starring as Emma Peel; Ralph Fiennes is tentatively set to portray John Steed. The producers of the \$50 million Warner Bros. feature have promised to "keep to the essence of the small-screen version" (according to the London press). We'll see. Credit or blame will lie with British screenwriter Don Mac-

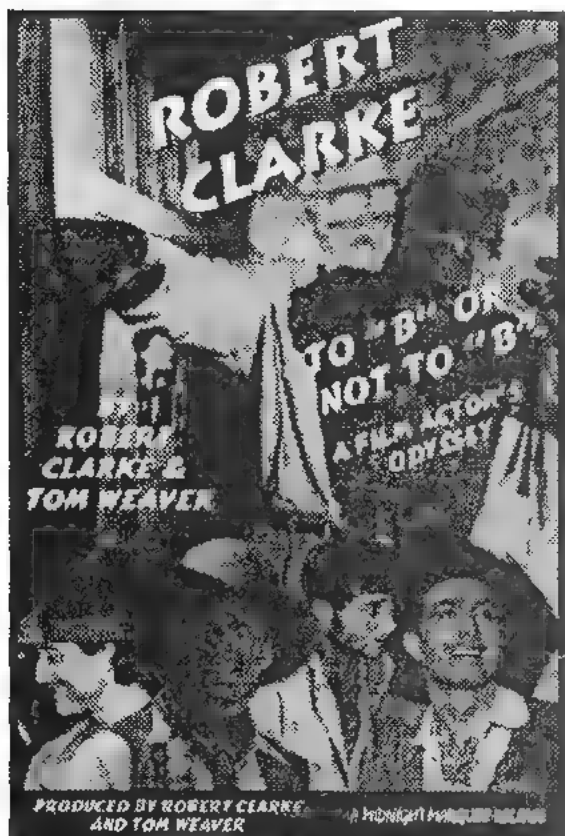


Tom Cruise is the producer as well as the star of his latest movie. Did he find the assignment a **MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE**?

Next Year's Science Friction

Doogie Howser is being shot into space! ("It's about time," you shout.) Neil Patrick Harris and a cast of unknowns are headlining what may well be the most expensive movie ever produced: **STARSHIP TROOPERS**. Director Paul Verhoeven and his **ROBOCOP** writing partner Edward Neumeier are currently filming this Robert Heinlein adaptation for TriStar. It's tentatively scheduled for release in the summer of '97, which means it will battle for your movie buck along with other sci-fi flicks **THE FIFTH ELEMENT**, starring Bruce Willis; and **MEN IN BLACK**, with Tommy Lee Jones and Will Smith (both from Columbia); Tim Burton's **MARS ATTACKS!** (Warner Bros.); **ALIEN 4**, starring Sigour-

Continued on page 22



**256 pages, over 100 photographs,
\$20.00**

Robert Clarke recalls his film career—from the early days of breaking into Hollywood to producing several cult classics in the '50s. Clarke appeared in all film genres including Westerns, Swashbucklers, Horror, Adventure, & Sci-Fi. He discusses in detail *The Man From Planet X*, *Hideous Sun Demon*, etc.

Clarke also discusses working with the *creme de la creme* of Hollywood including: John Wayne, Greer Garson, Clark Gable, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Claire Trevor, Robert Wise, Ida Lupino, Alan Ladd, Lon Chaney, Jr., John Carradine, Peter Lorre, and many others.

The Rise and Fall of the Horror Film

By Dr. David Soren

104 pages, \$10.00



Detailed analyses of major directors, trends, and representative horror/fantasy films. Topics include foreign horror films, Carl Dreyer, F.W. Murnau, Paul Leni, Jean Cocteau, Fritz Lang, Universal, Lewton, Nuclear Horrors, Hammer, Dario Argento, etc.

"...you may think you're in for pretentious pontification, but Soren never bores as he examines the influence of painting and architecture on serious filmmakers in the fantasy area." *Fangoria*

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writers in the country take an up close and personal look at their favorite "guilty pleasures". The book includes: *The Giant Gila Monster*, *Voodoo Man*, *Indestructible Man*, *The Brain that Wouldn't Die*, *Frankenstein Conquers the World*, *House of Fright*, *Robot Monster*, *King Kong* ('76), *Horror Island*, *Maniac*, *Unknown Island*, *Two Lost Worlds*, *Supernatural*, *Sh! The Octopus!*, *She Creature*, *Omega Man*, *Juggernaut*, *Private Paris*, *Dune*, *Rodan*, *The Tinger*, *Vampire's Ghost*, *Calman of Paris*, *Scared Stiff*

GUILTY PLEASURES OF THE HORROR FILM



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110 photographs, \$20.00**

18 well known authors analyze over 30 films of the legendary Bela Lugosi.

"A must. I insist you readers order it right now!" *Cult Movies*

"The book is well-conceived and intelligently organized...what's even better is that the authors bring fresh perspectives to Lugosi's films by successfully placing each movie into the context of Bela's career and into the context of Hollywood of the time." *Filmfax*

"This book is what books on specific actors should be, good reads." *Monster Scene*



A Foggy Day in London Town Sherlock Holmes on Compact Disc

The liner notes say it best: "Along with a 500-year-old Prince of Transylvania and a naked English nobleman who swings through the trees of Africa, Mr. Sherlock Holmes of 221B Baker Street is one of the most popular characters in fiction. Many will tell you that he is the most popular. In fact, many will tell you that he isn't fictional!"

Which is why it may come as something of a shock that there has never been a compilation recording made of the wonderfully atmospheric music from those countless movies and television shows featuring the World's Greatest Detective and his steadfast companion, Dr. John H. Watson.

Until now, that is . . .

Varèse Sarabande has once again led the field, releasing **SHERLOCK HOLMES: CLASSIC THEMES FROM 221B BAKER STREET!** Produced by Bruce Kimmel, conducted by Lanny Meyers, and with liner notes by *Scarlet Street's* very own Richard Valley, the recording spotlights music from 1939's **THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES** (Cyril Mockridge), 1946's **DRESSED TO KILL** (Frank Skinner), 1959's **THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES** (James Bernard), 1965's **A STUDY IN TERROR** (John Scott), 1970's **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES** (Miklos

Rozsa), 1985's **YOUNG SHERLOCK HOLMES** (Bruce Broughton), and the Granada TV series starring the late Jeremy Brett (Patrick Gowers), among many others.

As an extra-special bonus, Tony Award-winner Judy Kaye sings "I Never Do Anything Twice," the wickedly clever Stephen Sondheim song from 1976's **THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION**. (Songs and Sherlock, you say? Again, from the liner notes: "With his violin and enchantment with the operatic voice of Miss Irene Adler, Holmes is, after all, the most musical of detectives.")

Rest assured: we'll have a full report in the next issue of *Scarlet Street*, but you won't want to wait if you're a Sherlock Holmes fan. Grab Toby and track down **SHERLOCK HOLMES: CLASSIC THEMES FROM 221B BAKER STREET** right now!

—Drew Sullivan



If Kurt Russell thought it was tough getting out of New York, just wait till he tries to **ESCAPE FROM L.A.** this summer. Those annoying freeways!

NEWS HOUND

Continued from page 20

pherson (**ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS**) and Yank director Jeremiah Chechik (**DIABOLIQUE**) . . . Patrick McGoochan has been signed by PolyGram to write and produce a feature version of **THE PRISONER**. McGoochan starred as "Number Six" in the cult ITC series of 1968. No word yet on casting . . . Joe Dante (**GREMLINS**) will direct **THE JETSONS** for Turner Pictures. Shooting begins in late summer on this live-action version of Hanna-Barbara's cartoon show . . .

Another cartoon adaptation coming our way soon is **GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE**. **ENCINO MAN's** Brendan Frasier will star as animator Jay Ward's klutzy vine-swinger . . . Other small-screen favorites due for filming: **SEA HUNT** (MGM), **I SPY** (Cinergi), **I DREAM OF JEANNIE** (Columbia), **THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN** and **LEAVE IT TO BEAVER** (Universal), and **THE X-FILES**, which may roll next spring for a possible summer 1998 Fox release.

Updates Aplenty

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN PARIS will feature French beauty Julie Delpy (**BEFORE SUNRISE**) in the title role; newcomer Toby Maguire will be her lucky costar (but keep the silver bullets handy). Anthony Waller (**MUTE WITNESS**) directs for Hollywood Pictures . . . Cartoon heroes **SPEED RACER** and **JONNY QUEST** won't be coming to life anytime soon; feature versions from Warner Bros. and Turner, respectively, are mired in develop-

ment hell . . . John Carpenter's **ESCAPE FROM L.A.** features a stellar supporting cast: backing up beefy Kurt Russell are Cliff Robertson (as the President), Steve Buscemi, Stacy Keach, Pam Grier, Peter Fonda, and Bruce Campbell as a psychotic plastic surgeon. Watch for it this fall from Paramount . . . Movie sequels in development include a fourth installment of the **HIGHLANDER** saga from Dimension Pictures, tentatively titled **THE IMMORTALS**; U.S. **MARSHALLS**, a sequel to Warner Bros' **THE FUGITIVE** that will star Tommy Lee Jones (but not Harrison Ford); New Line's **REVENGE OF THE MASK**; **TERMINATOR 3** from Fox; **SPECIES 2** and **3** from MGM; and (Marcia, Marcia, Marcia) **A VERY BRADY SEQUEL** from those nice folks at Paramount.

Television Terrors

Tim Matheson and Dean Stockwell star in **THE TWILIGHT MAN**, a tale of murder and computer paranoia that airs in June on the STARZ/ENCORE cable system . . . Production is under way in Colorado on **STEPHEN KING'S "THE SHINING,"** a new ABC six-hour miniseries to air next

Continued on page 26

HE WHO MUST BE REPLAYED! JAMES BERNARD HAMMERS IT HOME

by Bob Madison and Drew Sullivan

James Bernard's music, among the most interesting elements of the world-renowned Hammer Horrors, has returned in two glorious new compact discs.

That's not all: Bernard's music is only part of the new pair of CDs from Silva Screen, the company that released *MUSIC FROM THE HAMMER FILMS* in 1990 (recently reissued as *DRACULA: CLASSIC SCORES FROM HAMMER HORROR*). Now available, *HORROR! CLASSIC MONSTER MOVIE MUSIC* celebrates the best in fright fugues, featuring excerpts from the scores of such blood and thunder classics as *FIEND WITHOUT A FACE* (1958), *NIGHT OF THE DEMON* (1958), *HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM* (1959), *KONGA* (1961), and *WITCHFINDER GENERAL* (1968). Several Hammer favorites are included on this disk, with *CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF* (1961), *CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB* (1964), and *THE DEVIL'S BRIDE* (1968) ably representing the Bad Boys at Bray.

According to producer David Wishart, composers Buxton Orr, Carlo Martelli, and James Bernard attended the recording sessions. "Gerard Schurmann arranged his *HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM* especially for the album, but couldn't make the recording. Unfortunately, Paul Ferris, who had been ill for some years, died before the album was completed—but early on he did have some helpful suggestions for arranger Philip Lane, who reconstructed *WITCHFINDER GENERAL*."

Due later this year, *THE DEVIL RIDES OUT: HAMMER HORROR, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE* is the first volume of Hammer music to exclusively showcase James Bernard's complex and rewarding music. The disc includes the action/adventure motifs from Bernard's score for *SHE* (1965) and the love suites from *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN* (1967) and *SCARS OF DRACULA* (1970).

The music was recorded by two orchestras: the Westminster and the Prague Philharmonic.

"What can I say?" mused Bernard recently from his London home. "I'm thrilled by all this. I assure you, when writing this music 30 and 40 years ago, I had no idea that interest in it would remain so high."

The latest CD effectively shows the many sides of this gifted musician, from the pulse-pounding thrills

of *SHE* and the lush, indulgent romanticism of his *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* pieces to the rampant Gothic touches of his *Rhapsody* from *KISS OF THE VAMPIRE* (1963).

Also preserved for the first time on a commercial recording is his best work for the now legendary Quatermass motion pictures *QUATERMASS* (1956) and *QUATERMASS 2* (1957). All strings and percussions, these landmark pieces have a rich, sci-fi flavor. "It is the Quatermass bits that have surprised me most," said Bernard. "I recorded those in the 1950s and, of all this music, they seem the most modern! They're not very emotional, but they're rhythmic and strange. It

was like a little surprise I had put aside just for myself, waiting to be opened years later."

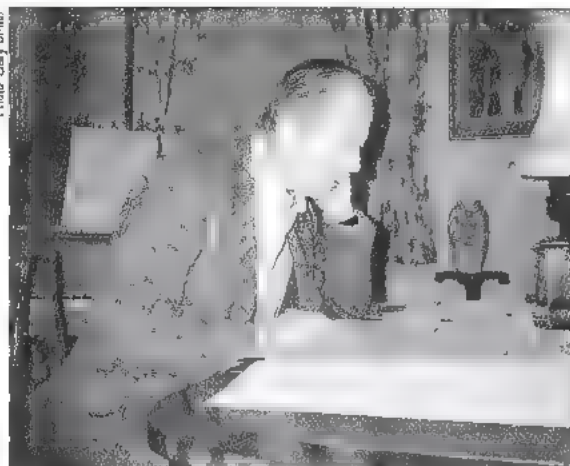
Silva Screen producer David Stoner hopes to continue with his program of preserving the music of classic (and less than classic) horror films. "I'm working in much the same setup, with the same conductor and orchestra, as on our *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* album a while back," he told *Scarlet Street*. Stoner feels that the music is an integral part of the success of these films, and should be preserved.

Still conspicuously missing from the Silva Screen CDs is

Malcolm Williamson's eerie score for 1960's *BRIDES OF DRACULA*. In a letter that appeared in the first issue of *Scarlet Street* (Winter 1991), Stoner wrote. "... all efforts to track down the scores proved fruitless. Malcolm didn't have any of the scores to his films, so *BRIDES* may be a problem."

Five years later, it's still a problem, but Silva Screen might take a (music) cue from rival company Marco Polo, who have managed to masterfully reconstruct several missing scores for their compilations of Frank Skinner and Hans J. Salter music from the Universal horror classics.

All this renewed interest in horror music has left master composer James Bernard chomping at the bit "I'm ready to start again!" Bernard recently told *Scarlet Street*. After scoring a planned video release of Murnau's silent classic *NOSFERATU* (1922), Bernard is now casting around for projects that interest and challenge him. With the current fashion in Gothic horror movies, what could be a happier match than classic monsters and James Bernard?



James Bernard

Photo: Gary Smith



WILLIAM B. DAVIS interviewed by Jessie Lilley

Well, it had to happen. THE X-FILES' walking, talking argument against smoking ended the show's third season by learning that he had lung cancer (listen, it's a wonder he lasted this long) and turning (possibly) to a shape-shifting alien (played by THE INVADERS' own Roy Thunes!) for a cure.

The Cigarette Smoking Man (Cancer Man to those who love tweaking the nose of the tobacco industry), the most enigmatic character to grace the enigma-filled X-FILES, is played to black-hearted, black-lunged perfection by actor William B. Davis, who has been with the show since the very first episode.

Recently, Mr. Davis spoke with *Scarlet Street* about his career and the character that has made him a welcome addition to even the most smoke-free TV rooms...

William B. Davis: Well, now, I started out as an actor in 1948 when I was about 11. My cousins ran a summer stock company in Ontario. They used to rehearse in our basement and I spent a fair bit of my youth peering in the window and watching them. At a certain point, though, they needed a young lad in one of their plays and, for no particular reason, I guess, other than that I was reasonably intelligent and I was good at reading, they asked me to do it. And that was my start.

Scarlet Street: We'd like to clarify the actual name of your character. We've heard him referred to as the Cigarette Smoking Man, the Smoking Man, Cancer Man...

WBD: That's all I've heard as well. When they did that SECRETS OF THE X-FILES special, they did a feature on all the main characters. They did one on Mulder and Scully and Skinner and then they did one on Cancer Man. I was called Cancer Man for that; I think that's gonna stick. (Laughs)

SS: What were you told about the character when you auditioned?

WBD: Actually I didn't audition for Cancer Man. For the pilot, they had two or three FBI types to cast, including this guy who just

stood around smoking and watching what was going on. So we read the FBI roles, and I was cast in what seemed to be the least of the roles, the non-speaking part. A friend of mine was cast in the part with lines, as the character who worked with the FBI director and interviewed Scully. So basically, they hired me as Cancer Man without telling me anything about it! (Laughs)

SS: You didn't know you would be a recurring character.

WBD: Well, not only did I not know that I would be a recurring character, I didn't know that the show would recur! (Laughs)

SS: Do you really smoke?

WBD: I don't anymore.

SS: How do you handle that?

WBD: Well, fortunately it's a long time since I quit. It would have

INSIDE THE X FILES



sons, but one of the reasons is because you're not supposed to—so it's not really an advertisement for smoking. If it says, "If you smoke, you'll end up just like him," then maybe it's good! (Laughs)

SS: Smoking Man, Cancer Man—does he have a real name?

WBD: No. I haven't heard any real name. Curiously, I haven't made one up for him.

SS: But how do you play a character when you don't even know his name?

WBD: Well, there are things that I've thought up and it all gets filled in as episodes go by and more information comes out—or Chris Carter thinks of new things! In part of my back story, I'm the one who fired the shot from the grassy knoll!

SS: So it was you!

WBD: It was me! I had this line to Mulder: "You don't scare me. I've watched presidents die." I puzzled over that for quite awhile. What did that mean? And then I thought, "Ah hah!" (Laughs)

SS: What else have you been told since you got the part?

WBD: I've been told that I've personally killed 100 people, and that I've ordered death to many hundreds more. That comment sticks in my mind.

There's this connection, too, with Mulder's father and Deep Throat 'way back when we were all involved in these projects, whatever they were.

SS: Do you see Cancer Man in heroic or villainous terms?

WBD: Heroic might be putting it strongly, but I certainly approach it like I'm doing what needs to be done. The world needs me to do what I'm doing, and it does not



William B. Davis

been really hard to do within a year or two of quitting. When I first started doing it, I was actually smoking real cigarettes, and I found myself thinking, "Gee, I wonder when I'm gonna get to do another shoot." (Laughs) At that point, we switched to herbal cigarettes! They don't give me any kick or anything, so they work fine.

SS: How do you feel about having the nickname Cancer Man?

WBD: Oh, I think it's fun. Cancer Man smokes for a variety of rea

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Where Mulder has gone, Cancer Man (William B. Davis) is sure to follow. Is it the dastardly machinations of a master villain, or could it simply be—gasp!—fatherly concern?

WILLIAM B. DAVIS

Continued from page 24

need Mulder to do what he's doing. If Mulder continues, it will be a very dangerous world. So I don't see it from my actor point of view as villainous. Of course, the audience has to make up its own mind.

SS: Do you have any input into the direction *Cancer Man* takes?

WBD: I haven't, really, although I did an interview like this one and I

started speculating, and I thought, "Why is there so much tension between Mulder's father and me?" And I came up with the notion that perhaps I am Mulder's father!

SS: Then who's the man that Krycek murdered? The role played by Peter Donat?

WBD: Well, that's Mulder's "official" father. See, I had an affair with his wife.

SS: Oh, did you?

WBD: (Laughs) This is speculation!

SS: Mulder would have a stroke.

WBD: I think he would—but, you know, he looks more like me than Peter Donat! And it could explain why I've let him live all this time!

SS: That *has* become a problem.

WBD: Yeah! That's been bothering me as well! I mean, I said, "If he got knocked off it would set off a crusade." But not that many people really know what he's doing! I'm not sure why we let him spin around, unless we think he's so ineffectual we might as well and we won't have any real opposition to worry about.

SS: Speaking of Mulder's quest for aliens—is the truth really out there?

WBD: No. I'm not saying that I think the Universe is lifeless or that there isn't something we might contact. But I don't think people are being abducted. I mean, they've been running radio telescopes looking for any kind of signal from the universe and they still haven't got anything they can pin down and say, "That was created by intelligence." So it seems we're a long way from something that's really abducting people.

SS: No aliens on Earth, huh?

WBD: Well, of course, I'm sure you've heard why I smoke. I'm an alien and I need the carbon-monoxide! (Laughs)

NEWS HOUND

Continued from page 22

season. King himself wrote the TV adaptation, which stars Rebecca DeMornay, Steven Weber, Elliott Gould, Pat Hingle, and Melvin Van Peebles . . . **LOIS AND CLARK** has been renewed by ABC, with 22 new episodes ordered for the Fall '96 season. Cable's USA Network was not so kind to **FOREVER KNIGHT**—the vampire cop series was staked after just a few months.

MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATER 3000 was "enshrined" on the silver screen this spring, but it, too, was cancelled—by cable outlet Comedy Central. The final episode, Kim Milford in **LASERBLAST**, was telecast May 18th, with older shows repeating throughout the rest of the year. But, take heart, **MSTies**—talks are ongoing for a possible switch to another cable network, The Sci Fi Channel. The Satellite of Love may orbit once more . . . Watch for **DR. WHO**, the new Fox telefilm (and pos-

sible fall '96 series), to air in May. Paul McGann plays The Doctor (in his eighth incarnation); Daphne Ashbrook (whom **DEEP SPACE NINE** viewers may remember as Dr. Bashir's wheelchair-bound love interest "Melora") plays companion Dr. Grace Holloway. Eric Roberts portrays a villain called "The Master," and Doctor #7, Sylvester McCoy, will be on hand briefly to pass the baton.

Emergo Strikes Back

"And please, don't reveal the ending of **HOMICIDAL** to your friends, or they will kill you. If they don't, I will."

The voice and the warning are unmistakable. It's William Castle, once again fostering Emergo and Percepto on a gullible public in the most entertaining segment of **BALLYHOO: THE HOLLYWOOD SIDESHOW**, an American Movie Classics documentary making its debut in June. Hosted by an enthu-

siastic Frankie Avalon, this must-see analysis of humbuggery covers everything from 3D to scratch-and-snuff, with an especially poignant stop at the local drive-in. Participants include David Friedman, Roger Ebert, John Waters, Peter Bogdanovich, and Tab Hunter; movie clips include **I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF**, **THE SCREAMING SKULL**, and **PILLOW TALK**. If you miss it, your friends will kill you.

Internet Intrigue

The aforementioned Sci-Fi Channel maintains a popular site on the Internet's World Wide Web called "The Dominion" (<http://www.scifi.com>), and more than a few Scarlet Staffers are terminally hooked. The latest news in the horror and sci fi genres are on display amid eye-catching graphics and other-worldly sound effects. And now, The Ackermonger himself has joined the fun on the cyber-site: *Scarlet Street's* very own

Continued on page 27

Over the Rainbow and Under the Desert

by Drew Sullivan

Imagine Billy Wilder's classic farce *SOME LIKE IT HOT* (1959) without its classic closing line ("Well, nobody's perfect!") and you'll have a fair idea of the current state of the cult fave *DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!* (1972)

A sequel to the previous year's *THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES*, the philm builds to a phinale of phabulous phun, as the phiendish Phibes (played by Vincent Price) boards a gondola containing his dead wife and poles off into the sunset—well, it would be the sunset if he wasn't on a stream beneath the Egyptian desert crooning "Over the Rainbow," a song made immortal some 30 years earlier by a little girl in a gingham dress.

Immortality is the name of the game in *DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!*, it is what both Phibes and his nemesis, Darius Biederbeck (Robert Quarry), are seeking. But the chances of the Doc's rendition of the Harold Arlen/E. Y. Harburg evergreen making a lasting impression are slim, indeed.

Why? Because the Oscar-winning tune has vanished from all video and laserdisc versions of *DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!*, replaced by Felix Mendelssohn's "War March of the Priests." (Try warbling that little ditty the next time you're wading through an underground river, or leaning on a rusty tractor in Kansas!) Thus far, every company that has released the Phibes sequel on tape or disc has chosen to go with the (phrightening phrase!) "musically edited home video version" rather than shell out the extra clams to obtain the rights to the song and present

Continued on page 98



NEWS HOUND

Continued from page 26

Forrest J Ackerman will provide a bi-weekly column, sharing anecdotes on classic (and no-so-classic) sci-fi and horror, and glimpses of his vast memorabilia museum.

The Mysterious Homepage (<http://www.db.dk/dbaa/jbs/homepage.htm>) is a good source of information on all forms of mysterious media, and provides links to many other related websites... Chris Redmond, author of *In Bed with Sherlock Holmes and Other Sherlockian Books*, maintains The Sherlockian Holmepage (<http://watserv1.uwaterloo.ca/~credmond/sh.html>)... All things horrific can be found at The Dark Side of the Web (<http://www.cascade.net/darkweb.html>)... And don't forget: AOL subscribers can stroll down *Scarlet Street* Online! Chat with staffers and access highlights from past issues. Just go to the AOL Newsstand and click on *Scarlet Street*!

Home Video Thrills

Now lurking on your local rental rack are the latest Bond thriller *GOLDENEYE* from MGM/UA; Paramount's *NICK OF TIME*, *VAMPIRE IN BROOKLYN*, and the sci-fi comedy *OUT THERE*; *MR. STITCH*, a Warners direct-to-video Frankenstein variation starring Rutger Hauer; and *Godzilla-wannabe ZARK-ORR! THE INVADER* from Monster Island Entertainment... *THE TINGLER* is finally available on video from Columbia at the bargain price of \$14.98 (that's about 25 cents per scream)... Fox offers the two Bette Davis/Hammer hits *THE NANNY* and *THE ANNIVERSARY* at \$19.98 each, and *ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.* at \$9.98 for a limited time.

MCA has assigned new low prices to *THE SEVEN PER-CENT SOLUTION* (\$19.98) and *THE NIGHT STALKER: TWO TALES OF TERROR* (\$14.98)... Classic low-budgeters *NIGHT TIDE* and *A BUCKET OF BLOOD* are available from Rhino Video at \$12.95 each. Rhino has also begun offering *MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATER 3000* episodes on tape at \$19.99 each, including *THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN*... European thrillers *PEEPING TOM*, *THE WAGES OF FEAR*, and *DIABOLIQUE* have been released in newly-remastered versions from Home Vision at \$29.98 each, or in a Public Media three-pack for about \$70.

June video premieres include the vampire thriller *THE ADDICTION* from PolyGram and the long await-

ed release of Columbia's animated feature *HEAVY METAL* (\$24.99). June also brings price reductions on the MGM sci-fi titles *FORBIDDEN PLANET*, *INVISIBLE INVADERS*, *LIFEFORCE*, *THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT* (\$14.98 each), and *SPECIES* (\$19.98). *FROM DUSK TILL DAWN*, starring bat-gonnabe George Clooney, will be ripe for renting in August from Buena Vista Home Video. (All are available from Scarlet Street Video.)

Video Mag

The Divine Debbie Rochon hosts *THEATER DARK VIDEO MAGAZINE*, a video that "takes you into the careers of today's leading B-movie actors and directors (whether you wanna go or not) Take a trip to Maryland's famed Bengie's Drive-in, and (horror of horrors!) meet producer/directors Fred Olen Ray and Ted Bohus! The price is \$19.98 plus \$4.95 shipping and handling. Contact David Cohen at Theater Dark, 9402 Mirror Pond Drive, Fairfax, VA 22032.

Sinister Soundtracks

Dust off the CD player in preparation for the massive six-disk set *THE FANTASY WORLDS OF IRWIN ALLEN* from GNP Crescendo. It features classic TV soundtrack music from *LOST IN SPACE*, *VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA*, *THE TIME TUNNEL* and *LAND OF THE GIANTS*... Robert Cobert's scores to the Dan Curtis features *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS* and *NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS* are available in a new two disk set from Rhino Records... *SONGS IN THE KEY OF X: MUSIC FROM AND INSPIRED BY "THE X-FILES"* features the cult show's theme music by Mark Snow, and some of producer Chris Carter's favorite songs of paranoia. Look for more "monstrous" music news throughout this melodic edition of *Scarlet Street*

Gone, but never forgotten: Superman co-creator Jerry Siegel, *INNER SANCTUM* radio host Raymond Edward Johnson, novelist Richard Condon, producer Ross Hunter, *CARNIVAL OF SOULS* director Herk Harvey, actors Martin Balsam, George Burns, Vince Edwards, Greer Garson, Gene Kelly, Ben Johnson, Tom McDermott (of *CAPTAIN VIDEO* fame), Audrey Meadows, Wanda McKay, and Whit Bissell, and historian William K. Everson.





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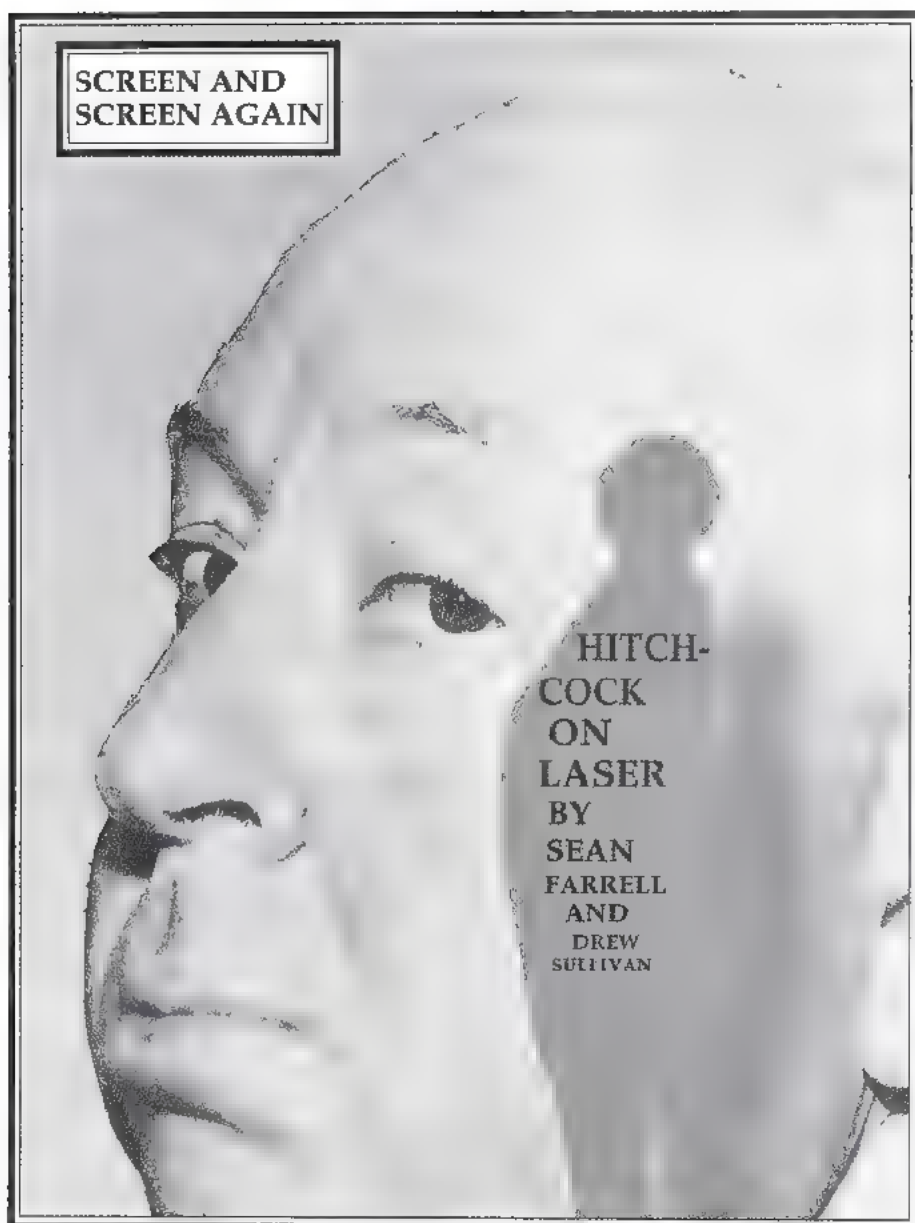
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**SCREEN AND
SCREEN AGAIN**



**HITCH-
COCK
ON
LASER
BY
SEAN
FARRELL
AND
DREW
SULLIVAN**

Happily, just about all of Sir Alfred Hitchcock's films are available on laserdisc. Unhappily, most of these releases are little more than your basic CLV, standard issue discs, with some even lacking chapter stops. Furthermore, despite the fact that, late in his career, Hitchcock shot most of his pictures in wide-screen formats, every one of these lasers—with the notable exception of *NORTH BY NORTHWEST*—are presented in a cramped, unattractive pan and scan format.

Still, while it may be some time before laser fans finally see Sir Alfred's masterworks in their original wide-screen glory, pan and scan Hitch is better than none at all. Here are some Hitchcockian highlights:

THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY

Two Sides CLV
MCA/Universal
\$34.98

Taking place in a quaint New England village straight out of a Norman Rockwell painting, *THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY* (1955) opens with a little boy (a pre-*LEAVE IT TO BEAVER* Jerry Mathers) discovering the body of a man in the woods. A ghastly beginning, but rest assured that the film quickly becomes a subtle yet funny black comedy. The townspeople (whose number includes Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, Mildred Natwick, and Shirley MacLaine in her first screen role) are forced to contend with the blessedly deceased

Harry, who turns out to be rather more of a nuisance dead than he was alive.

Despite some scratches—for example, during the scene in which Forsythe and MacLaine discuss Harry on the porch, about 40 minutes into side one—the image is excellent, showing off crisp, clear autumn colors to stunning effect. The sound is flawless. There are, however, no chapter stops. The side break is well-chosen, with a quick fade on Gwenn and Forsythe laying Harry to rest (or so they think). Written by John Michael Hayes, with likeably eccentric characters and plenty of humor, *HARRY* is a comedy that only Hitchcock could have made.

VERTIGO

Three Sides CLV
MCA/Universal
\$39.98

Alfred Hitchcock scaled the very heights of his particular art with *VERTIGO* (1958), a haunting study of obsession at its most destructive. Considered by many to be the Master's greatest work (it is certainly his most personal), *VERTIGO* deserves far better than the shoddy treatment afforded it here. MCA's laser disc release is panned and scanned, with soft focus and colors that barely hint at the original hues. (Rumor has it that MCA is restoring the film for a new release, something they should consider for most of their Hitchcock lasers.)

James Stewart brilliantly plays Scotty Ferguson, a San Francisco detective who left the force after a comrade fell to his death while trying to pull Scotty up from the edge of a building. Some time later, Gavin Elster (Tom Helmore), an old school chum, asks Scotty to shadow his wife, Madeleine (Kim Novak, in a fine performance). Elster's fear that Madeleine is on the verge of committing suicide seemingly proves true when the beautiful woman jumps into San Francisco Bay—right before Scotty's eyes. Rescuing her, Scotty realizes that he is falling in love with this woman of mystery. When she dies in another, more successful attempt at self-annihilation, Scotty's love does not perish with her.

While most of the MCA/Universal Hitchcock lasers have no chapter stops, it's a pleasant surprise to find that *VERTIGO* does—14, in fact,

spread over three discs. Still, this classic film deserves far better at the hands of its distributor.

PSYCHO

Two Sides CLV
MCA/Universal
\$34.98

So there's this creepy old motel on the side of a little-traveled road. Think of it as the human version of a Roach Motel: people check in, but they don't check out. Anthony Perkins plays Norman Bates, the harried manager who lives under the iron will of his domineering mother, a woman who doesn't want her nice little boy to have anything to do with "filthy girls." The late, great Robert Bloch, from whose novel the film was adapted, was inspired to write his story by the real-life exploits of serial killer Ed Gein.

The opening titles of *PSYCHO* are slightly letterboxed, but the rest of the film is presented full screen. The picture is bright and crisp, with just a few scratches here and there. Although *PSYCHO* is presented with only six chapter stops, they wisely include the movie's shocking highlights: the shower scene (Chapter 2), Arbogast (Martin Balsam) taking a flying leap (Chapter 3); and Lila (Vera Miles) meeting dear old mom (Chapter 4). Chapters 5 and 6 are devoted to a series of theatrical trailers. The side break occurs on an electronically-added fade, as Norman drives a car around to the back of the motel.

MCA/Universal has surpassed themselves transferring this most famous of Hitchcock titles to laser, making *PSYCHO* a must.

FRENZY

Two Sides CLV
MCA/Universal
\$34.98

Alfred Hitchcock's penultimate film, *FRENZY* (1972), takes place in his native England, and details the grisly doings of the Necktie Murderer, a serial killer who is strangling London women with men's neckties. Jon Finch stars as a former Royal Air Force pilot who's having a hard time keeping a job. His luck goes from bad to worse when his ex-wife (Barbara Leigh-Hunt) becomes the Necktie Murderer's latest victim, making the hot-tempered Finch the prime suspect.

Although the opening titles are letterboxed, *FRENZY* is presented in pan and scan. The picture, as well as the sound, are simply superb. Sadly, there are no chapter stops, save for the theatrical trailer on Side Two. (It has Hitchcock in a men's clothing store buying neckties!)

If you're a devotee of *PSYCHO*, I strongly recommend that you get caught up in *FRENZY*. You won't be disappointed.



Also available from MCA/Universal are *SABOTEUR* (1942/\$34.98), Hitchcock's first film with an all-American cast; *SHADOW OF A DOUBT* (1943/\$34.98), with Joseph Cotten in a subdued, menacing performance as Uncle Charlie, the Merry Widow Killer; *ROPE* (1948/\$34.98), Hitchcock's first color movie and an experiment in making a movie entirely in 10-minute takes; *REAR WINDOW* (1954/\$34.98), another title that should be at the top of anyone's Hitchcock list, with James Stewart and Grace Kelly—complete with detailed chapter stops; *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* (\$34.98), the 1956 remake of Hitchcock's 1934 original, this one starring Stewart and Doris Day; *THE BIRDS* (1963/\$39.98), in which Tippi Hedren and Rod Taylor square off against a cast of feathered fiends; *MARNIE* (1964/\$39.98), with Hedren



and Sean Connery in an extremely underrated psychological drama; *TORN CURTAIN* (1966/\$39.98), starring Paul Newman and Julie Andrews in a cold-war thriller; *TOPAZ* (1969/\$39.98), another spy thriller (this one including two alternate endings that Hitch shot but never used); and *FAMILY PLOT* (1976/\$39.98) the Master's last film.

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

Two Sides CLV
Warner Home Video
\$24.98

Criss-cross! Coscripted by Raymond Chandler from a novel by Patricia Highsmith, with a finale lifted from a detective thriller by Edmund Crispin (as revealed by *Scarlet Street* "reditor" Richard Valley just last issue), *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* (1951) begins with a chance meeting between hunky Guy Haines (Farley Granger) and Bruno Anthony (Robert Walker, in a landmark performance), the latter a psycho who suggests that they "switch murders" and each kill the other's most hated enemy: specifically, Guy's estranged wife and Bruno's father. Guy laughs it off, but he's not laughing when, days later, his wife is found dead and Bruno comes calling for Guy to complete his half of the "bargain."

STRANGERS marked a return to form for the Master of Suspense in the early 1950s and is a required disc for all Hitchcock fanatics. The picture and sound are generally good on Warner Home Video's laser release, but the film print is scratchy, though certainly not to the point of being unwatchable. While the side breaks are well-handled, there are unnecessary titles announcing "End Of Side One" and "Side Two" before the movie resumes.

THE WRONG MAN

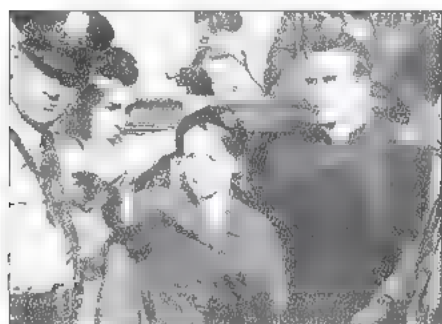
Two Sides CLV
Warner Home Video
\$34.98

Hitchcock's *THE WRONG MAN* (1957) is based on the true-life plight of a night-club musician (played by Henry Fonda) wrongly accused of committing a series of armed robberies. Although the film's brush with reality was a departure for Hitchcock, who shot the picture in a straight forward, documentary style on location in New York City, *THE*

WRONG MAN still follows the director's favorite theme of an ordinary man caught up in extraordinary circumstances. This time out, however, the circumstances are all too chillingly real.

Of note is Vera Miles' heartbreaking performance as Fonda's wife, a woman for whom the sheer horror of her husband's situation becomes too much to bear. Miles went on to star for Hitch in PSYCHO, but her best work can be found right here.

Warner Home Video has done a fine job with THE WRONG MAN, presenting it with 22 chapter stops spread over two sides in CLV. Although the sound is superb, the picture is scratchy at times—but this doesn't detract from the riveting



story. Die-hard "Hitchcockians" will not want to be without a copy of THE WRONG MAN; with nary a spy or a MacGuffin in sight, it still shows the Master in rare form.

Also available from Warner Home Video are FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940/\$39.98), a sprawling spy thriller starring Joel McCrea; STAGE FRIGHT (1950/\$34.98), which looks washed out and faded in some early scenes, but is still a worthwhile investment, especially with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, and scene-stealing Alistair Sim topping the cast, and I CONFESS (1953/\$34.98), starring Montgomery Clift as a priest suspected of murder and Anne Baxter as the woman who loves him. There are many specks popping up all over the screen on this one, but I confess that it didn't detract from my enjoyment of the film.

DIAL M FOR MURDER (1954/\$34.98) with Ray Milland and Grace Kelly, is the only one of Warner's Hitchcock titles in color. Confined almost entirely to one set (and originally released in 3D), it is nonetheless a witty and clever drawing-room thriller.

SUSPICION

Two Sides CLV
Image Entertainment
\$39.98

Joan Fontaine won an Oscar for her work in SUSPICION (1941), a subtle masterpiece of paranoia if ever there was one. As newlywed Lina McLaidlaw, Fontaine suspects that her n'er-do-well husband (Cary Grant, at his most charming) is plotting to kill her.

The justifiably famous scene in which Grant serves Fontaine a possibly poisoned glass of milk is a suspense classic. According to Image's informative liner notes, Hitchcock placed a tiny light within the glass to give the liquid a sinister glow that is appropriately ominous. (I always thought Grant had milked a radioactive cow....)

The picture looks good, but there are scratches—especially during Chapter 27 ("Driven To The Brink"). There are also some missing frames, which result in jump cuts during the Beauchamp Hunt Ball in Chapter 7. Speaking of poor old Chapter 7, it's also saddled with a sharp jump in volume during the party scene.

Still, this laser is nicely done. The side break comes after Chapter 14, on a natural fade as Fontaine bursts into tears in Grant's arms. And in addition to offering 27 Chapter stops, Turner/Image's notes describe the often volatile relationship between Grant and Fontaine between takes, and how Hitchcock managed to use this tension to enhance their scenes of conflict in the film.

TO CATCH A THIEF

Two Sides CLV
Paramount Home Video
\$29.98

In TO CATCH A THIEF (1955), Cary Grant plays John Robie, a retired jewel thief once known as the Cat. Now retired, he is living the good life on the French Riviera, until a series of jewel thefts make him the prime pussy footing suspect. On the lam, Robie meets Frances (Grace Kelly), a wealthy heiress, and together they set up a plot to capture the real thief—using her mother's jewels as bright, shiny bait.

TO CATCH A THIEF is a light-hearted romp with stunning scenery—what you can see of it. While the picture is bright and clear, the VistaVision image is crammed into



a pan and scan format, which crops off a lot of information (including much of an amusing Hitchcock cameo appearance). The sound is serviceable. With no chapter stops, Paramount Home Video's presentation of TO CATCH A THIEF is a no-frills laser release. You might be better off catching it on tape until a definitive presentation comes out on disc.

LIFEBOAT

Two Sides CLV
CBS-FOX Video
\$39.98

Based on a story by John Steinbeck, LIFEBOAT (1944) concerns the survivors of a freighter that has been torpedoed by a German U Boat during World War Two. Gathered aboard the title character, this group (the cast includes Tallulah Bankhead, John Hodiak, William Bendix, Henry Hull, Hume Cronyn, and Walter Slezak) plays out an enthralling drama of life and death within a severely confined space. (And just when I thought it wasn't possible for Hitch to climb aboard LIFEBOAT for his trademark cameos, he again manages the impossible. Watch for him in Chapter 3.)

Despite a scratchy print that is soft in some places (particularly the fog-shrouded beginning), the transfer is very good. The perfect side break after Chapter 3 comes with a fade on a discarded shoe lying on the deck of the boat.

Also available from CBS-FOX is Hitchcock's SPELLBOUND (1945/

\$39.98), starring Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck. This film is notable for an eye-catching dream sequence created by famed artist Salvador Dalí, the gruesome death of a child, and the classic (and much-recorded) Miklos Rozsa score.

NOTORIOUS

Four Sides CAV
The Criterion Collection
\$99.95

The Criterion Collection presents laser discs at their finest. A case in point is Hitchcock's **NOTORIOUS** (1946), with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman infiltrating Nazi villain Claude Rains' little nest in Rio de Janeiro. Although the film print is scratchy in places, the transfer is as clean and clear as one would expect from Criterion. The impeccable sound offers a choice of the film's regular soundtrack or disc coproducer Rudy Behlmer's informative account of the making of **NOTORIOUS** on Analog Track 2. All three side breaks are handled with the usual care provided by this company, and the supplementary section, which begins at Chapter 29, includes the original trailers, production correspondence (by the prolific David O. Selznick, Ingrid Bergman, and even J. Edgar Hoover!), and an excerpt from "Song Of The Dragon," the John Taintor Foote story that inspired **NOTORIOUS**. Take note that the "Deleted Scenes" and "Alternate Endings" chapters only feature these scenes--which no longer exist--in scripted form with stills.

Another Hitchcock film given the Criterion treatment is **REBECCA** (1940/\$124.95), presented in CAV, with a healthy supplementary section that includes original screen tests of, among others, Vivien Leigh, Anne Baxter, and Margaret Sullavan for the lead female part of "T" (Joan Fontaine, who won the role, proves herself to have been by far the best choice); a secondary audio track with film historian Leonard J. Leff discussing the making of the film, excerpts of a phone conversation with Hitchcock himself speaking about the film with director Francois Truffaut; copious production correspondence; and much more. The disc even presents excerpts from the Daphne du Maurier novel, with notes on how it was changed for the screen.

The Criterion Collection also features **NORTH BY NORTHWEST** (1959/\$124.95), currently the only Hitchcock film presented on laser in the letterbox format. The ultimate cross-country chase, the picture toplines Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason. Two of Hitchcock's earlier works are also available from Criterion: **THE 39 STEPS** (1935/\$39.95), starring Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll, and the lesser-known but completely charming **YOUNG AND INNOCENT** (1937/\$34.95), with Nova Pilbeam and Derrick de Marney. Although these films are presented in CLV and lack supplementary sections, a standard laser release by the Criterion Collection is still miles ahead of the rest of the pack.

**MUSIC FOR THE MOVIES:
BERNARD HERRMANN**
One Side CLV
Sony Classical Film and Video
\$24.98

Available on laser is a fine documentary devoted to Bernard Herrmann, the legendary film composer whose memorable scores enlivened such Hitchcock classics as **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**, **PSYCHO**, and **VERTIGO**--as well as Orson Welles' 1941 masterpiece **CITIZEN KANE** and Martin Scorsese's 1976 classic **TAXI DRIVER** (these latter two films being Herrmann's first and last motion picture scores, respectively). Completely ignored in this study, however, is the composer's work for such fantasy films as **7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** (1958) and **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** (1961).

Scorsese, composer Elmer Bernstein, and film editor Paul Hirsh are among those interviewed for this look at Herrmann's musical genius, his extraordinary work with Hitchcock, and their bitter breakup. During production of **TORN CURTAIN** (1966), Herrmann's music was replaced when Hitchcock capitulated to studio pressure to use a "pop" score by John Addison. One of the highlights of the documentary has **TORN CURTAIN**'s extended murder scene--in which Paul Newman and Carolyn Conwell struggle to kill an East German agent in a farmhouse kitchen--presented with Herrmann's original music.

For lovers of film music, this disc is highly recommended.

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SCI-FI SERENADE

by Richard Scrivani



In the Spring of 1959, orchestra leader Dick Jacobs wrought upon the record-buying public an album released on the Coral label, entitled **THEMES FROM HORROR MOVIES**. Despite its somewhat flat sound and a tendency to indulge in musty spoken intros and sound effects, the album had one enormous overriding virtue: it scratched a musical surface unheard of in those days, the untried and seemingly noncommercial domain of horror movie music. In an era when "pop tune" main titles dominated the soundtrack sections of record stores, Jacobs' was a very audacious undertaking, for not only did he record main titles from real, live sci-fi films of the day, he also included a smattering of cues from several films' underscoring.

It was a genuine statement: this is Monster Movie Music!

So far, the '90s are turning out to be a new age of genre music rediscovery. With composer/reconstructionist John Morgan's inspired recordings of Universal horror suites leading the way, the latest on the scene is an enthusiastic chap named David Schecter. Based in Burbank, California, 40-year-old Schecter and his wife Kathleen Mayne are in the final stages of releasing two CDs, **MONSTROUS MOVIE MUSIC** and **MORE MONSTROUS MOVIE MUSIC** on their own label.

The music is culled from the '50s, but the approach is unique: to approximate the ambience and spirit of the original sessions—in this case, the soundstages of Universal-International, Columbia, and Warner Bros.—Schecter and Mayne "auditioned" recordings by various orchestras until they found one with a genuine feel for the material, the Polish-based Cracow Radio Symphony Orchestra.

The initial CD will have baby boomers reexperiencing the chills they lived through as kids in darkened, popcorn-scented theaters, watching **IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE** (1953), **THEM!** (1954), **IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA** (1955), and **THE MOLE PEOPLE** (1956). The second CD will unleash **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** (1953), **IARANTULA** (1955), **THE**

MONOLITH MONSTERS (1957), and **GORG0** (1961). The list of composers for these titles includes Herman Stein, Irving Gertz, Henry Mancini, Heinz Roemheld, David Buttolph, Bronislau Kaper, Angelo Francesco Lavagnino and Mischa Bakaleinikoff.

The enterprise has been hard to get off the ground for first-time producer Schecter. "When Henry Mancini came out with his **MANCINI IN SURROUND** CD in 1990, I heard the 15 minutes of his Universal music and they miked that very well; you could hear the percussion well and it brought out a lot of things you had no idea were in the scores. I was working on a concert review with Henry, so I asked him if we could get together before a concert he was giving at the Hollywood Bowl. Well, we met backstage and he was going over his suite for **CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**, which he was doing that night. I couldn't help wondering why anyone hadn't done it before. Then at a film music conference, I met the daughter of Jerome Moross, who was working on a CD for Silva Screen of her dad's music. I said, 'You have to do a suite from **THE VALLEY OF GWANGI**, and she seemed just dimly aware that her father had done **GWANGI**. So I spent the next three months coming up with a suite for her. Katy and I went over to Warner's and searched through the vaults looking for **GWANGI**. It wasn't there, but there were some musical sketches from **THEM!** and **BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. I had no idea that this stuff still existed! It wasn't the score and all the parts, but it was at least a conductor's book, a short score. So I spent the next three months calling composers' archives, universities, friends of friends who used to know somebody at a studio, etc. Then I started learning about how to get the rights to this stuff. By then, I had William Lava's music for **THE DEADLY MANTIS** and **THE MOLE PEOPLE** by Herman Stein and other scores, and I pitched the idea to a couple of labels, thinking that I'd love it if somebody could record it for posterity. From the response, we realized that we had something that people were really interested in, and Katy said to me, 'Why don't we do



PREVIOUS PAGE: *THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS* (1953) takes umbrage at some *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE* (1953) sheet music. LEFT: Leo G. Carroll falls victim to Eddie Parker in *TARANTULA* (1955). RIGHT: An accordion fills in for the concertina in *GORG0* (1961).

this ourselves? And that's how the whole thing started. Katy studied composition under Ernest Gold, and she has done all of the reconstruction.

"Our conductor, Masatoshi Mitsumoto, lives near Pasadena. In addition to being the music director of the Concordia Orchestra of Los Angeles, Masa is a studio cellist who plays on many contemporary film scores. Because of this, he is intimately familiar with how film music should sound, unlike some classical conductors who attempt to conduct film music rerecordings. That's one of the main reasons we chose him. His focus on this entire project was to match the originals as closely as possible by trying to duplicate the tempi and conducting styles that Joseph Gershenson [Universal], Bakaleinikoff [Columbia], Muir Matheson [*GORG0*], and Ray Heindorf [Warners] imparted on these scores."

While Schecter was encouraged by the interest of several soundtrack labels, their approach to the music left something to be desired. "They were very interested in going ahead with it, but they wanted to do a "greatest hits" approach, meaning six minutes or less per film, with about 13 films on one CD. Considering some of the Universal films had three composers writing the music, I thought this wasn't being very respectful of their talents, as well as not being fair to the fans who'd been waiting all these years for this music. As to why nobody had done a project like this before, the answer is probably twofold: First, getting the rights took me about eight months, made more difficult because the Columbia and Universal music was owned by multiple sources, all of whom had to grant their permission before we were able to proceed. Second, a lot of the music had vanished

LEFT: Conductor Masatoshi Mitsumoto poses with producer David Schecter. RIGHT: That ain't Charley's Ant that's dropped in on Joan Weldon for a surprise visit. That's *THEM!* (1954).





GORGO is the heartwarming, inspirational tale of a Big Mama Dinosaur who comes all the way to London Town to pick up her dear little—well, comparatively little—baby.

from the studios and I had to track down the bits and pieces from a wide variety of sources. For instance, *TARANTULA*'s music was tracked from 20 Universal films, as well as having original music written for it, and since most of the conductor scores for *TARANTULA* had vanished, I had to find the music from all those other films. Katy had to compare those sources with the versions used in *TARANTULA* and make orchestration changes so that they reflected what was used in the giant spider movie. It was a much more difficult task than recording the music from *CASABLANCA* or *STAR WARS*."

The goal from the beginning was not to enhance the music, but to present it as originally orchestrated. To make absolutely sure that the final results would carry the acoustical flavor of the original sessions, the 60- to 65-piece orchestra, (depending on the score being recorded), was "close-miked." Schecter explains: "Close-miking is very time consuming, and hence, expensive. When microphones are inches away from the musicians, they pick up every little sound, so you have to do many takes because of unwanted room noise—musicians moving, page turns, and, since it was winter in Poland, an occasional snuffle. Maintaining the orchestral balance for each cue becomes more difficult. If an oboe plays louder than it should, you'll hear it much more prominently than if you only had a few mikes set up far away

from the orchestra. So we had to check the relative balances between the instruments in every single cue before we started to record."

One troublesome glitch was resolved with surprising ease: "Our accordion player on *GORGO* teaches the instrument at the Krakow Academy of Music, and he's an eminent accordionist. We started *GORGO*, and after the fanfare he went into his solo and it was gorgeous, it was beautiful, and it was all wrong! It was supposed to sound like a concertina, a small thing, not this grand concert version. I went up to him and played the main title from the movie on our tape recorder, and instead of this full sound there's this squeaky little sound, a reedy sound. He heard that and said, 'Ah!', hit a couple of buttons on his accordion, and out came a sound that perfectly matched the original. We all got chills!"

Through a maze of detours and dead ends, Schecter finally made contact with two of the composers whose work he was interested in reconstructing. "I checked through ASCAP to find out where Herman Stein might be, and I found out he died in 1984. So I had been placing calls all over the country trying to find a son or grandson who could tell me where I might find some of his music to record. Then one day the phone rang and

Continued on page 39

THE GERTZENSTEIN MONSTERS!

Irving Gertz and Herman Stein interviewed by Richard Scrivani

IRVING GERTZ

Irving Gertz first came to Hollywood in 1938 and began composing cues for the B unit at Columbia, simultaneously working on music for many independent productions. The midpoint of his career found him employed by Universal International Pictures, where his work on so many of their science-fiction pictures helped create a world threatened by giant insects, gillmen, and alien life-forms. A soft-spoken man, Gertz looks back fondly on a career in which film composers were often both underpaid and underappreciated. With the release of David Schecter's *Monstrous Movie Music* series, his scores will finally be enjoyed by new generations as well as those who have already savored the welcome shudders his work provided when such classic movies as *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE* (1953) and *THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN* (1957) lured us into ancient movie palaces on those Saturday mornings so long ago.

Richard Scrivani: What composers influenced you?

Irving Gertz: Well, I grew up in a very classical environment. My parents played nothing but good music,

the classics, and I adored them. That prevailed until the '30s, when Erich Korngold made his entrance with *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*. I was floored by this man, and I think he was a triggering factor in my pursuing motion pictures. I always liked "program" music anyway, and this was the ultimate in program music.

RS: Where did you start?

IG: Well, I got my first chance when I met some people at Columbia Pictures in New York. They were very helpful in getting me out here to Hollywood in 1938.

RS: What were the working methods?

IG: They used to have a budget for original music for their B pictures; they'd have a few dollars for maybe 10 minutes, maybe 15. They'd engage a composer to do a score for their first-line pictures. While I was there, they were making a picture called *LADIES IN RETIREMENT* and they called in a composer named Ernst Toch. Ernst was absolutely brilliant. Aside from the emotional impact Korngold had, Toch is the man that lit a fire under me, and I loved him for it.

RS: What was your big break?

IG: I met an independent producer who had two small-budget pictures, and he engaged me to do both of

them. I got my name on the screen, big screen credit—"music composed and conducted by"—and it was a terrific lift.

RS: Both you and Herman Stein studied with Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco.

IG: He was just the sweetest man that you'd ever want to know. When I was at Columbia, he was called in to do an opera scene for *DOWN TO EARTH*, starring Rita Hayworth. I said, "Mario, I would like to continue my studies with you," and for quite some time I was studying with Tedesco. Later, I was doing a picture called *THE LONG WAIT*, starring Anthony Quinn. The producer said, "You're my musical director; who would you like as your composer?" I said, "Tedesco." So here was the student with the teacher, and now the teacher was working for the student. It reads like a Hollywood story. We always had a wonderful relationship. I always called him "the living Mozart." He always had melodic, thematic material, and he used to drive me crazy. When he'd write his scores, everything was in pen and ink. No erasures, no nothing, like it just came out of the printing press. I'd say, "Mario, you drive me insane!" I walked around with four erasers in my pocket and a dozen pencils! (Laughs)

LEFT: Composer Irving Gertz. **CENTER:** One of the "Gertzenstein" Monsters puts a sudden stop to Barbara Rush's efforts to leave town in *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*. **RIGHT:** Composer Herman Stein.



RS: Tedesco scored RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE for Columbia in 1943.

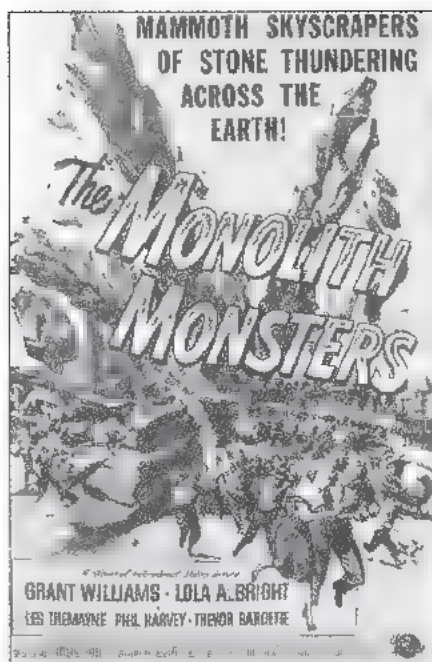
IG: I wasn't around him at that time. I left Columbia and went into the army in 1941, and came back in 1946. The years I spent in the military were very important to me for two reasons: it was an opportunity to serve my country, and it was also when I met my wife, Dorothy, who became the driving force in my life.

RS: What came after Columbia?

IG: My next step was NBC—that was a short tour—and then I got a call from Universal. I was there for a little over 10 years. The music that David Schecter will be employing in his album is from some of those Universal pictures: IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE, THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US, THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, MONOLITH MONSTERS....

RS: You were credited on THE LEECH WOMAN for the music score, but right under your credit it said "music supervision by Milt Rosen."

IG: That was very generous of him! (Laughs) Milton Rosen was there, also, but Joe Gershenson was the chief honcho, the musical director at that time.



RS: What was it like at Universal?

IG: Very comfortable. It was pretty close to a family operation, I would say; the producers and directors would come over and they'd say they were dumping the picture in your lap. "Save our picture!"

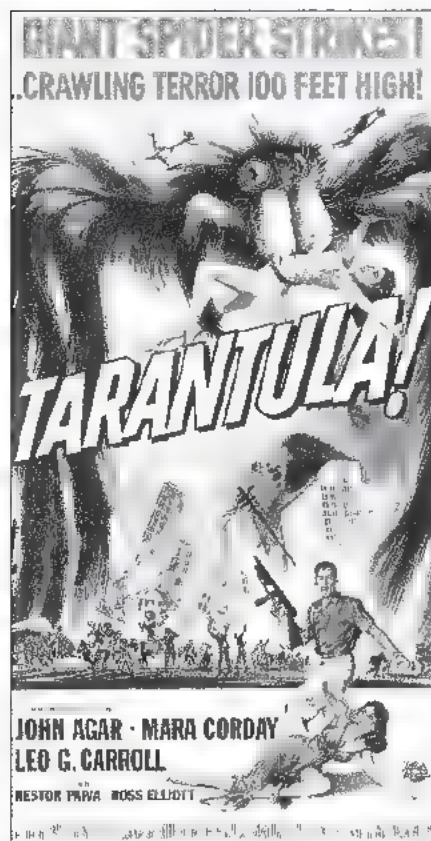
That's an old line with producers, a Hollywood by line. Well, we had Henry Mancini, Herman Stein, and myself—we'd come up with some motifs and themes and so forth, and we'd all sort of nod in assent at the best thematic material, and that would be the working material. But we would stray from that; we wanted to keep our music as original as possible. It was quite easy and comfortable, I must say.

RS: Did Joseph Gershenson make any musical contributions?

IG: He was strictly the conductor, nothing more. He was not a composer.

RS: Did producer William Aland ever make any suggestions regarding the music?

IG: No, he would leave us alone. The only time a producer really got seriously involved—scared the pants off me, in fact—was Albert Zugsmith. He was the producer of THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN,



and he was a big, burly, rough-and-tumble guy. He came on the stage during the recording. I was in the booth and they were doing some of my cues; I had a lot of cues in that picture. Next thing he's patting me on the shoulder and giving me a cigar and saying "That's great!" and "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" But when he got mad—oh, he could just tear things apart!

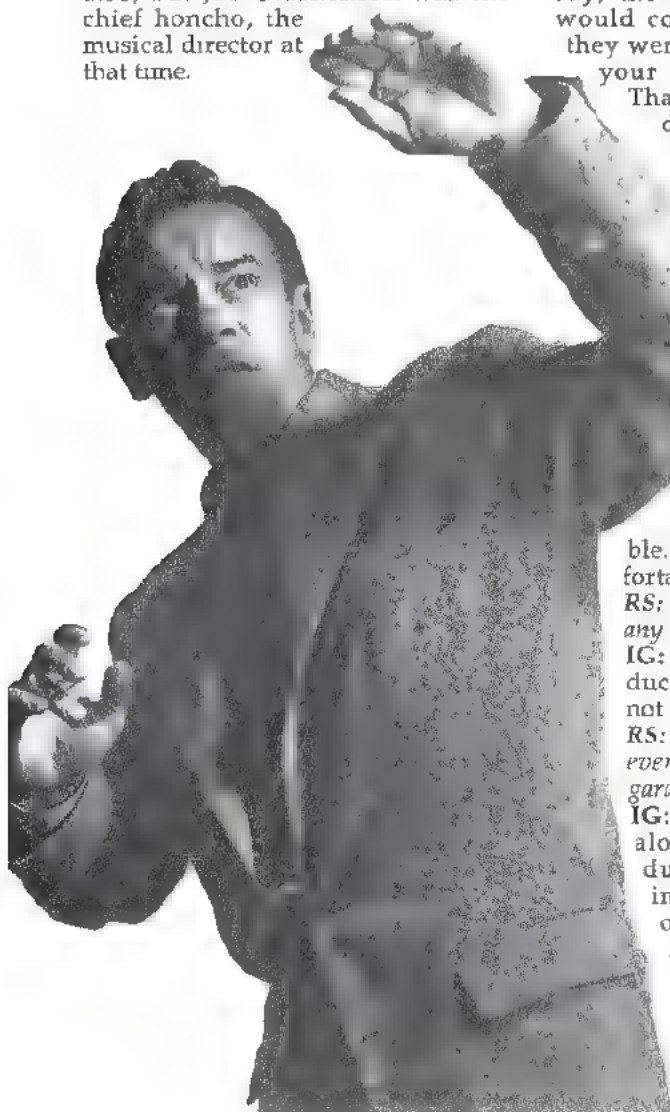
RS: The "spider" music from SHRINKING MAN was yours, wasn't it?

IG: Oh, yes, that was my cue. I enjoyed doing that.

RS: How do you approach writing a cue like that?

IG: How does a composer compose? How does a writer write? You try to get a gut feeling for the scene, the situation, and you live with it for a little bit. You look at a lot of blank music paper before you put any notes down. You think about it and something emerges, a sketch here and a sketch there. The wonderful thing about that kind of picture—science-fiction or monster pictures or whatever—it releases you from any musical confines that you might have. Suddenly you're released from that and, boy, you can really go hog wild! It's a great feeling of freedom!

RS: Did director Jack Arnold get involved with the music?



IG: Not with me. Every time that Arnold or Alland sat in the projection room, everything was congenial, more than friendly; it was as simple as that.

RS: Any stories about working with Henry Mancini?

IG: No, I never had much to do with Henry. He was a nice man, a wonderful talent, but Henry was preoccupied with . . . Mancini. We did what we had to do and had no social contact. Henry emerged with the series PETER GUNN and then he just went to the moon. He deserved all the success he had, because he was a marvelous talent.

RS: How did you feel about working on sci-fi films?

IG: Whatever the assignment was, I thought it was the best picture in

Hollywood. I approached it with every degree of sincerity that I could; that's the kind of job I tried to do. It may not have come out that way, depending on the size of the orchestra or the time on the recording stage, but, given all the ingredients, the percentage of success was on the high side.

RS: You worked on CURSE OF THE UNDEAD, a horror/Western.

IG: Oh, my God! Suddenly you've spoiled my evening! (Laughs)

RS: What kind of approach do you use for a horror/Western?

IG: (Laughs) You use a horrible approach, that's what you use! Anyway, everything comes under the heading of experience. People ask me, "Why haven't you ever had ulcers?" My answer is that I did the

most sincere job, and I walked away from it. I didn't want to know about the end result. That was somebody else's job.

RS: Do you have a particular favorite of the films you scored?

IG: I guess the ones that we've been talking about were the ones that came out the best. THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN was wonderful; I enjoyed that, and IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE was a great deal of fun. But I tell you, I enjoyed doing Westerns. I loved Westerns.

RS: The sci-fi films reused a lot of music from your Westerns.

IG: Well, that was out of my hands. I wasn't happy, but the way they wanted to do it, that's the way they did it. They were under the gun, maybe, from Joe Gershenson.

SCI-FI SERENADE

Continued from page 36

Katy came up to me, her face white as a ghost, and said, 'That dead guy's on the line.' It was Herman Stein! I picked up the phone and he said, 'The reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated.'

"Herman and I have become friends. One of the first things he sent me was an obituary that *Variety* printed back in 1984; he keeps it in his scrapbook to remind himself that he won't be around forever. When Irving Gertz picked up the phone and we told him we wanted to record THE MONOLITH MONSTERS, he said, 'Why do you want to record that? What about my Westerns?' I think he was very surprised, as Herman was, that somebody was really going to do this!"

With very few exceptions, Schecter encountered no resistance from the studios; in fact, they gave their blessing to his venture. He reports that "A lot of people in the industry know about us. Warners has been very helpful to us, as well as Columbia/Sony. Universal has been helpful in their own ways. They can't do too much because they don't have a lot of the music, whereas

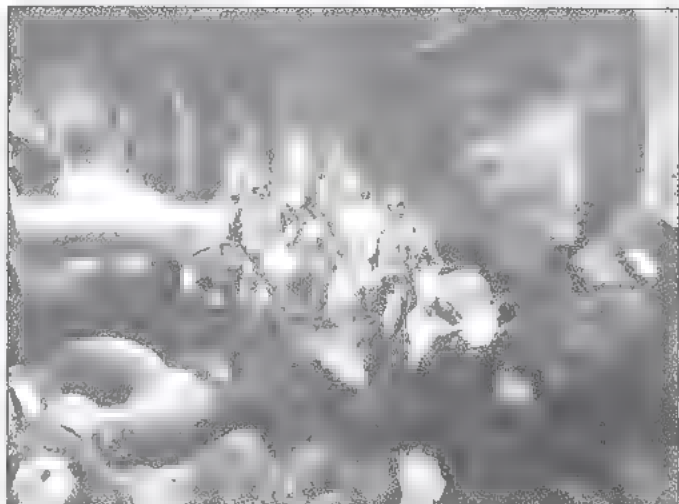
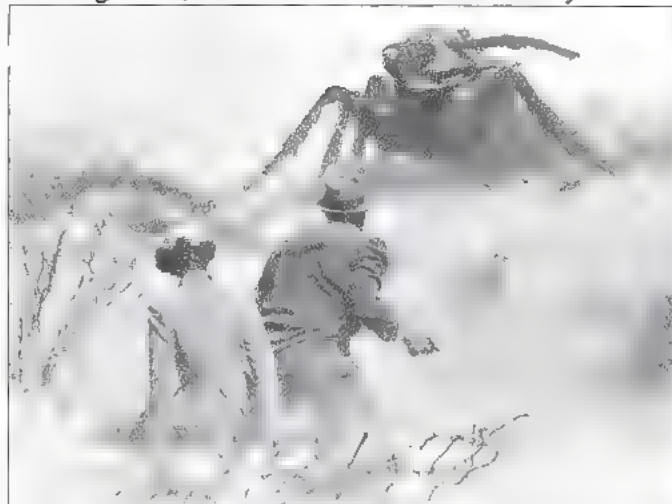
some of the other studios do. Warners gave a lot of their music to USC; it's at a Warner Bros. archive there. All of the studios are behind us, and I think they're very happy that we're doing this and doing it right."

Not only are Schecter and Mayne doing it right, but their enthusiasm and sincerity are instantly obvious to anyone who meets them. It's a rarity to find people who will "put their money where their mouth is," as they have done for this enterprise, by dumping a giant portion of their life savings into it.

There's a strong possibility that, as you're reading this, Monstrous Movie Music's first two CDs have already found their way into select record stores. And David Schecter, like so many of the monsters whose music he is immortalizing, intends to return: there are plans in the works for future releases of more as-yet-untapped horror/sci-fi scores. After years of searching dusty record bins, finding a few treasures to whet our appetites and wondering why our favorite fright-film scores are largely neglected, we may finally be witnessing an art form whose time has come



LEFT: Above ground, the gi-ants of THEM! battle the human race (Joan Weldon and James Arness). RIGHT: Below ground, still more ants are on their way.



RS: Did you attend the recording sessions at Universal?

IG: On my music, yes. I was always in the booth with the mixer. Joe Gershenson was the conductor. The orchestrator was on the stage next to Joe. We'd communicate through an intercom. The orchestra was wonderful, very understanding. Sometimes we'd bypass Joe and talk directly to the orchestra!

RS: What was the size of the orchestra?

IG: About 45 men. We made a very big sound. Boy, it came through the speakers like gangbusters.

RS: How did you make the move to 20th Century Fox?

IG: That was 1960, maybe 1961.

We were doing 17 pictures. We were rushing to finish them, then suddenly there was an announcement that Universal was selling the studio. We finished our pictures and said farewell and goodbye, because we were out of a job. Of course, you know how you feel when you're kicked in the pants. (Laughs) So I went home, and just as soon as I walked in the phone rang, and it was Lionel Newman from 20th Century Fox. He said, "Can you be over here at nine tomorrow morning?" And so I started work the next day! I worked there for 12 years and, interestingly enough, my music editor was George Korngold, the son of Erich Korngold. I said, "George, your father was one of the great influencing factors in my life." We had some very happy conversations. Shortly thereafter, Erich died.

RS: Did you ever think that your music would be rediscovered, reappreciated, and rerecorded by a future generation?

IG: Absolutely and emphatically not! It was out of the realm of anything I considered possible. What I did in pictures was done fast. Most good things—at least the things that I've done—I've done fast. It just came very nicely and meaningfully. I was very, very comfortable with every note that I put down.

RS: Is that another way of saying that deadlines are good?

IG: Well, yeah . . . if they don't get down into your gut. (Laughs)

RS: Looking back on your career . . .

IG: I feel very good, very happy. And I want to give a major portion of that credit to my wife, who was absolutely fantastic support. Somebody has to help you along. It's a lonely walk down that corridor.

HERMAN STEIN

When I sat down to phone Herman Stein one cold February afternoon, I really didn't know what to expect. Would this composer, with a career that spanned decades, remember or care to discuss his years at the studio that employed his abilities for such sci-fi films as *CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* (1954), *THIS ISLAND EARTH* (1954), and *TARANTULA* (1955)? The voice I heard on the other end not only eased my concern, but launched me on one of the most delightful 90 minutes I've ever spent on the phone. At 80, Mr. Stein (who insisted on my



Afflicted with acromegaly, Eddie Parker . . .

calling him "Herman") is a paragon of dry wit delivered at a machine-gun pace. Naturally, our talk turned immediately to music, and touched briefly on the concept of having "perfect pitch," a rather overrated notion:

Herman Stein: Can you sing me something in E flat?

Richard Scirovanti: I don't know if I can. I don't have perfect pitch.

HS: You can be in tune without having perfect pitch. It's a question of relative pitch. I have perfect pitch, but it's just a fluke of birth. You can't take any credit for it; it doesn't mean you're smart; it doesn't mean you're talented. It's just one of those things, like being long, tall, short, or blonde or brunette.

RS: It's funny: I hear film music cues in my head and they'll be in the exact key.

HS: Oh, really? Well, it's a disease that can be cured. Consider it path-

ological. There are cures for it—men in white coats are working on it in labs everywhere. When people who have children tell me, "Hey, what shall I do? He seems to love music," I want to say "Puncture his eardrums." Parents don't understand. Are you a parent?

RS: No, I'm not.

HS: Neither am I. I never wanted to be. Homer put it well. Homer said, "He who has a child has a hostage to fortune." Homer, of all people! Hasn't had a bestseller in years!

RS: Are you sure you're not really a stand-up comic?

HS: No, I'm a lying-down comic, believe me. I can always get three weeks in Las Vegas or six weeks in traction.

RS: I hope you haven't been asked these questions a million times.

HS: Nobody asks me any questions except, "Who do you think you are?" or "Why do you make a left turn on a red light?" I'm not inaccessible. Just ask anything at all.

RS: Were there any composers who influenced you when you were growing up?

HS: I can't say any particular ones influenced me. I just knew what I liked. The first time I heard "Sacre" (Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring"), I went crazy; it was like puberty! I had never heard any music like that! Stravinsky altered the whole face of 20th century music; he really did. Anyway, we had what we called a Victrola.

RS: A Victrola?

HS: And we had crystal sets. You see, I go back further than you. I was born in 1915, and thanks to an excellent embalmer, you can't tell. I tell you, I look almost human! Natural! I look very natural; that's what they say when they see the body. Anyway, I knew what I liked and what I did not like. I heard the "Blue Danube Waltz"—I hated it! Hated it! I gravitated toward the Russian composers. I used to be a jazz arranger, and I'd hear a piece of "longhair" music and wonder how to do that. I taught myself—I'm self-taught, except for piano lessons as a kid. There was a library in Philadelphia that had musical scores, and I used to sift through their scores and listen to the radio. David Raksin once told me that he learned at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, up in the balcony going to concerts. In other words, you learn by listening.

RS: David Rakstin composed the score for LAURA.

HS: Oh, yes. That's what he'll be remembered for, but his talent goes far beyond LAURA.

RS: You *did* study with Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, didn't you?

HS: Before I came to Los Angeles, I saw his name in some credits and I was so ignorant—I saw the hyphenated name, and I thought it was two people! Later, when I got to know Mario and told him, he said, "Oh, you thought I had my own arranger." Mario was very knowledgeable, very important for me. No one can teach you how to compose, you know. I can't teach you how to write a melody. But what someone can do is evaluate what you do, and if he's a good teacher, you can't fool him, he'll know. If not for Mario, I probably would never have been in this business at all. I learned so much from him.

RS: Being a layman, I can only describe subjectively why I like a piece of music.

HS: There are only two things you have to worry about: what you like and what you don't like. It is not incumbent upon you to like or dislike anything. Don't worry about whether your taste is good or bad. If you're a layman, your opinion is irrelevant but it's vital! How can it be irrelevant and vital? Because everything a composer writes is aimed at a listener. I don't know if you're a musician or a shoe salesman; what's the difference? My job is to grab your emotions, whoever you are! As Stravinsky said, "Music is a calculated assault on the emotions." In order for me to stir your emotions, I have to experience those emotions, too. As for evaluating music, it sounds arrogant, but I do know when something's good or bad. And Mario knew. May I submit Stein's Laws of Film Music? Law #1: Music can be good—as music—but not necessarily help a picture. But if music is bad—as music—it can never help a picture. Law #2: Always be sure to get paid.

RS: Why did you join the Universal music department in 1951?

HS: I had never done any picture work before, but when I started to study with Mario, he had another pupil, a kid named Eugene Poddany. He had done work in pictures—shorts and industrials, that kind of thing. Mario said, "One of my pupils has an assignment that he doesn't

feel he can handle. Maybe you can do it for him." I said, "I know nothing about film music," but Mario said, "You can do it." I don't know how he knew. So I did it and it turned out quite well. I made a recording, and I sent it to the heads of the music departments of the studios. I didn't expect anything—that's not the way you get a job—but Joe Gershenson called me in, and he asked me if I'd like to do some arranging for a week. I said, "Sure!" Then he called me in for another week, and then every week, and finally he said, "Steady job!" That's how it happened. Just a fluke.



... makes Leo G. Carroll his next victim!

Just an absolute fluke! If I hadn't gotten that job, I don't know what my life would've been.

RS: Who else was at Universal?

HS: Frank Skinner was already there. Hank Mancini came a little later. In the end, there were three of us on salary—me, Hank, and Frank Skinner. And, of course, Hans Salter, who used to have Joe's job, used to be the head of the department. He would do some work on occasion, and Irving Gertz would come in, too. Ernest Gold did some stuff. I think he did a whole picture; I can't recall. This is a long time ago.

RS: I was about five.

HS: You're about 50, now, huh? This is about as good as it gets. Baby, it's downhill from here on!

RS: What about the expression, "Life begins at 50"?

HS: The sonofabitch who said that, he's the guy who made up this eu-

phemism about "senior citizens." I have a wish that the guy who coined that expression should never live to become one! That is the most infuriating euphemism! Senior citizen—no, you're an old sonofabitch, you're an old man! A dirty old man, if you're lucky!

RS: You don't sound as though you have an "old" attitude.

HS: A teenager once asked me, "What keeps you going, Mr. Stein?" I said "Venom!" That's true! I'm so goddam mad! That's why I sound energetic, it's anger! Anyhow, you were asking me . . .

RS: About the collaborating arrangement at Universal

HS: Actually, you really cannot collaborate. Two people can't write a paragraph, two people can't paint a picture, and two people can't write a piece of music. It was sort of a factory arrangement. You had a scene for this person, a scene for that person—there were two or three of us on a picture and Joe would say, "Well, whoever does the cue that has this person's theme in it will use that theme in his composing." Sometimes it'd be by reel: "Hank, you do this first reel and I'll do the other reel." I inherited a lot of main titles, which are always tough. When you're doing a main title, you're naked.

RS: Meaning the music is there by itself and the audience is listening?

HS: Yeah, the dirty bastards are listening! No sound effects to cover you; you're naked, that's all! Sometimes with a

main title we'd do it later, 'cause if there was a theme that came up in the picture, I would base the main title on that.

RS: Did you have any special approach for a sci-fi film?

HS: Well, the mechanical part of it was the same as with any other picture. Sometimes we'd use a cue that was already in the library. That's why a lot of pictures do not have any music credit. They have "musical supervision by Gershenson," because there might be eight or nine different composers involved; it would look like a petition if you listed all the different names! But my approach to any picture would be for the drama; I don't care if it's science fiction or not. The only thing I don't like science-fiction music to be is mere sound effects. The music

Continued on page 96

Crimson Chronicles

by Forrest J Ackerman

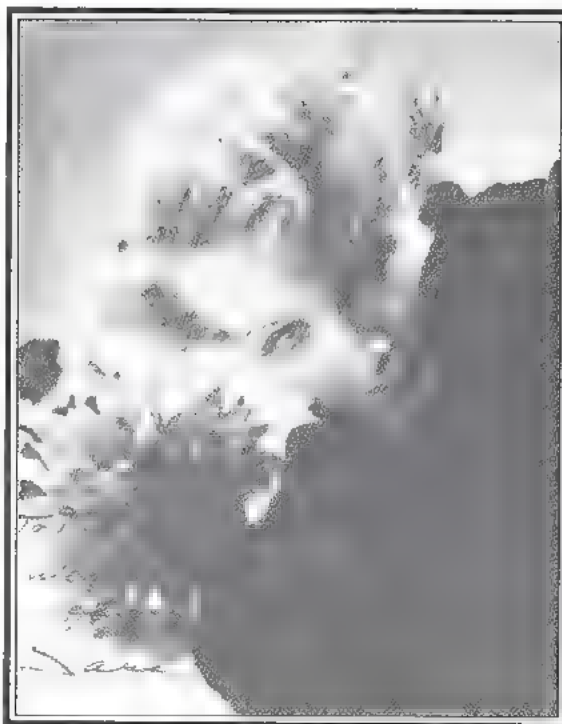


CRIMSON ROMANCE Did you ever see this film? Probably not; it was a minor effort from England in the early '30s. Then you're probably not familiar with the actress Sari Maritza, a heartthrob of mine from the dazzling days of Marlene Dietrich and Simone Simon. Sari starred in a thriller called *BOMBS OVER MONTE CARLO* with Hans Albers, the German superstar of Curt Siodmak's *F.P.I. DOESN'T ANSWER* and *GOLD*, in which he costarred with Brigitte Helm, last of the cast of *METROPOLIS* still alive, living in Switzerland, home of H. R. Giger.

Back to Sari: This luminous starlet was actually English Patricia Detring-Nathan and she appeared in one film with fantastic elements, namely *FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS*. This early 1930s movie incorporated the spectacular footage from Cecil B. DeMille's silent classic, *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS*—the fabulous parting of the Red Sea, the miracle of Moses with the tablets, receiving the holy inscriptions from God. At about 17 I never could decide which impressed me most, the awe-inspiring DeMille special effects or the special effect the seductive Sari had on me. I had the thrill of meeting her on a couple of occasions, and for the last time missed her by one day when I arrived for a vacation in San Francisco only to read in the newspaper that she had flown away the day before to try to find her husband, missing somewhere in Asia. I wonder, like Simone Simon, the feline femme fatale of *CAT PEOPLE* is she still alive somewhere in the world? If anyone knows, please don't fail to inform me!

We'll know the answer by the time this column appears, but shortly before the Academy Awards I found

myself at the voting on the Make-up Award. I was a happy "ham" sandwiched in between two of my favorite Horrorwood personalities, directors Joe (*THE HOWLING*) Dante and John (*AMERICAN WEREWOLF*) Landis, as four contestants winnowed down from 345 were being considered. Up to the mike at



Who's Sari, now? We don't know, but back in the 1930s, she was Patricia Detring-Nathan, star of *FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS*.

one point was Rick Baker Monster Maker, putting in a pitch for last year's *BATMAN FOREVER*, and in the audience I noted Howard Koch, who gave us the Karloff film *FRANKENSTEIN* 1970, and legendary Nina Foch of *CRY OF THE WEREWOLF* and *RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE*. Incidentally, Stephen Crane, hero of the former, and husband of Lana Turner at the time, was in my barracks in the Army during the second World War.

I recently completed my 51st cameo in a film, soon to be seen on the Disney channel. It's called *MOJAVE FRANKENSTEIN* and on the first day of shooting I was in priestly raiments and officiated at the funeral of Burt Reynolds, laying him to rest before he had even acted his part! He plays the dad of a kid who's a typical young film-monster fan; in fact I think an early issue of *Famous Monsters* may be seen in the youngster's den. Issues of the first 190 numbers of *FM* that I edited have been seen in the past in *VILLAGES OF THE GIANTS*, *HARD TO DIE*, and *MATINEE*.

Enough preamble. Now for the news. Danny Elfman's brother, who gave us *SHRUNKEN HEADS*, is directing "an offbeat vampire film," *REVENANT*... Universal has bought film rights to the novel *Ignition* by Kevin Anderson, author of some *Star Wars* books... I have been offered the role of the TV newscaster in the aliens-on-Earth film, *MEN IN BLACK*... For about 72 hours I was sitting on top of the world (altho it was pretty cold at the North Pole) after Bill Warren contacted me and asked how I'd like to appear in a Steven Spielberg movie. Do you know how short a nanosecond is? Well, that was the length of time for my affirmative reply. It seemed there was to

be a sequence in the film involving a science fiction convention and I was going to be involved for three days, sitting at a booth with a big blowup of my Ackerman anthology *The Gernsback Awards* (with a gorgeous jacket by the pioneering SF artist Frank R. Paul), and I'd be busy signing autographs. (I once did that in actuality, signing my name approximately 10,000 times over a period of two days.) Representatives from the movie came over and checked out



LEFT: Many were called to appear in a new Spielberg film, including Ray Bradbury, but the plan fell through. CENTER: Columbia's *CRY OF THE WEREWOLF* (1944) brought tears to the eyes of fans expecting a "real" werewolf instead of a dog. RIGHT: Curt Siodmak is winging his way to Munich for the Siodmak Film Festival.

the Ackermans on and were enthusiastic at the prospect of being able to licence a number of props for the filmic "con." (Ultima Futura Automaton had already appeared in *BODY-GUARD* and other props in a vampire film starring, I think, Roddy McDowall. Can't think of the name of it at the moment; wait'll you're practically 80 and have seen 20 trillion movies [as a teenager, I sometimes saw seven in a single day; I have 1700 videocassettes, many eight hours apiece] and see how many titles you can remember off-hand.) Every hour on the hour some fantasy field personality was being contacted to appear in the picture: Ray Bradbury, Bill Rotsler, Richard Matheson, Mark (PUMPKINHEAD) Carducci, Rick Baker, Frank Darabont (*THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION*), William F. Nolan (coauthor of *Logan's Run*), Don Glut (Frankenstein, *Dracula*, and Prehistoric mammals authority), Ron Borst (*Gruven Images*), et al. But 72 hours later the bubble burst and we were all unemployed cameoists (if there is such a word; well, there is now—I better hurry up and copyright it before somebody else does) because the powers-that-be had decided to eliminate the convention

scene. Boo hoo . . . Good news for 93-year-young living legend Curt (*THE WOLF MAN*) Siodmak: he's been invited to Munich for a Siodmak Film Festival, featuring 16 of his films. Even a man who is pure in heart may be a Guest of Horror when the moon is full and bright . . . Lip readers in the audience may burst out laughing when they see me officiating at the funeral of Burt Reynolds in *MOJAVE FRANKENSTEIN*, because in my sequence my voice is damped down and there's a voice-over explaining the scene. So the director told me I could say anything I pleased, as it would not be heard. Well, my monolog (with a straight face) went like this: "Yea tho I Trek thru the Valley of the Shatner of Death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me, thy Rod and thy Berry, they comfort me Thus Spock Zarathustra." Fortunately the Bible is in public domain, so I guess I can be forgiven for revising a bit of it.

The vamp of Drakulon, whom I created in 1969, in 1996 is going to be a \$2 million Showtime feature. To launch *VAMPIRELLA*, director Jim Wynorski threw a gala party (a guesstimated 700 guests) from 7:30 till 1:30 on a night before Sa-

tyr Day, and as Vampi's father I was naturally a guest of honor. Others partying whom I eyeballed were Terry Moore, the unforgettable gal of *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG*; Gary Gerani, scripter of the film; Bill and Sharon Leibowitz, proprietors of the fantasticomicbook shops, the Golden Apples; Mark Carducci, Associate Producer of the pic; Que lou Parente, in from Paris, female lead in *DINOSAURS FROM THE DEEP* and scripter/producer/director of *THE MARQUIS DE SLIME*, Deanna (LAND OF THE GIANTS) Lund, Brian (publisher of *Lon of 1000 Faces!*) Forbes, one of the crew of *DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN*, and Jeff Rector of *VALLEY DINOSAUR GIRLS*.

Well, if you haven't been bored to bits by the forrygoing, I'll be back nexttime. My previous publisher said I was lucky for him and James Warren to have looked after me, otherwise I'd be, quote, selling newspapers today, unquote. Fortunately, Jessie Lilley has rescued me just in time to keep me from being included in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the World's Oldest Newsboy!

This issue's column is dedicated to Mary Wahrman.

Scarlet Street is on American Online!
Keyword: Mysteries
Or you can find us in the AOL Newsstand!

THE PHANTOM SPEAKS

BILLY ZANE

interviewed by Craig R. Reid

"I read my first *Phantom* comic story in 1987," recalls Billy Zane, "and for me this guy was the end-all as far as role models and superheroes. He had no super powers, no super bank accounts. He's just super decent. Not super human, but super humane."

Not everyone gets to bring their favorite comic character to life on the screen, but Billy Zane has done just that. The actor, who counts *DEAD CALM* (1989), *ORLANDO* (1993), *TOMBSTONE* (1993), *DEMON KNIGHT: TALES FROM THE CRYPT* (1995), and six episodes of television's *TWIN PEAKS* among his credits, was happy to talk to *Scarlet Street* about bringing The Ghost Who Walks to cinematic life



Scarlet Street: Had you ever heard of the Phantom before you got involved in the project?

Billy Zane: I had indeed. I've been familiar with the comic, primarily through Australia, which is one of its largest markets. The minute I read my first comic, I was hooked. Every time I go to Australia I come back with handfuls. It's amazing; this character is so unique in his, shall we say, modern approach. This is strange when you consider Lee Falk created him back in 1936. The thing that helps is the way the Phantom exercises restraint. It's true heroism. It isn't a vengeance quest or an eye for an eye, it isn't a barbarian with a badge or a cause . . . he gives everyone a fair shake, so ultimately their karma would take care of them.

SS: The Phantom is compassionate towards his enemies

BZ: Indeed, he is. He always gives them the benefit of the doubt, just to give them a chance to come over to the side of right, even if they go kicking and thrashing the whole way. He is a serious cat. When he's crossed, he's quite serious, but is still a very Zen character.

SS: How did you get involved in making THE PHANTOM?

BZ: I'd heard rumblings that they were going to do a movie about five years ago, when I was doing a film, again in Australia. I knew one of the producers, so I set up a meeting with him in Sydney. I said, "Look, I'm Kit Walker, I've got to play this role." He said, "Yes, well, we're still working out stuff with Paramount. I don't know . . ." We laugh to this day at the fact that it actually did come about and I actually ended up playing the part. It is so amazing!

SS: It's something you really wanted.

BZ: If there's something I was born to do, it's to play this role. In fact, I think I was the only person who knew anything about the character, based on the fact that I was privileged to get wind of him on other shores

SS: What sort of training did you do in preparation for the character?

BZ: Certainly plenty of weight training. I had to fill up for that very unforgiving purple suit. Lots of movement training and dance to try to match those frames from the comic, the kind of catlike, frozen moments between pouncing and moving like a jungle cat

SS: It shows. Have you had any martial art training?

BZ: I've done some Wing Chun. I have my trainer, Tom Muzila, a Sho-

tokan karate master. We both supply different elements, but it was more like creating a fighting style. In this film, the Phantom is using a sixth sense, animal instincts where he's always aware of his radius, peripherally doing two things at once. It's almost like having eyes in the back of the head

SS: Who choreographed the action for you?

BZ: Billy Burton was the stunt coordinator. He did the major car and planes and set up a lot of the big gags, the big stuff, the money shots. But when it came down to the fighting, it was pretty much me and Tom. A gentleman named Bob Anderson was brought in for the sword fights. But as far as the *mano a mano*, it was our invention.

SS: Wasn't Tom Muzila one of the editors for Black Belt magazine?

BZ: I think so. Tom has trained me for about three movies. We always end up doing the fight work and the movements together. There's usually a stunt choreographer, because in American pictures they use all the "old school" guys—you know, "give us a roundhouse here and simple punch or reverse punch there." We tell them to give us 10 minutes so we can come up with something really wild. We just set it up and do it.

SS: You described the Phantom as a sort of a Zen character. How much of the Phantom is yourself and vice versa?

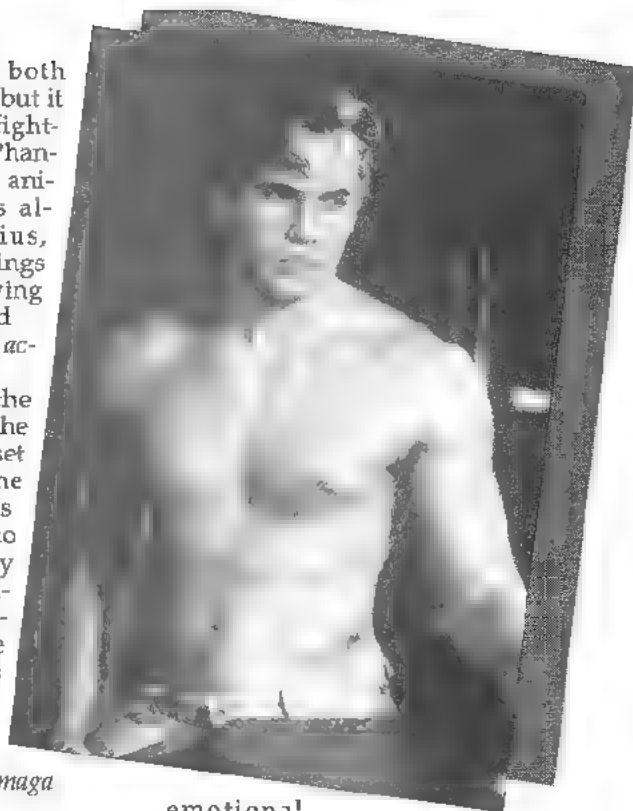
BZ: Quite a bit. It's an opportunity to display a heightened ideal of one's self in a fantasy image. There's a bit of my father in there, a bit of all the references that made me want to get into this business. It was "big boots to fill"—I play the 21st Phantom, who speaks to the ghost of his dead father, who is always on his heels telling him to "Keep it up, son. Watch out! Duck!" Riding him, the way a father who is training his son would

SS: In the film, you interact with your dead father?

BZ: He's played by Patrick McGeehan, who starred in THE PRISONER. It was fantastic. The Phantom goes to his dead dad to become more decisive.

SS: It sounds very Chinese in concept, sort of like when the hero is talking to the dead master

BZ: Sure it is. It has elements that cross many boundaries, but the



emotional

processes that the character goes through—that I was going through in making the film—was that I had big boots to fill. I mean, meeting Lee Falk—he was the master. Lee was great. He gave the film his utmost approval; he virtually adopted me and was so pleased by how the film looked and my interpretation of the Phantom. It's something he's dreamed about for so many years, and I hoped it matched and met his take on the character. Lee really appreciated the spiritualism of the character, because I kept fighting for it.

SS: We don't have a very clear idea of the plot for THE PHANTOM . . .

BZ: So you want me to give the plot away, is that what you're pursuing with this question?

SS: Yes.

BZ: Well, it's all part of the Mystique. There is a tool for accessing infinite power—I should say tools, that when combined, become this vehicle. In RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK, it was the Ark of the Covenant that was a vehicle for talking with God. In THE PHANTOM, it's the skulls of Tecumsha that were separated and lost when my enemies raided a village in the 1600s and stole them. They were separated over the years, but now a warped industrialist, an avid occult enthusiast, reads up on this myth and tries to find and reunite the skulls to gain infinite power for his own needs.

SS: And the Phantom wants to stop him.



LEFT: Yes, that's really Billy Zane performing this soggy stunt in *THE PHANTOM*. **RIGHT:** The villainous Sallah (Kathleen Zaken Jones) takes aim at the Ghost Who Walks (Zane).

BZ: He wants to stop him, but he wants also to return the skulls to the rightful owner, the Tegumba tribe. In doing so, he gets to reunite with a woman from his past. He has some unresolved relationships created from his job of being the Phantom. His father was on his deathbed, so to replace his father he had to drop everything, including his girl, run to the jungle, and assume the role so that no one would know that the Phantom was dying. "He is the Ghost Who Walks."

SS: Did you do your own stunts?

BZ: I did all the fighting and some of the riding for the horse riding scene through New York . . . stuntmen did the hairiest moments. But the wildest stuff I did was to hold onto the pontoon behind the propeller of a sea plane that had just landed on the water doing about 50 miles per hour. I was holding onto the pontoon as it was cruising, then diving into the water off the pontoon.

SS: That sounds pretty hair raising.

BZ: It was fun being that close to the blade, the breeze blowing in my face, and then diving into the water at that speed. It was really exciting.

SS: No accidents?

BZ: No, no, just the usual bumps and bruises, and a newfound respect for action stars. It takes a lot out of you. You lose a little blood, a little skin . . .

SS: How did you differentiate between the Phantom and Kit Walker?

BZ: Kit was a little more playful, the Phantom a little more wry—but it's not like a Clark Kent persona, where he's in the same environment having to maintain two identities. He tends to go into new places as Kit, then slips into the Phantom when it is called for, to instill fear or climb buildings. When he needs

his action threads, he's got them. But he doesn't have to pretend to be two people. With Diana, he perpetuates a little bit of difference, because she knows him as Kit and doesn't know about the Phantom. But there's a posture that is different, there's a register that probably at this point is unconscious. He just gets into that gear and takes on 400 years of attitude.

SS: What can you tell us about your Phantom costume?

BZ: It's purple and it looks like a solid texture, but it's really two layers of net. We took the liberty of updating it with some really neat cuts. The costume designer did a fantastic job of laying over a darker purple, almost like a Yakuza tattoo with some really interesting patterns, with skull motifs on the shoulder and one on the chest, and some really wonderful tribal tattooing across the legs and arms, and over the cowl.

SS: Do you wear the diagonally striped over shorts?

BZ: There are shorts, but they're tattooed and without candy stripes.

SS: What about the head gear?

BZ: The head gear's a molded mask, black over the eyes. The cowl is kind of an Eddie Munster: a point in the front center, goes around back, then comes under the cheek bone. There's a belt with a gold buckle, boots, and holsters.

SS: What weapons do you carry?

BZ: Long-barreled .45's, silver gray

SS: Do you have a knife or sword?

BZ: No, just the two guns, but he uses them in some very interesting ways. In one scene, he's in an elevator shaft chasing a speeding elevator and the only way down before he gets crushed by the one above is to slide down the cables. But here is the problem: if he slides down with

his hands, then we have to justify the bloody hands. So he pulls out the guns and you think he is going to shoot something, but he hooks them around the cable and uses the guns like brakes as he slides down the cable. They are very usable tools. He does a sword fight with the guns. It's probably the first time you'll see two pistols deflect and parry a cutlass. We broke new ground with it, the idea of not just using the guns for shooting. We pushed the envelope with every sequence, so that the audience must guess what we're going to do with the guns next. And it's great, because he doesn't kill anyone. He only shoots weapons out of other people's hands.

SS: But that's the Phantom—a passionate man and not a cold blooded killer

BZ: That is what is so beautiful about it. I really have to credit the studio, for pursuing a character like this. It will be the first of its kind, maybe it will start a trend.

SS: Compared to other comic-book characters, he is not dark.

BZ: The interesting thing about this movie is that it plays upon the fact that it follows a lot of these barbaric ultraviolet movies. What's so appealing is that there is no emotional baggage that you carry out of this film. Just because someone is a henchman, the hero will break his arm, break his neck . . . it's the heroics of a Steven Seagal movie. But as humans, we are compassionate, there's a part of us, whether we know it or not, that feels for the henchman. It's subconscious. You constantly have to check and balance how you feel. You grimace, but guess the guy deserved it. You become a porter for the emotional bag-

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MASTER MAGICIANS & PHANTOMS

LEE FALK

interviewed by
Bob Madison

Some men are touched in profound ways by the magic stuff of their boyhood.

A case in point is comic-strip legend Lee Falk. He read the stuff of



boys, and it stayed. He was touched by Burroughs' Tarzan and Kipling's Mowgli, and with a little world myth thrown in, created the Phantom, The Ghost Who Walks, The Man Who Cannot Die. And now, at 83, he still does it, turning out the adventures of the Phantom three generations of boys later. In fact, 1996 is the 60th anniversary of the Phantom, and Falk still writes his daily exploits.

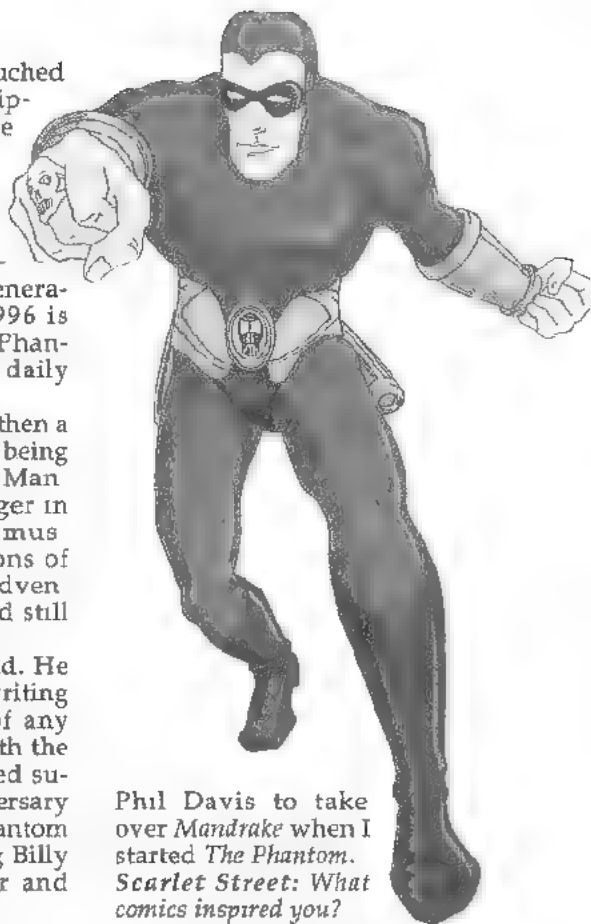
That is not all. In 1934, Falk, then a college student with dreams of being a writer, created the elegant Mandrake the Magician, an avenger in evening clothes and suave mustache, one of the ultimate icons of 1930s heroism. Mandrake's adventures are still widely read, and still scripted by the energetic Falk.

Lee Falk is a working legend. He holds the world's record for writing the continuing adventures of any comic-strip character, and, with the Phantom, created the costumed superhero. The Phantom's anniversary will be marked with a new Phantom film from Paramount, starring Billy Zane as the masked avenger and Treat Williams as the villain.

Scarlet Street caught up with the busy Mr. Falk at his home in Manhattan's Upper West Side

Lee Falk: I was born in Missouri, many years ago. I started *Mandrake* in 1934, when I was still in University of Illinois, and started *The Phantom* two years later. I'm very proud that this is the 60th Anniversary of *The Phantom*, and *Mandrake* is still going strong at 62. I still write them both, always did, daily strips and Sunday papers. I haven't drawn them in many years, it takes more than two or three men to do that much work! When I first started, I drew *Mandrake* for fun, for myself. I drew up two weeks of daily strips, and took my time with it, very slow, and made changes. I had some help from an older artist. Then I sent these two weeks of daily strips for *Mandrake* to King Features, and, to my amazement, they optioned them!

And they wanted a Sunday page too! I suddenly realized that these were not cartoons, these were illustrations. Whereas old friends of mine like Al Parker and Bud Briggs—well-known magazine illustrators at the time—could do one or two illustrations in one week, here I had two comic strips with about 18 panels a week, with another eight panels or so for Sunday. A lot of work. I got



Phil Davis to take over *Mandrake* when I started *The Phantom*.
Scarlet Street: What comics inspired you?

LF: What really influenced me were not comic strips, but novels like *Tarzan* and *The Jungle Book* of Kipling. As a boy, my reading was the great adventurers and detectives like Arsene Lupin. *Mandrake* comes out of all that. Remember that *Mandrake* started as a stage magician, but I turned him into a hypnotist, an illusionist. He creates illusion. Things don't actually happen, you just think they do. Incidentally, in the very first story I introduced his African Prince bodyguard, Lothar. The idea was teaming a big, powerful, physical man and the mental giant, *Mandrake*. Gradually, Lothar, who used to wear a leopard skin, was modernized to sports shirts and boots, and his pidgin English was turned to proper speech. He became *Mandrake's* friend, and these two actually were the first black and white crime fighters, as far as I know, anywhere. This was long before *Cosby* and *Culp's I SPY*. It wasn't my intention to do something in that area; it just happened. As years passed, it became commonplace to have a black and white team.

SS: Could you tell us about your relations with Phil Davis?

LF: Phil was an older artist. I was about 22, he was in his early 30s. He had a lot of success with his illustra-

tions in *Liberty* and *Colliers*. He did very well, but he got tired of it. He worked with me very early on *Mandrake*, and then I turned over all the drawing to him. He did very tight pencil work. We got Ray Moore, another artist. Ray Moore was kind of a Bohemian, a very interesting man. He did the inking on the strip. I continued to do some of the lay out, but when *The Phantom* came along, I had no time. I got Ray Moore for *The Phantom*. Two or three years later, I stopped drawing layouts completely. I stopped drawing over a half century ago! But I continued, without break, until as we speak, to write the stories.

SS: What did you think of the *Mandrake* radio show?

LF: It was pretty good. I had nothing to do with it, because I was in the Army. I met the man who played *Mandrake* in the Army.

SS: Raymond Edward Johnson?

LF: Raymond Edward Johnson! He was a very distinguished stage actor; he played Thomas Jefferson on Broadway. I met Ray when I was a corporal in Virginia. He'd already played *Mandrake*. I helped him get through his first few days of military life. Johnson was one of those very successful radio actors who would perform maybe half a dozen shows a day, going from one studio to the next. He was also the host of *INNER SANCTUM*. He then got Muscular Dystrophy. Last time I saw

him was at the Friends of Old Time Radio Convention, out in Newark, New Jersey. This convention invited me to direct a re-creation of the radio show, and Raymond Edward Johnson, it turns out, is a favorite of these people! He was wheeled out on a bed; he can't move, except for his head. They propped the script up in front of his bed, and he played *Mandrake* that way. He was amazing; his voice was so strong and so good! He sounded exactly the same, after all these years!

SS: What about the Columbia motion picture serial?

LF: I didn't like it. In those days, Republic made much better serials, but I thought Columbia was the bigger name. Columbia bought both *Mandrake* and *The Phantom*. I remember, I came back on a three-day pass to see some of it, and thought *MANDRAKE* was just terrible. There were some good actors in it, oddly enough. Warren Hull played *Mandrake*, but Lothar was reduced in size to about five-foot-seven! He wore a turban to make him Egyptian instead of a black man. There may have been some race thing going on there. But it was unimaginatively done. Here you have a magician, an illusionist—and with trick photography, you could've done all kinds of things to sell the idea of illusion. But they didn't. It became a cops and robbers thing, with lots of automobiles chasing 'round . . .

SS: Didn't Fellini plan to make a movie about *Mandrake* at one point?

LF: Yes, he did. He loved *Mandrake*. I first met Fellini when he was 17. When I first came to Italy, *Mandrake* was already established. I went to visit the publisher in Florence, just to say hello. They didn't put him out in newspapers, but in big albums, in Italian. I met this little group of 15 people or so. One of them was Fellini. Years later, I returned to Italy and we became good friends. I saw him whenever I was in Rome, and he'd visit whenever he was in New York. For years, he wanted to make a *Mandrake* film. Every time I saw him, he brought it up. But there were always conflicts: the character was optioned by somebody else, or Fellini was otherwise busy. This went on for 30 years, and somehow it just never got made.

SS: What's the origin of *The Phantom*?

LF: *The Phantom* is combination of Tarzan—I grew up on Edgar Rice Burroughs—and Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*. In fact, I paid homage by calling the Phantom's pygmy friends the Bandar, which comes from the monkey tribe who were friends with Mowgli.

SS: How did the character evolve?

LF: In the first six months, I had a playboy named Jimmy Wallace, who at nights was the Phantom. He had a girlfriend named Diana, who the

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PREVIOUS PAGE: *The Phantom* in 2040 and *Mandrake the Magician*. LEFT: Lee Falk wasn't terribly fond of the Columbia serial version of *THE PHANTOM* (1943), starring the former Captain Marvel and Kharis the Mummy, Tom Tyler. RIGHT: Falk couldn't be happier with Billy Zane as the star of the new *PHANTOM*.



BILLY ZANE

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gauge of the hero, dragging it behind him and you. It slows the movement and your participation in the film because you're dealing with all this stuff. *THE PHANTOM* allows you to move through the film a lot quicker. You are with the guy; you are not settling how you feel or questioning your own morality; you are just moving with the picture. I think people will leave this movie saying, "Why do I feel good about this? Why do I feel so light?" Then maybe they'll realize, "Oh, that's why! He didn't kill!" He doesn't have that warped malice that crosses the boundary between hero and villain. He is really clean in that respect. I think kids need a hero who exercises something that they can apply from day to day. How often do you aspire to be a killing machine? You can't get an angle on it. But you go to *THE PHANTOM* and say, "Wow, I aspire to taking care of business. I aspire to that strength and cunning. I can apply that technique to my life." So people who want to be the Phantom, can be the Phantom....

SS: So *THE PHANTOM* has a message of sorts.

BZ: In a sense, it's a belief in the power of love—and we try to make

that idea cool, because it's a step to making compassion hip. It's easy to be dark and negative. Light is hard, dark is easy; it takes balls to em-



Billy Zane and Kristy Swanson ride through *THE PHANTOM*'s lush jungle in this summer's new Paramount production.

brace the light. It's fighting from the point of view of the power of love.

It's tenfold stronger than darkness, kind of like chi-gong.

SS: Chi is sometimes translated as meaning "internal energy," an essential part of martial art training. How deep into the martial arts are you?

BZ: Fairly deep in belief. In practice, it's fleeting. I have a very inconsistent lifestyle, so I don't have the kind of dedication it would take to start yielding this power. I apply the techniques I learn in martial arts and would love the training to be more consistent. But I can't claim that I am a practicing martial artist.

SS: A lot of actors who do martial art fight scenes claim mastery.

BZ: There is just no way I claim mastery. I do claim mastery of the periphery, mastery of the application of this in everyday life, because that I practice daily. I use it in acting, or when I drive, like a protective shield. It is so useful charging and accessing the "chi" and firing it up before performing. It can radiate out of the eyes, so you're communicating this subliminal message of love. This is the essence of what we discussed earlier about the movie, this is the message I want to get across. I can't put my finger on it like it's a motto on a T-shirt or bumper sticker. It's all about essence and the sublime, and that's how it works.

LEE FALK

Continued from page 48

Phantom married many years later. The original stories were about pirates; somehow Diana got involved and the Phantom was a mystery man who came at night and helped her. As it went on, I got the idea of a jungle man. I changed it without telling the reader! Jimmy Wallace just disappeared, and here was the Phantom, running through the jungle. Later, I gave him a horse. The idea of the generations of the Phantom, where each successive son become the Phantom, creating the myth of a deathless avenger, all evolved in the first year.

SS: *The Phantom* is a character with a very mythic quality.

LF: Exactly. This is not accidental. This is now the 21st Phantom, but I can always go back and tell stories of the first Phantom, or the 10th. This gives me lots of range. In fact, the series almost stopped after the second Phantom. The first son is sent out of the jungle and back to the country of his mother—in this case, England. The young man joins the Globe Theater to become an ac-

tor! He ends up in the opening night of *ROMEO AND JULIET*, playing Juliet! His father, meanwhile—a macho, big, powerful guy—comes roaring over for the opening night, with Shakespeare shivering in the wings. The Phantom has the courtesy not to break up the show, but after the performance he pulls the wig off his son and says, "You're coming back to the jungle with me!" The son refuses. Then the father is fatally wounded, and the boy returns to the jungle, goes through the ceremony, and becomes the second Phantom. Blood is thicker than water.

SS: *The Phantom* was the first costumed hero in comic strips, wasn't he?

LF: He was number one. That was in 1936. There were a whole slew of them afterwards. Batman came about three years later. A lot of guys read *The Phantom*, and it inspired them. Batman is almost a takeoff on the Phantom, what with the Batcave and the Skull Cave....

SS: Is there an inherent difference between comic strips and comic books?

LF: Yes. For one thing, there was self-censorship. The violence we eliminated pretty much ourselves.

These days, the adventure strip is pretty much gone. *Flash Gordon* has a very slim readership, though it's beautifully drawn by John Cullen Murphy. Of course, Alex Raymond was one of the best in the field. *Prince Valiant* has a limited circulation, but is still fabulously drawn. There are very few of them in newspapers still, but they never had that kind of violence in them. It was a rich field with great stuff like *Smilin' Jack* and *Terry and the Pirates* and *Steve Canyon*.

SS: Could you tell us about the Phantom novels you wrote some years ago?

LF: We did about 15 of them in the 1970s. They wanted me to write a novelization of the strip every two months! At that time, I was not only doing both strips, but I was very active in the theater. I had five of my own theaters, some of them with stock companies, and I was writing and directing plays. I told them I could only do the first one. I took one of my stories and wrote about the Phantom's trip to Misouri as a boy to become educated, and how he had to return to the jungle to take over as the Phantom.



Then they got some other writers, and I gave them proofs of my original stories, and they wrote some of them up. Every six months I would do one myself, so in the course of a few years, I did five. I'm rather proud of them, worked hard on them, and I think they're rather good. I was very disappointed in the others. I gave them the stories, but they did a hack job. I told them to take my name off them. If it's good, I want the credit—but if it's lousy and I didn't do it, I don't want it.

SS: This is *Scarlet Street's* music issue. What can you tell us about your *Mandrake* and *Phantom* musicals?

LF: A couple of young guys from Stockholm, Sweden, wrote and asked permission to do a *Phantom* musical. I told them it had to stay over there, because there was always talk of doing something with the property over here. I went to see it, and the guy who wrote the music also played the *Phantom*. It was their equivalent of Off Broadway. Pretty good—though it was in Swedish, of course. It had one number called "The Bronx Blues," also in Swedish! The *Mandrake* musical, I wrote the book for that. That was produced up in Massachusetts. The fellow who played *Mandrake* was very good. A producer took a Broadway option on it, but it turned out that King Features, without my knowing, had sold the option to someone who wanted the movie rights. The producer couldn't raise the Broadway money without movie rights in the package, and the film fell through, too. The score still exists, though, and it may be done some day.

SS: What do you think of the recent incarnations of the *Phantom*: the cartoon series *PHANTOM 2040* and *DEFENDERS OF THE UNIVERSE*?

LF: The animators of *DEFENDERS OF THE UNIVERSE* concentrated on *Mandrake*, the *Phantom*, and *Flash*

Gordon. They figured kids would like something in a future time, with interesting technology, so they put them with *Flash* in the future. I rather reluctantly agreed. We made the *Phantom* the 25th generation, and had the great-grandson of *Mandrake*. The show came out fairly well in the end, I guess. With *PHANTOM 2040*, they again wanted futuristic technology, so I told them to set it ahead, with the 23rd *Phantom*. We put some armor on his arms and gave him futuristic weapons, but they didn't change him too much. At first, they wanted to put wings on him!

SS: What can you tell us about the new *PHANTOM* film?

LF: The movie is great! Billy Zane is the perfect *Phantom*; he looks wonderful. I saw the dailies every day when I was on the set for two weeks.

SS: Is the movie's plot an adaptation of one of your stories?

LF: Several of them. It deals with pirates and it has all of the elements that *Phantom* fans expect. It's set in the 1930s, and the cities have a '30s feel. The jungle scenes seem as if they could take place at any time, so it feels contemporary, too. But it's the "classic" *Phantom*, just as his fans like him best. Billy Zane is marvelous. They first showed me a picture he had done when he was 23 or 24, called *DEAD CALM*. What I saw was a nice-looking young man, a very strong actor. He had charm and strength, and that's what I wanted for the *Phantom*; I didn't want just a muscle man. He had all that, but he was very slim; he didn't

really look like the *Phantom*. I figured they would pad him. When I met Billy in January, he came over to say hello—and there was Billy, looking like the *Phantom*, without padding! When he was hired by Paramount, he went into training with a professional trainer, and did four hours a day for two years. So he wound up with a beautiful, powerful body, along with the charm and elegance. He's a good, strong actor. The whole cast is good. Treat Williams plays the bad guy, and he's a fine actor. Kristy Swanson plays Diana, the girlfriend. She was in *BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER*. The other woman, the bad gal with the heart of gold, is called Sallah. She's based on a character in a story of mine called "The Sky Bandit," from the '30s. I remember her very well, because I designed her to look like Louise Brooks. In the film, she has long, black hair, which is a change, but Kathleen Zaken Jones, a beautiful English-Welsh actress, plays her. She wears a skin-tight costume, and she's magnificent. If I were 60 years younger, I'd marry her!

SS: Marriage excepted, what are your future plans?

LF: Well, after more than 60 years, I'm still writing *Mandrake* and *The Phantom*. When I write a script, it's like a film script, broken into panels. I include descriptions of characters, place, and detail, as well as dialogue and narration. So my plans are just to go on living and working.

The *Phantom* (Billy Zane) trades in his trusty horse for a rusty cab in a city-based scene from the new live-action adventure flick.



Scarlet Street writers write McFarland Books

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Edmund G. Bansak. Here it is! Val Lewton's career, lovingly discussed. Includes interviews with Lewton's wife and son.

Universal Horrors (\$55)

John Brunas, Michael Brunas, and Tom Weaver. The studio's classic films from 1931 through 1946 examined in detail and discussed with a distinctive flair.

Fantastic Cinema Subject Guide (\$49.95)

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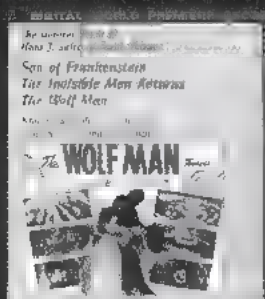
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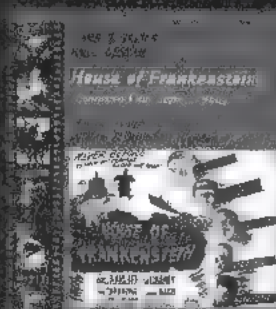
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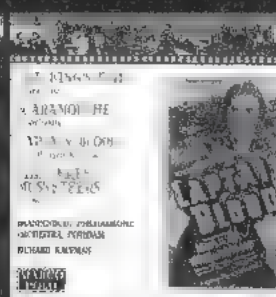


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"I shall never forget the weekend Laura died . . ."

—Waldo Lydecker

Gene Tierney stars in the title role of the 20th Century Fox classic *LAURA* (1944), a black-and-white film noir directed by Otto Preminger based loosely on the 1942 novel by Vera Caspary.

As the story opens, successful advertising executive Laura Hunt has been killed in her own apartment, by a shotgun blast that destroyed her face. Dana Andrews costars as police detective Lieutenant Mark McPherson. He investigates the three most likely suspects: Clifton Webb as radio and newspaper personality Waldo Lydecker, Laura's would-be Svengali; Judith Anderson as Laura's wealthy, cold-blooded aunt, Anne Treadwell; and Vincent Price as Laura's unfaithful fiancé, Shelby Carpenter. All three claim they loved Laura. For them, however, "love" meant they tried to dominate her.

In flashbacks of the victim's life, seen through the suspects' eyes, *LAURA* explores the dark side of love, obsession and morbid possessiveness. Although the plot unfolds briskly, over a period of only a few days, the movie has a dreamy, languid quality, enhanced by Joseph LaShelle's Oscar-winning photography and David Raksin's haunting instrumental score.

The camera glides weightlessly through opulent urban apartments that look like museum displays, filled with lush fabrics and the soft gleam of marble and art glass. Decorative masks, murals, and portraits both reflect and distort reality. These settings suit characters

who have constructed their own images with equal care, and equal artifice. The actors drift through these scenes in understated performances, their faces often nearly vacant, with only the subtlest clues to their true feelings. Laura, especially, at first resembles one of Lydecker's fragile, empty glass vessels, ready for the beholder to fill with whatever his imagination can pour into her.

As Foster Hirsch put it in *The Dark Side of the Screen: Film Noir* (A. S. Barnes & Co., 1981), "*LAURA* is a cool piece of work, silken, remote, perhaps the most posh of all films noirs . . . Preminger treats the loaded material quietly, in a matter-of-fact way." It's probably also one of the wittiest noir films, with its delightful sparring dialogues between suspects and detective.

The detective's intense eyes and restless fingers betray his outward calm while he pries through Laura's mail, reads her diary, fingers her luxurious clothing in her drawers and closets, sniffs her perfume on her dressing table. As he paces, he turns on lights that illuminate her parlor, the doorway framed by curtains, as if he were bringing up the lights on a theatrical set where she played out her life. His professionalism lapses, as he drinks on duty and gazes at her portrait, painted by a former suitor. The detective falls in love with his own image of Laura.

But then everything changes. Halfway through the movie, Laura herself walks through the front door of her apartment! (This "big moment" payoff might be stronger if the audience saw McPherson's shock of recognition first. However, the camera focuses on Laura,

as she discovers the stranger dozing in a chair in front of her portrait.)

Laura has spent the last several days alone in a remote country cabin, she says, with no idea that people thought she was dead. The victim with her face blown off turns out to be Laura's employee, model Diane Redfern, wearing Laura's negligee and slippers. McPherson's idealized ghost-woman stands before him now as a living suspect. She seems stunned, almost affectless, as if she were in a trance.

It's a tribute to Otto Preminger's persistence that this strange, moody murder mystery turned out to be a classic. Backstabbing and maneuvering behind the scenes nearly stopped LAURA from getting filmed. Preminger had a reputation as an "auteur." Gene Tierney later recalled in her autobiography *Self-Portrait* (Wyden, 1979, written with Mickey Herskowitz) that, "With his perfectly bald, egg-shaped dome and basset-hound eyes, he could charm and intimidate you at the same time." Some actors considered him a tyrant, but Tierney, along with Dana Andrews and Clifton Webb, admired his perfectionism. He won grudging respect from Judith Anderson.

Several of Preminger's films, like LAURA, fit clearly into the film noir category: *FALLEN ANGEL* (1945), *WHIRLPOOL* (1949), *WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS* (1950), *THE THIRTEENTH LETTER* (1951), and *ANGEL FACE* (1953). Repeatedly involved in controversy, he helped loosen film censorship by insisting on the forbidden words "virgin," "pregnant," and "seduce" in the comedy *THE MOON IS BLUE* (1953). He pushed the limits yet again with his frankness about drug addiction in *THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM* (1955) and rape in *ANATOMY OF A MURDER* (1959).

By 1944, Preminger had signed as a 20th Century Fox director, but he and Fox's chief of production, Darryl F. Zanuck, had quarreled. Speaking to Preminger for the first time in six years, Zanuck told him that he could produce LAURA, "but as long as I am at Fox you will never direct." (*Preminger: An Autobiography*, Doubleday, 1977.)

Undaunted, Preminger worked his way through five scriptwriters. According to Preminger, poet Samuel Hoffenstein "practically created the character of Waldo Lydecker for Clifton Webb. . . . From the original book we retained only the gimmick of Laura first appearing to be the victim of a murder and afterward, when she returns, becoming the chief suspect. When Vera Caspary read the script she wasn't pleased." Although many people tried to poison Zanuck's mind against the new script, he liked it, and signed Rouben Mamoulian (1932's *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE*) to direct.

Zanuck soon cast his leading lady, Gene Tierney, who had made her Broadway debut in 1939. "The role most often identified with my career was that of the ti-

tle character in LAURA," she wrote in her autobiography. "She was the victim of events she had not created and could not control. Laura was a woman of mystery and glamour, unattainable, the kind of woman I admired in the pages of *Vogue* as a young girl."

Nevertheless, Tierney almost turned down the role, already rejected by Jennifer Jones and Hedy Lamarr. "I liked the script, but . . . The time on camera was less than one would like. And who wants to play a painting? . . . In truth, only Otto Preminger had absolute faith in the project." She signed on in part because she and her then-husband, designer Oleg Cassini, needed the money to take care of their mentally retarded baby. Besides, "I had the title role, a chance to establish myself as a leading lady."

Tierney didn't identify with Laura. "Producers kept trying to type me as an exotic, slinky creature, the kind who are always leaning on pillars. That wasn't me. Of all the people I have known, I am probably the least mysterious. I had no trouble playing any kind of role. My problems began when I had to be myself."

Preminger was happy with Tierney, but had to lobby hard for Clifton Webb to play Waldo Lydecker. Though he had made a few silent films 20 years earlier, Webb, an accomplished singer and dancer, was known as a stage performer, not as a film actor. Darryl Zanuck wanted burly Laird Cregar, but Preminger felt that casting an actor famous for playing villains would give away the murderer's identity. In his autobiography, Preminger recalled that a Zanuck ally, Rufus LeMaire, head of the Fox casting department, complained of Webb: "He doesn't walk, he flies," implying that he was effeminate."

Preminger shot a screen test of Webb in a scene from the Noel Coward play, *BLITHE SPIRIT*, and showed it to Zanuck, who "behaved with the fairness that was part of his complicated nature. 'You're a son of a bitch,' he said, 'but you're right. He's very good. You can have Clifton Webb.' Webb and Zanuck became close friends and Webb became a big star at Fox for many years."

"There was a wonderfully brittle edge to Clifton, his manner, his speech, the way he moved. Part of what came across on the screen, the impression of a man very tightly strung, was true in person," recalled Gene Tierney. Webb later became famous for his portrayals of sharp-tongued bachelors, especially Mr. Belvedere in *SITTING PRETTY* (1948) and its two sequels.

Preminger also had to argue for his choice of Dana Andrews, then unproven as a leading man, for his detective hero. Lieutenant Mark McPherson turned out to be one of Andrews' best roles. William K. Everson called McPherson "a new kind of detective hero emerging: the idealist, the romantic . . . Andrews (quite one of the best of the newer actors of the '40s) created an original



LAURA (Gene Tierney) is a love object for both earthy Mark McPherson (Dana Andrews) and effete Waldo Lydecker (Clifton Webb).

and far more human detective than we were used to " (*The Detective in Film*, Citadel 1972.)

Once Preminger had his cast, all he had to do was get rid of Rouben Mamoulian so that he could direct LAURA himself. He remembered: "The performances were appalling. Judith Anderson was overacting, Dana Andrews and Gene Tierney were amateurish, and there was even something wrong with Clifton Webb's performance." Zanuck saw the rushes, banned Preminger from the set on the grounds that he made Mamoulian nervous, and told Mamoulian to start over.

"The second set of dailies were identical to the first, or maybe worse," Preminger claimed.

At last, Zanuck dismissed Mamoulian and told Preminger, "Monday, you can start directing LAURA. From scratch."

"When I started to rehearse the cast," Preminger wrote, "everyone except Clifton Webb was hostile. I learned later that Mamoulian had called each of them individually and warned them that I did not like their acting and intended to fire them. Judith Anderson was particularly chilly."

Anderson challenged Preminger to show her what she was doing wrong. He walked her through her part line by line. "The whole cast watched the rushes the next day and from that moment they were all on my side," Preminger gloated.

In the meantime, he'd tossed out Mamoulian's set designer, costumer, cameraman, nearly everybody, and brought in his own people. He even scrapped the portrait of Laura commissioned from Mamoulian's wife, Azadia. She was a competent artist, but as Gene Tierney explained, "It is one of the curious facts of movie-making that paintings seldom transfer well to film."

Preminger wanted an idealized, mystical look, but he also wanted such realism that the audience would recognize Tierney instantly as the woman in the painting. Preminger sent Tierney to a photographer, Frank Polony, then had the photograph enlarged and touched up with brush strokes to make it look like a painting.

The troubles still weren't over. When Zanuck saw the rough cut, he threatened to replace Preminger unless he reshot the last 15 minutes of the film, with a script narrated from Laura's point of view. The cast hated the

new material. Preminger still led a charmed life, however. Walter Winchell happened to attend the screening of the new version. He said he didn't like the ending. Zanuck gave in once again. He let Preminger put his own ending back.

Even David Raksin's famous theme music resulted from studio trouble. Gerald Pratley quotes Preminger as saying that, "Because the film had a very bad reputation at the studio, after the retakes started . . . Alfred Newman, the head of music, and tremendously powerful, decided that he would not waste his time writing the music. He assigned a young man and sent him to me—Raksin." Preminger and Raksin tried but failed to obtain the rights to use Gershwin's "Summertime" as the theme. "One day Raksin came to my office (I had a little piano in there) and he said: 'Let me play this to you.' He played the theme . . . and only after the picture was finished and released, did [Johnny] Mercer write the lyrics, which I still don't like." (*The Cinema of Otto Preminger*, A. S. Barnes & Co., 1971.) Raksin's theme with the sentimental Mercer lyrics became a hit song in 1945.

Preminger finished filming on June 29, 1944. LAURA opened on October 11 of that year and quickly became a box-office success, though it got mixed critical reviews. "It defied any of the usual success formulas . . . We were a mixture of second choices—me, Clifton, Dana, the song, the portrait," Gene Tierney observed in her autobiography. "Otto held us together, pushed and lifted what might have been a good movie into one that became something special."

Preminger had assembled an excellent cast for the complex roles in LAURA. By 1944, Vincent Price was a well-established stage actor, had made 11 films, and was already being cast less as a romantic lead and more in character roles, with a knack for playing sophisticated villains. Shelby Carpenter's mask is that of the southern gentleman, even though his old Kentucky family is bankrupt. He tries to turn his decadence into a romantic pose. "I can afford a blemish on my character, but not on my clothes," he quips. Yet, when Laura gets him a job at her advertising firm, he works hard and does well. It almost seems as though she might redeem him.

Continued on page 57

LEFT: The detective (Dana Andrews) listens as the newspaper columnist tells him all about LAURA over dinner. RIGHT: Laura Hunt (Gene Tierney) is surrounded by the sexually ambivalent suspects in her "murder": Waldo Lydecker (Webb), Shelby Carpenter (Vincent Price), and Ann Treadwell (Judith Anderson).





The Other Laura

by Michael Mallory

It sounded like a good idea: A real-life princess with ties to the White House fulfilling a long-standing desire to act, cast in a nationally televised adaptation of the classic mystery *Laura*. The end result, however, was a flop that remains notorious a full quarter-century after its broadcast, and one that encompassed both the professional debut and swan song of Lee Bouvier, aka Princess Lee Radziwill, best known as the sister of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

A princess by way of her marriage to millionaire Stanislas Radziwill, descendent of the Royal House of Poland, Lee had turned down a bit part as a Bond Beauty in *DR. NO* (1962), hoping for better things. By the mid-1960s, after two years of study, she was itching to flex whatever acting muscles she had. Unfortunately, her official debut as Tracy Lord in a Chicago stage production of *THE PHILADELPHIA STORY* turned into the theatrical debacle of 1967. Lee's career probably would have ended there, if not for the machinations of a close friend who happened to be the hottest writer in the country at that time.

If any one person can be singled out for blame for the television *LAURA*, it is Truman Capote. It was he who convinced producer David Susskind that his chum Lee had gotten a bum rap by the critics, and that she was capable of carrying a star vehicle. Susskind listened, not

unaware of the publicity value of such a casting coup, and when Capote sweetened the pot by offering himself as final script writer, Susskind sold ABC on the idea.

Princess Lee was signed for \$50,000 to make her television debut. After first considering the John Van Druten comedy *THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE*, Susskind decided on *LAURA*, which he already had an interest in remaking. It seemed like a perfect fit: like Lee, Laura Hunt was a charismatic socialite, and the dramatic build-up to her second-act entrance would mirror the buildup that would be given to the Princess's debut.

Writer Thomas W. Rhipps based his first-draft adaptation not on Vera Caspary's novel, nor the 1944 film, but the three act stage version that Caspary had written with George Sklar. The story was updated to the '60s, a change reflected most noticeably in the character of Waldo Lydecker, who was now a TV personality. Susskind called on his friend John Llewellyn Moxey to direct the show, and set about completing the cast. Robert Stack and George Sanders were signed to play Detective Mark McPherson and Waldo Lydecker, roles they had essayed before in a one-hour adaptation of *Laura* that aired on *THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX HOUR* in 1955. For Sanders, the role of the acidly witty, self-obsessed curmudgeon was one he could play in his sleep, and the script, rewritten by Capote, took full ad-

vantage of his unique style. After learning that it was not Laura Hunt but another young woman who was murdered, Waldo laments: "And to think, I wasted that beautiful obituary on a model from Brooklyn."

Farley Granger was cast as cad playboy Shelby Carpenter and Arlene Francis, then best known as a game show panelist, signed on as society matron Ann Treadwell. Painter Jan de Ruth created the portrait of Laura that is the central icon of the story, and David Raksin's haunting song, so memorable in the movie version, was recycled as the theme music.

Because Princess Lee wanted to stay close to home during the five week rehearsal and taping schedule (home being a mansion near Buckingham Palace), the production was set up at Intertel Studios in the north London suburb of Wembley. The move overseas also saved on the budget, which was fixed at \$700,000.

The tone for the production was prophetically set by George Sanders upon his reunion with Robert Stack in London. "My Waldo Lydecker and your detective [from the 1955 version] didn't do enough damage to the original film; we're going to have to try again," Sanders quipped, "but this time we have a leading lady with no acting experience at all, so I think we'll succeed."

First read-through of the script confirmed what some had already feared, that Lee Bouvier still had a great deal to learn about the art of acting. Truman Capote was enlisted as coach, encouraging the fledgling actress to approach the role as if she were hosting a dinner party, where her natural charm always emerged. It didn't work, and soon Capote unceremoniously abandoned ship, jetting off to the Bahamas for a "vacation."

As rehearsals progressed, David Susskind became more and more convinced that a dreadful mistake had been made, though he didn't relish the thought of publicly firing the sister-in-law of a martyred president. In desperation, he devised a plan to have director Moxey criticize her until she quit, but that idea found no supporters. Instead the cast and director banded together to try and help their floundering star. "Everybody tried to help her," recalls John Llewellyn Moxey. "We were all professionals and we were trying to make the best we could out of a show that had a lady that perhaps hadn't got the equipment or experience to pull it off."

Still, reports of friction and problems on the set filtered out, notably tales of fighting between Sanders and Stack. These John Moxey refutes: "A lot of it is make-believe, there was no real friction. [Robert Stack] was more down-to-earth than Sanders, who was more light-hearted, one of the great funny men of our time. They had a bantering way of attacking each other, and people who didn't know them, if they heard it, might have

said, 'Wait a minute, they're going to have a battle!' But in fact it was all done in good humor."

The director likewise downplays any notion of conflict between he and his Laura. "I think it was clear to her that she hadn't got the experience and that put her on the defensive somewhat. But friction between she and I? No, not any more than one would have expected under the circumstances. I did my best with her and she tried to do what I asked. I think she made a great stab at it."

By taping week, though, the production was hardly out of the woods. The press value Susskind had envisioned from his casting coup had turned into a media circus, with journalists from *Time*, *Newsweek*, *TV Guide*, *McCall's*, and *The Saturday Evening Post* showing up on the set and dutifully reporting every gaffe and whiff of controversy. The press had a field day when, oblivious to the fact that her microphone was live, Bouvier cooed

to Robert Stack: "Farley kisses well, but I think you kiss better." In another well-reported quote, the Princess dismissed the weeks of paid acting lessons from her co-stars and director by saying, "I'm not conscious of getting any particular help."

Since she had difficulty sustaining her character through long scenes, the action was broken down into a series of brief shots. ("We saw minutelys, not dallies of our show," Robert Stack grouched to a reporter.) Even at that, the Princess sometimes required 30 takes to deliver the proper performance.

The ultimate damage control technique was to keep the camera off Laura whenever possible. "If there were weak moments in her performance, we did try to cut around them," says John Moxey, "but don't forget, it was before all the sophis-

ticated editing that exists today. It was like shooting a live show in many ways. We would go back and redo sections of it, but you more or less were stuck with what you got."

By the time the production *TV Guide* had dubbed "the most prolonged and painstaking taping in small screen history" was finished, ABC realized just what it was stuck with. The network was so jittery about the two-hour mystery that it refused to schedule press screenings. David Susskind managed to put on a happy face for the press, saying that Princess Lee had "flair, elegance, and style," but stopped short of including talent. Probably the best assessment of Bouvier's abilities came from Truman Capote, who emerged from hiding to tell reporters: "She isn't an actress in the ordinary sense of the word. She is able to be herself, and if you don't respond to her personally, then you probably won't respond to her on-screen, either." (Ironically, he could have been describing his own performance in the 1976 film *MURDER BY DEATH*.)



PREVIOUS PAGE: Clifton Webb and Gene Tierney as the original Waldo Lydecker and Laura Hunt, and George Sanders and Lee Bouvier as their TV counterparts. **ABOVE:** Robert Stack (as Detective Mark McPherson) tries to fathom Bouvier's acting style, while Farley Granger (Shelby Carpenter) looks on.

Good, bad, or indifferent, all of America was primed to see LAURA on January 17, 1968, but it would not get the chance. The show was preempted by the State of the Union message delivered by President Lyndon Johnson (perhaps the only man in America more worried about bombing than David Susskind). One week later, audiences finally read the credit, "Introducing Lee Bouvier as Laura," and got to see one of television's most spectacular examples of not-ready-for-prime-time playing.

Any assessment of LAURA is complicated by the fact that no copies of the tape or script seem to exist, relegating the show to legendary status. But contrary to the legend LAURA was not unanimously trashed in the reviews. *The Hollywood Reporter* gave a lukewarm notice, while *Variety* couldn't seem to make up its mind. One of their two reviews proclaimed that "Miss Bouvier read her lines well, seemed to take direction like a seasoned pro, and handled the dramatic high spots with assurance and avoidance of overplaying the part." The other one flayed her alive, calling her performance "a disaster . . . a flat-footed and one-dimensional rendering," while ascribing to Robert Stack "all the grace of a cigar store Indian."

The national press immediately picked up the bitchy tone: "Bouvier's performance was only slightly less animated than the portrait of herself that hung over the mantle," said *Time*. Even old pro George Sanders was criticized for overdoing his "mad" scene at the end. Only Farley Granger and Arlene Francis fared well in the reviews. Most critics cited the lack of ensemble interplay among the cast, which, given the circumstances, isn't difficult to understand. Some also complained that the script was dated and naive, and ran out of gas before the denouement.

"It was a gamble, and we all knew it was a gamble," says John Moxey. "To tell you the truth, I wasn't sure how it was going to go. I didn't expect it to be acclaimed as a great success, but at the same time I thought that some of the notices were a little over-brutal." Brutal enough, at least, to prevent Lee Bouvier from ever stepping before the cameras again.



Robert Stack and George Sanders also appeared as McPherson and Lydecker in a 1955 television production of LAURA, costarring Dana Wynter.

Given its reception, it's possible, even likely, that the original broadcast tape of LAURA was wiped at some point in the past 25 years. But even without the luxury of seeing and judging the show for itself, certain problems now seem obvious. Contemporizing the story out of its noir roots couldn't have helped the situation. Neither could the fact that all the principal actors were a good 10 years too old for their roles (including Lee Bouvier, who was 34 at the time). In the long run, though, what may have torpedoed the production more than the inexperience of its leading lady was the failure one courts whenever attempting to remake a well-loved classic.

When all is said and done, though, the most unfortunate aspect of *The Other LAURA* was that its story took second place to the production woes, and one of the best and most distinctive mysteries ever created was ultimately reduced to nothing more than a vehicle for hype.

THE FACE IN THE MISTY LIGHT

Continued from page 54

Unfortunately, Carpenter can't overcome his dishonesty. He's carrying on a secret affair with Laura's aunt, Anne Treadwell. He's also been dipping his pen in the company ink, cheating on Laura with Diane Redfern, the real murder victim, said to be in love with him. (She never appears in the film.)

Carpenter claims he took Redfern to Laura's place on the Friday night of the murder so that he could break up with her in private, while Laura was out of town. However, the two of them hear the doorbell from the bedroom. Redfern opens the door to the murderer, who mistakes her for Laura in the dark because the model is wearing Laura's negligee and slippers. The maid, Bessie (Dorothy Adams), finds a bottle of cheap booze and two glasses in the bedroom the next day and cleans up this evidence of what she thinks is Laura's indiscreet behavior. It's clear that Carpenter has been "breaking up" with Diane by having sex with her in his fiancée's bed.

Carpenter can hardly open his mouth without lying, as if by autonomic reflex: about the music at a concert he later says he slept through, about whether he has a

key to Laura's apartment, about where he got the key, about what he was doing with the murder victim just before she died. He assumes lies come naturally to everybody else, too, as if other people are as weak as he. Evidently even the thought that his fiancée might have murdered his other girlfriend doesn't bother him much. To help Laura, he hides the shotgun he assumes she used. But for Laura, Shelby's failure to believe in her innocence is his most inexcusable betrayal.

Afterwards, when McPherson asks her whether she loves Carpenter, his head blocks the camera's view of the portrait, the illusion that was all Carpenter could see of Laura. McPherson is visibly relieved when Laura says she has decided not to marry Carpenter. She doesn't know how she ever could have believed she loved such a man.

Her aunt, Anne Treadwell, might well ask, "What's love got to do with it?" Judith Anderson had achieved most of her renown as a classical stage actress. Her finest film role was probably Mrs. Danvers, the housekeeper in Alfred Hitchcock's *REBECCA* (1940).

Anderson delivered her best performances for strong directors who could stop her from chewing the scenery.

Otto Preminger persuaded her to underplay Anne Treadwell, to powerful effect. Foster Hirsch commented that, "Anderson's masculine presence completes the tone of sexual ambiguity that runs through the film. Playing a granite dame who keeps attractive young men, Anderson brings to the part her own natural assertiveness. Her deep authoritative voice emphasizes the character's dominating qualities, and her attempted control of Price echoes Waldo's 'creation' of Laura."

Shelby doesn't always obey Anne, however. When she suggests marriage, he refuses, because "Laura needs me." Anne Treadwell is jealous of Laura, because Laura always comes first. However, Treadwell dismisses outright the idea that Laura might have murdered Diane Redfern. She doesn't think Carpenter did it, either, but she wouldn't have put it past him. After noticing that McPherson and Laura are attracted to each other, she tells Laura, "He's better for you than Shelby. Anybody is. Shelby is better for me." Laura asks why. "Because I can afford him. And I understand him. He's no good, but he's what I want. I'm not a nice person, Laura, and neither is he. He knows I know he's just what he is. He also knows that I don't care. We belong together because we're both weak and can't seem to help it. That's why I know he's capable of murder. He's like me." Then she adds, almost matter-of-factly, "No, dear, I didn't. But I thought of it." It's a performance to chill the blood.

The most intriguing suspect is Waldo Lydecker. In the opening scene of the film, McPherson wanders around Lydecker's opulent apartment while the reporter reads from the obituary he's writing for Laura Hunt. Lydecker receives McPherson while bathing, with his typewriter on a swing-arm stand over the edge of the custom-made marble tub. During the conversation, he steps out of the bath right in front of the detective (though off-camera). In part, Lydecker uses his own nakedness as a symbol of openness and innocence: it's a visual rendering of, "I stand naked before you." He says he didn't kill Laura.

However, Lydecker also says he'd be offended if McPherson didn't consider him a suspect. By exposing himself, he deliberately one ups the straight-arrow detective and makes him uncomfortable (as Lyndon Johnson is said to have received official visitors while sitting on the toilet). While he dresses, Lydecker gazes at himself in the mirror and admires "how innocent I look this morning," but in a mocking tone of voice. Is he really saying he's innocent, or hinting that he's not?

McPherson has been looking at Lydecker's collection of masks on the wall and senses that, for Lydecker, naked is the best disguise. To begin unmasking the reporter, McPherson comes back with one upmanship of his own, a smirk of disdain as he looks at the gaunt body of the older man.

McPherson observes that Lydecker has reported on a gangster killed with a load of buckshot to the face,

the same way Laura Hunt was killed—although in reality the gangster was killed with a sash weight.

"How ordinary," Lydecker replies. "My version was obviously superior. I never bother with details, you know."

McPherson says emphatically, "I do." This scene shows how Lydecker lives up to his name, literally: the Lie Decker decks the halls with lies. He can't describe events or people without twisting the truth.

He tells the detective that he met Laura when she approached him at the Algonquin Hotel to ask for his endorsement for a fountain pen advertisement. When she reacts to his rudeness by feeling sorry for him, he's smitten. He visits her company, apologizes, and endorses the pen. Lydecker plays Pygmalion, introducing Laura to important new clients as she rises to the top of her profession. They spend Tuesday and Friday nights together,

until she begins to date an artist, Jacoby, who paints her portrait. Lydecker breaks up the couple by ridiculing Jacoby in an article. Laura can't take the artist seriously after that.

When Shelby Carpenter enters the scene, Lydecker again tries to interfere. He has Carpenter investigated. "By stooping so low, you only degrade yourself," Laura warns. Breaking a date with Lydecker, she goes off to the country to think about her life. Lydecker says that the phone call cancelling their appointment was the last time he ever heard her voice.

When Lydecker claims he wanted to be together with Laura always, he seems to refer to courtly love or a platonic relationship, not marriage or an affair. He seems never to have touched her physically. Some critics have inferred that Lydecker, with his prissy manner-



Is it a good red wine or just a herring?

isms, is a closet homosexual who idealizes women and puts them on a pedestal of "higher love." (The fact that Lydecker, like Sheridan Whiteside in the 1939 Kaufman and Hart play *THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER*, was based on the real life gay critic Alexander Woollcott, lends credence to the argument—though Whiteside reserved his pedestal solely for himself.)

Whether Lydecker is technically heterosexual or homosexual almost doesn't matter, because he is so sexually repressed that he's effectively neuter. He refuses to acknowledge his own sexuality and regards all physical sex as degradingly animalistic. "Laura, you have one tragic weakness. With you, a lean, strong body is the measure of a man. And you always get hurt."

Throughout the film, Lydecker makes belittling, transparently defensive comments about the sex appeal of other men in Laura's life. His nasty remarks always contain both distortions and truths. For instance, he describes Shelby Carpenter as "a male beauty in distress." Price's ill-fitting wardrobe makes him look not beautiful, but gawky, as he towers over the rest of the cast. Yet Lydecker is onto something, because Carpenter plays "poor little me," sweet and harmless, in need of a wom-

an to rescue him. Lydecker sees through the act to the gigolo, the con man, beneath.

Similarly, when Lydecker discovers McPherson has been brooding over the "dead" Laura's photograph, and has even put in a bid to buy it from her estate, he says, "McPherson, does it ever strike you that you're acting very strangely? It's a wonder you don't come here like a suitor, with roses and a box of candy. Drugstore candy, of course." Lydecker sneeringly asks the proletarian McPherson whether he's fantasized about taking exotic Laura to the Policeman's Ball. "You'd better watch it, McPherson, or you'll end up in a psychiatric ward. I don't think they've ever had a patient who fell in love with a corpse."

Some commentators buy Lydecker's description of McPherson. Robert Ottoson even claims that the "neurotic, hard-nosed, lovesick cop, has an attachment to Tierney that is 'a sadistic study in necrophilia.'" (*A Reference Guide to the American Film Noir: 1940-1958*. Scarecrow Press, 1981.) But this description is a gross exaggeration on all counts except "lovesick." McPherson is an intelligent, persistent detective, but he isn't hard-nosed. One of the gold diggers and clinging vines he's dated "got a fox fur out of me," but he hasn't been in love, hasn't found the right woman until he meets Laura. Lydecker pounces on the way McPherson calls women "dolls" and "dames," but the detective uses this slang casually. His words don't have the corrosive sound of true misogyny.

In fact, McPherson's a softie, even when he arrests Laura and interrogates her. He sets up a third degree scene, with bright lights in her face. However, he's a complete failure as a sadist. When she objects to the lights, he immediately turns them away. He only asks a few brief questions and believes what she tells him. Then he confesses: he hasn't even booked her, but, "I had reached the point where I needed official surroundings." He admits to her that he's lost his professional objectivity.

Using his first name for the first time, Laura says, "Then it was worth it, Mark." He and Laura acknowledge the attraction her aunt has already spotted between them. McPherson's prying into her life has given them a weird sense of intimacy even though they barely know each other.

As for the "necrophilia," there's no need to take what the Lie Decker says at face value. McPherson never shows the slightest interest in the corpse. 'When he first inspects Laura's apartment, the Sunday after the Friday murder, the crime scene is already cleaned up. McPherson knows how the murder happened because he reviewed the police photos of the scene. He never even goes down to the morgue to view the body. He leaves all the forensic work to the coroner's office. This is hardly the behavior of a man who falls "in love with a corpse." That language is Lydecker's typical hyperbole. It's fair to say that McPherson becomes obsessed with the image

of Laura before he meets the real woman, but hovering in front of her portrait (much in the manner of a fan admiring a dead movie star in a film) doesn't make a man mentally ill, let alone a necrophiliac.

Still, as usual, Lydecker is onto something. In fact, he's projecting his own feelings onto McPherson. Lydecker is more obsessed with the dead woman than McPherson is; indeed, when Laura suddenly shows up alive, Lydecker is so shocked that he suffers an epileptic seizure. (Ever the publicity hound, he recovers fast enough to use his time alone in her bedroom to set up a homecoming reception for Laura, complete with press coverage.) And Lydecker senses right away that McPherson will compete to win the real woman whose image he already loves.

Later, when Lydecker realizes that he is indeed losing Laura to Mark McPherson, he pleads desperately for her to reconsider. "When a man has everything in the world that he wants, except what he wants most, he loses his self-respect. It makes him bitter, Laura. He wants to hurt someone as he's been hurt."

When McPherson interrupts the conversation, Waldo insults him to his face, telling Laura, "If McPherson weren't muscular and handsome in a cheap sort of way, you'd see through him in a second." Laura finally loses patience and tells Waldo that their relationship is over. He snarls, "I hope you'll never regret what promises to be a disgustingly earthy relationship."

Preminger directed LAURA during a revolution in sexual morality. In the 1940s, ministers and priests still preached from the pulpit that sex for fun was sinful. Even marriage manuals still overwhelmingly stressed venereal disease and pregnancy

over pleasure. Sex was dirty, unhygienic. Doctors advised people to suppress "animal" urges with cold baths and to refrain from "self-abuse," the "secret vice" that could lead to disease and insanity.

Of course, few people fully obeyed these rules. However, in this climate, not-so-gay repressed bachelors and spinsters, both homosexual and heterosexual, were more common than they are today. By these conservative standards, Lydecker is better than Laura because Lydecker, all by himself in his sexy marble bathtub, keeps himself "pure."

Yet times were changing fast. By the new standards, sexual repression was no virtue, but another sickness. Freudian jargon suddenly filled the newspapers and magazines in the mid-1940s. Now refraining from sex became unhealthy. Thus Lydecker's bottled-up sexuality bursts out as violence. The shotgun seems an odd choice of weapon for a man as prim as Lydecker, because it's so messy and so . . . well, to use his word, earthy. Yet in this context, the shotgun makes sense. As he loads the gun, the audience hears his prerecord-



Laura's rifle may have killed . . . Laura?



David Raksin has composed music for films and mediums too numerous to conclusively mention here. His most famous score is for the classic 1944 noir mystery, *LAURA*, but his other films include *FOREVER AMBER* (1947), *A LADY WITHOUT PASSPORT* (1950), *CARRIE* and *THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL* (both 1952), *SEPARATE TABLES* (1958), *AL CAPONE* (1959), *NIGHT TIDE* (1961), *TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN* (1962), *LOVE HAS MANY FACES* (1965), and the *Scarlet Street* favorite *WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN?* (1971, featured in *SS* #11). He also created a celebrated body of short film scores for the UPA cartoons of the early '50s, including *MADELEINE* (1952) and *THE UNICORN IN THE GARDEN* (1953).

Other highlights of a varied and prolific career include stage works such as *IF THE SHOE FITS* and *THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS*; orchestrating Stravinsky's "Circus Polka" for Ringling Bros. and Bar-

num & Bailey; and creating television themes for shows such as *BEN CASEY* and *TALES OF THE UNIVERSE*. Raksin's concert music has been widely performed, by the Philadelphia Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, and the Stuttgart Radio Orchestra, among many others. Recently he received ASCAP's Golden Soundtrack Award for Lifetime Achievement, and in 1981 the prestigious Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge commission from the Library of Congress resulted in the choral/instrumental work "Oedipus Memneitai" ("Oedipus Remembers") to the composer's own libretto. Raksin was prominently featured in the recent PBS *GREAT PERFORMANCES* special, "The Hollywood Sound."

His song "Laura" is one of the most-often recorded pieces in history; varying statistics currently estimate from three and four hundred different recorded versions up. An example of the song's versatile resilience, not to mention its durable popularity, was its recent publication

in the May 1995 issue of *Keyboard* magazine in a solo piano arrangement subtitled "LAURA visited by harmonic mutants."

Ross Care interviewed David Raksin in the fall of 1995, between the composer's recent trips to Europe to receive various international awards and recognition.

Scarlet Street: You grew up in Philadelphia, and studied at the University of Pennsylvania. Your father was a musician and conductor.

David Raksin: Yes, he also conducted for silent films. He would conduct in the dark with a baton that had a little bulb on the end and batteries in the handle. He used to take me to the theater and it was a thrill; it was then I realized how fantastic the effect of music with film was. According to my friends, it was that early that I realized I wanted to be involved in something similar.

SS: Do you remember any of the theaters in Philly? Most are gone now, except the old Boyd.

DR: That was the Metropolitan, the Met. My father had been there when it was a repertory theater, and then later he became the conductor when it became a film theater. Originally it was an opera house, built by the grandfather of Oscar Hammerstein.

SS: Early in your musical career, you worked with George Gershwin and Charlie Chaplin.

DR: I worked with Chaplin on his films, but I never really worked with George, though he was responsible for helping launch my career.

SS: Tell us about Chaplin the musician. Did you take down and develop his musical ideas, or was he trained well enough to notate?

DR: He couldn't write music down and had no training in the various developmental skills of music. But he did have ideas, which was important. He knew what he thought was right for his films. He would come up with little tunes—or more often than not, just fragments of tunes. We would extend them. I would write the music down, we would discuss it and make the changes, and then we would adapt it to the needs of the film, the precise timings and so on.

SS: When you yourself started scoring films, you worked on a number of horror movies.

DR: Oh, yes. *THE UNDYING MONSTER*, *THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE*, *DR. RENAULT'S SECRET* . . . stuff like that. I loved doing them, because I didn't have to write anything pretty.

SS: That type of film gave you more freedom, didn't it?

DR: Absolutely. We did things in those days that were very far out for the times. In mysteries and horror films, audiences will accept stuff they never would have accepted in a concert hall, because concert audiences are not that bright or sophisticated. But in a genre film they take dissonance and other modern techniques for granted, because, if the music works, it is appropriate for the situation and audiences will sit and listen to it.

SS: There has always been a tendency for music in horror films to be more experimental. Were most of these films done at 20th Century Fox?

DR: All three were 20th.

SS: What brought you to Fox, and eventually to *LAURA*?

DR: I had a contract at Universal, but they knew I didn't want to stay there so they graciously did not extend it. When I left, I got some other work, but not much, because some people thought I was arrogant. I

have an unfortunate habit of not accepting what's said. I often commented "I'm not here to echo your opinion; I'm here to give you my take on things, and you're free to accept it as you like." As a result, I didn't work for awhile and it was tough. Then my friend Herbert Spencer, who is a wonderful guy, and Edward Powell—both of whom were working there at the time—recommended me to Fox. Originally I was hired as an orchestrator, but when they got into a jam—they needed a sequence scored quickly—I wrote the cue and that one piece took me into composition.

SS: Edward Powell was an orchestrator as well.

DR: Those guys were two of the greatest orchestrators who ever lived!

SS: Powell worked on many Fox films, didn't he?

DR: He did a great many of them. Eddie Powell was, of course, Alfred Newman's orchestrator.

SS: Which brings us to *LAURA* and Otto Preminger. Preminger seemed very astute in his choice of composers. In the 1950s, his films inspired a very distinctive series of soundtrack LPs.

DR: Originally, Preminger intended to use Duke Ellington's "Sophisticated Lady." I later found out he had also tried to get hold of "Summertime," but he could not obtain the rights. So then he hit upon "Sophisticated Lady." When we first met in Al Newman's office, I told him I thought it was not appropriate to his film, because the song—which I admire—was so well known and would come with a built-in set of associations for the audience. We had a big argument. He was really a tyrant, a really tough cat. Preminger—but we got this straightened out because Al essentially said, "Look, Otto, why don't you see what this guy can do?" So I came in on Monday—this was on Friday with this tune, and that was it. From then on, we were good friends . . .

SS: Was Preminger musically sensitive?

DR: He was very sensitive to music, you just have to look at his list of composers.

SS: Preminger apparently liked to have composers in from the

earliest production stages. Was this true with *LAURA*?

DR: No, *LAURA* was all finished when I came on it.

SS: Wasn't there also an argument with Darryl Zanuck?

DR: It was a discussion.

SS: A discussion! Ah . . .

DR: There was a crucial scene in the picture, the apartment scene—and if that scene doesn't work, the picture doesn't work. And it was not working. The scene is silent because the detective, Dana Andrews, is snooping about the apartment alone, and you couldn't really tell what he was thinking. That was why Zanuck cut it, and was going





Courtesy of David Raksin/Photo by Autrey

PREVIOUS PAGE. The ever-bubbly Carmen Miranda sees spots in *THE GANG'S ALL HERE* (1943). **LEFT:** John Howard starred as *THE UNDYING MONSTER* (1942), 20th Century Fox's entry in the werewolf sweepstakes. **RIGHT:** Charlie Chaplin, Gertrude and Arnold Schoenberg, and David Raksin in 1935. Page 63: Swen Swenson and Debbie Reynolds in *WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN?* (1971).

to cut it further, cut it in half. That's when I said, 'Mr. Zanuck, if you cut it people will not understand that the detective is falling in love with Laura,' because at this point the audience still believes that Laura is dead 'Who is that?' Zanuck said. After he found out from his chief cutter who I was, he explained to me, patiently, 'That's why we're cutting it, because you can't figure out what's happening.' I said 'Well, in this case music can actually tell the audience what's happening to this guy. If it doesn't work, you can always cut it anyway.' And he said, 'Fair enough,' so I did it.

SS: You got to score the scene as it was originally shot?

DR: No, it was already cut, but he was going to cut ever further, and that would have been the disaster.

SS: The apartment scene is certainly one of the most famous cues ever written.

DR: It's used in a documentary for PBS, *THE HOLLYWOOD SOUND*.

SS: Are you aware of the recent original soundtrack CD?

DR: Stuff from the actual soundtrack? Yes, it's a wonderful job. It makes little suites out of the various cues, so it all makes a certain amount of sense.

SS: They call the *LAURA* suite a "theme and variations." Some of it has an almost pantheistic quality, and there's the dance-band and salon arrangements as well.

DR: Well, *LAURA* was a change in a small way, though I think the innovative qualities have been exaggerated. But it was a variation from what was usually done at the time. When you came to that apartment scene, what would have happened according to the procedure of the day was that, when the detective walked in and stood in front of the fireplace looking at the portrait, the tune would have started and would not have finished until he was talking to the guy downstairs on the phone. It would have been three minutes of theme, and I did nothing like that at all. I used fragments of it, withheld a full statement, kept the audience waiting, and when I did use it, it was in a very odd way, with the Len-a-toned piano statement.

SS: Len a-tone was a studio process by which a synthesizer-like vibrato was introduced into a sound, in this case the piano, by manipulation of the tape speed with a set of customized capstans. In the apartment cue, you develop a lot of other motifs along with the theme fragments.

DR: Well, not a lot. There's just a few, but the point is there are other things in the cue, because you can get pretty tired of any theme if it's not set in some kind of developed context.

SS: Wasn't Oscar Hammerstein interested in developing lyrics for the theme?

DR: Yes, he was. That was what actually precipitated lyrics being created. The theme attracted a lot of letters to both me and Fox. My wife—that is, the lady I was married to at the time—was doing a show in New York. She had spent some time with my friend, David Terry, and David knew Oscar well. I had sent my wife one of those acetate discs of the melody, and she gave it to David, who played it for Oscar, who fell madly in love with the melody and wanted to write a lyric to it. The Fox publishing office realized that if anything happened to this theme—which they were not prepared to do anything with, by the way—that everybody at the studio would say, "What the hell did you let go of this tune for?" So they decided they would do something and sent me a lyric, which was simply ghastly!

SS: Did Hammerstein ever really attempt a lyric?

DR: No, because Fox would not give it to his publishing company. I refused the first lyric Fox proposed, and when they said, "Who would you like to do it?" I said, "How about Johnny Mercer?" So we met and he wrote the final lyric.

SS: What do you think of the Spike Jones version of "Laura"?

DR: When Spike called and said "What do you think of my record?" I said, "Spike, why did you treat me with such kid gloves? I was hoping

you'd murder the tune." It's sort of tame, compared to what he did to other pieces

SS: *The beginning is a straight dance-band arrangement.*

DR: Sort of innocent and nice, and all of a sudden—wham!

SS: *You went on to score **FALLEN ANGEL** for Preminger. There appears to be less music in it.*

DR: Well, sure, it was a different kind of picture. But there was a good amount of music, and also a tune.

SS: *And that was turned into a song as well?*

DR: No, that originally was a song. Originally they were going to have Alice Faye sing it in the picture; I wrote several tunes for the occasion and played them for Alice. She said she liked them all, but none were quite what she liked to sing. Then I thought of a tune I'd written in 1939, played it for her, and she said it was wonderful, wonderful, great, great. Alice sang it, and we made a recording, but they decided not to use it because it would have been out of character for her. Dick Haymes made a recording, which they used in the picture, played on a jukebox . . .

SS: *Linda Darnell was always playing the jukebox.*

DR: And they also used the theme throughout the score. Preminger wanted to use it in the main title, but I refused. He said, "What are you, going nuts? You don't want to plug your own tune?" I said, "Not at the expense of your picture."

SS: ***FALLEN ANGEL** has a great main title.*

DR: It says something about what's happening.

SS: *It's very modern for the mid-1940s. It anticipated that driving Elmer Bernstein sound of the '50s, the rhythm of the road and the speeding bus.*

DR: Well, I'm very good at driving on the left side of the road (Laughs)

SS: *A little-known aspect of your Hollywood work is that you worked on a number of musicals, including several with Harry Warren.*

DR: Harry Warren was one of those guys who was a marvelous songwriter, but he was consumed with envy; he couldn't stand it when some guy who was not what he called a songwriter had success with pop

tunes. See, I was a guy who wrote scores to pictures, musical scores, and Harry expressed himself several times, saying, "What are those guys doing writing tunes?" Well, what they were doing was composing "Laura!"

SS: *Harry Warren was a fairly untrained musician?*

DR: Yes, but a really talented guy.

SS: *You worked on **THE GANG'S ALL HERE** with Warren songs, mainly on the big "Polka Dot Polka" sequence?*

DR: Fox realized that there was no way Harry's tune could be made into an entire ballet the way Busby Berkeley conceived it. Several arrangers tried, but Newman finally came to me and said, "All right, kiddo, you're elected. Go in there and do it." They were in a terrible rush, so I went in and played something for Busby, and he approved it. Then I wrote the whole ballet! I did the entire end except for the last reprise of "Journey to a Star," which I believe Herb Spencer arranged.

SS: *You're not credited on the film.*

DR: No, only on the cue sheets, which is also pretty important.

SS: *You also worked at MGM on **THE HARVEY GIRLS**?*

DR: **THE HARVEY GIRLS** was after I had stopped being an orchestrator and arranger. Conrad Salinger, one of the greatest arrangers of them all, was working on **HARVEY GIRLS**, and one of the big musical producers—probably Arthur Freed—needed him on another picture. The other arrangers were probably busy, too, because they begged me to do it. I said, "No, screw this. I'm a composer; I'm not going to orchestrate for anybody." But they pleaded and also offered me a hell of a lot of money, so I did it but that was the last arrangement I did, I'm happy to say.

SS: *Most of the number was based on the Oscar-winning Warren/Mercer tune, "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe."*

DR: All of it was based on the song, but Kay Thompson added a lot of stuff of her own, too.

SS: *Did you work much with her?*

DR: No, but I knew her quite well, and at one point I inherited her dressing room, a wonderful penthouse. She was out of



Courtesy of Curtis Harrington

town for quite awhile, and that's where I did a lot of my writing for MGM

SS: She was one of the rare women to work in Hollywood music at that time.

DR: She was a coach, a vocal director, she participated in working out those sequences—a big job—and she was a very important lady.

SS: That's one of the longest numbers in any musical. Only MGM would choreograph a train!

DR: Believe me, it was madness! It was exactly like doing a ballet. You worked it all out with the director—in this case, George Sidney—and the choreographer. Connie Salinger did the arrangements for Judy Garland's vocals, then I took over from there. It was a hell of a long piece!

SS: THE HARVEY GIRLS was 1946 and presumably a free-lance assignment, but you actually joined the MGM staff around 1949.

DR: I left Fox sometime in the late 1940s. In the interim I had a really bad time, and I was partially rescued by MGM. Johnny Green asked me if I would like to come over, and I said, "I'd never work for MGM." He said, "Well, you're going to work here. I know why you don't like it, but it's not like that anymore; I'm the boss of the music department now." I stayed three years and wrote a number of scores, including THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

SS: It was Green who brought you to MGM? He was a bit controversial.

DR: He was indeed a controversial person, very loquacious, very articulate, and some people objected to that—but he was first rate.

SS: THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL is a wonderful theme. Didn't you compose the LAURA theme while reading a letter from your wife?

DR: Telling me to get lost . . .

SS: Was there a similar inspiration for THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL?

DR: No, they needed a theme and I just delivered.

SS: Was director Vincente Minnelli sensitive to music?

DR: Vincente was more sophisticated than most people, but not very articulate. The only comment I got on BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL was from the producer, John Houseman, who was also an old buddy of mine. He suggested that what they needed was a kind of siren song.

SS: Right, seductive. Well, that theme certainly is!

DR: Steve Sondheim said he thought it was the finest theme ever written for films.

SS: He should have done a lyric for it

DR: Actually, there is a lyric.

SS: "Love Is For the Very Young?"

DR: No, that's the name I gave it. But Dory Previn wrote a lyric for it some time ago, and Michael Feinstein recently recorded it on an album called SUCH SWEET SORROW. SS: What can you tell us about WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN? and NIGHT TIDE, which you scored for Curtis Harrington?

DR: He's an old friend of mine. I was greatly surprised when he called about HELEN. I had scored NIGHT TIDE, which is about as nutty as a movie ever gets, with a little orchestra of about eight or nine, but when he made HELEN he put together a fantastic crew with people like Sydney Guilaroff, who had been Garbo's coiffeur. Everybody on it was somebody who had been or still was somebody in the profession. So I was happy to be associated with the film, which seemed like a quality production.

SS: It's interesting that you did not opt for a period sound in the underscoring.

DR: Harrington loved the score. The main title is most peculiar, and I think it does something for the picture you could never do otherwise. I didn't quite know what I was going to do with it until the very last minute. It has very strange components. If you listen carefully, there's a sort of odd melody that I call a "loser's tune," which goes over a very powerful rhythm. That rhythm, if it had been in another key—major instead of minor, as it appears—would be recognized as jazz. Actually, I came up with it while driving on the freeway. It's the combination of the two, the odd little tune and that driving rhythm, that gives the title a kind of ambiguity. It tells people this film is about something, so pay attention. Harrington loved it, and so did George Edwards, the producer, who was very hip about music.

SS: Was it their idea to use the song "Goody, Goody"?

DR: That was their concept. At the end of the picture, Helen is playing it, and Shelley Winters said she'd learn to sync it. Well, she never did, and we had a hell of a time syncing it up with her. You never get the whole song at the end. I kept repeating a phrase like it was a broken record, and then it stops. It leaves you hanging, and then the credits roll and there's silence. Imagine the effect that has on an audience.

SS: It's very effective, and unusual to do end credits without music. One article on the score mentioned the use of a Buchta synthesizer.

DR: We did use a synthesizer. One of my friends, Morton Subotnick, a famous electronic composer and musician, helped me with this. Actually we did a much more distorted version of the piano track at the



end, but I suspected the powers-that-be would not accept this version so I made a tame one as well. I played the first version, and they said it was remarkable, fascinating, but I could see it scared them to death. Then I played the other one for them and they said, "That's it!"

SS: But the piano part was not actually played on a synthesizer?

DR: No, it was played on a piano. What I did was combine several tracks that were treated with a synthesizer, and they were staggered so they were slightly out of sync. They were layered together and separated. It was the craziest procedure you ever saw in your life, but it worked. I'd have liked it better with the more distorted version, of course.

SS: Did you arrange all the piano parts and musical numbers as well? There's a neat period tango.

DR: Yes, I wrote the tango, too.

SS: You really eschewed the obvious as far as horror scoring goes.

DR: I could have gone for a lot more horror, but the totality of the film was a combination of things. If you ever do just one thing, you're sort of begging the question.

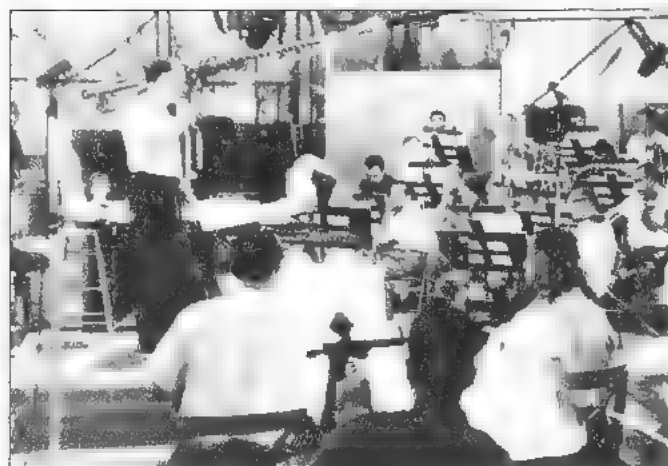
SS: The score really should be recorded. HELEN was a product of the post-studio era of the late 1960s and early 1970s. The studio era has been much maligned,

but many composers have observed that it was a system that lent itself to more creative, efficient methods of film scoring.

DR: I feel the studio system, when it worked—which was most of the time—was far better than anything that came afterwards. There was a great spirit of interaction and camaraderie. There was everything you needed to produce a score. You just walked in, did your job, and the backup people were there to support you. You didn't have the hassle of trying to do 45 different things in addition to composing.

SS: You're still extremely active in music, aren't you?

DR: Yes, I'm leaving Friday for Germany for some university appearances. I'm writing all the time, music, articles . . . I just reedited 20 of my songs that are going to be published in a collected edition.



Courtesy of David Raksin

PREVIOUS PAGE LEFT: Dana Andrews and Linda Darnell in *FALLEN ANGEL* (1945). PREVIOUS PAGE RIGHT: Kirk Douglas (pictured with Lana Turner) played a Lewtonesque producer in *THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL* (1952). ABOVE: David Raksin recording his score for *SEPARATE TABLES* (1958).

SS: Popular or art songs?

DR: Well, my songs very often are art songs, but this will have everything, including "Laura" and "The Bad and the Beautiful."

SS: You also teach at USC and UCLA. Have you any final words for aspiring film composers?

DR: Learn the art of music.

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All About Anne Anne Baxter and Her Costars



by Boze Hadleigh

She will forever be remembered for her scheming Eve Harrington in *ALL ABOUT EVE* (1950). Many have forgotten that she did win an Academy Award (supporting) for *THE RAZOR'S EDGE* (1946). More remember that her Best Actress Oscar nomination for *EVE* cancelled out Bette Davis', and vice versa.

Others, who remember her from such television series as *HOTEL* and *BATMAN* (in which she played two villains, Zelda the Great and Olga), or who have only seen her in a handful of pictures, don't realize how many films—and good ones—she graced, or the fact that she worked with a myriad of major stars and fascinating Golden Age personalities.

A trouper, Baxter was willing to be interviewed whenever a new project was at hand. But she shied away from talking much about herself. On the phone, she once told me, "I've said it all in my book." Fans wanted to know more about her first marriage, to volatile actor John Hodiak. Another time, lunching at Scandia in Los Angeles, she glared, "What I haven't already said or written, I'm not willing to divulge!" A just-dare-me Eve Harrington look flashed across her still youthful face and sent a shiver down this writer's spine!

Anne was much more forthcoming about her costars. Though polite and a part of that tinselled generation that was taught not to bad-mouth the industry, she, by the last decade of her life (Anne Baxter was born in 1923 and died in 1985), was a frank talker, not afraid of telling the truth as she saw it about those she had worked with and with whom she had sometimes locked horns.

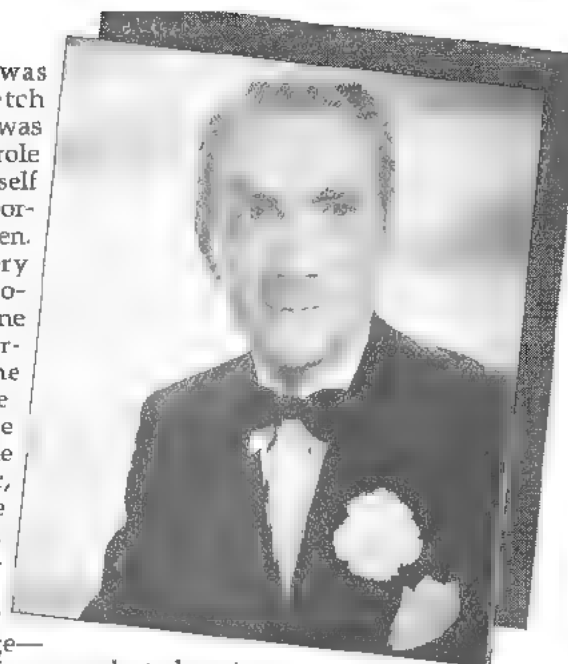
Clifton Webb, *THE RAZOR'S EDGE*

"Well, he was supposed to be playing a Maugham character—in reality, Maugham himself. A grand old man, and something of an old queen. But Clifton was pre-

tending this was such a stretch for him... it was probably the role most like himself that he ever portrayed on screen. It was very camp, in retrospect... no one was more surprised than he that he had become a movie star. At Fox, he was a real star, a box-office performer, and how! Because he became a star in middle-age—

something a few men, but almost no women, have pulled off—and because Clifton was... not exactly a macho ideal.

"He was very arch. Very camp, off-camera. What you saw on the screen, it was basically the real Clifton Webb. Only less so, he had to follow the rules for public consumption... I'm not sure how out of the closet, as they say, he really was. I once heard that a director or someone asked him if he was homosexual, and Clifton supposedly said, "Devout." I've also heard, more than once, that he was at a party where [Richard] Burton kissed him on the lips. Richard was drunk, and he kissed several men and women on the lips, but Clifton





PREVIOUS PAGE TOP: Clifton Webb at his nattiest and nastiest, and BOTTOM: Gary Merrill, Bette Davis, George Sanders, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, and Celeste Holm knew ALL ABOUT EVE (1950). ABOVE LEFT: Jack Benny was far from a drag in CHARLEY'S AUNT (1941). ABOVE RIGHT: Herbert Marshall, Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, Anne Baxter, and Tyrone Power walked THE RAZOR'S EDGE in 1946.

Webb was the only one who later demanded the negatives of some photos taken at that party . . ."

Bette Davis, ALL ABOUT EVE

"Everyone's always disappointed that we didn't feud, that there's no bad blood to spill. I could have gotten so much mileage out of it, if there were . . . like Davis and Crawford in [WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO] BABY JANE. The media tried to get mileage or some big story out of [Anne's doing] APPLAUSE [the stage musical version of EVE] or my replacing Bette in HOTEL. But I'm just not going to sink to that level. No, sir . . . Bette's a tough dame. I am, too. But somehow, we do not hate each others guts."

Celeste Holm, ALL ABOUT EVE

"Oh, Celeste is very droll. She's gotten a little starchier with the years. Some actresses do. Most don't. But enough about her, though she was very effective in the movie. A loyal wife is one of the most thankless roles to play. In the movies, too . . ."

Charlton Heston, THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

"Don't you think they should have cast someone Jewish in the role of Moses? You would think so, but it's not Hollywood's style. Yul Brynner [as the Pharaoh] was brilliant casting. The Egyptians loved him, although they found Chuck rather stiff. But Chuck was a DeMille type. C. B. preferred actors who were monumental . . . Chuck was very full of himself during filming. But I'll give him the benefit of the doubt: maybe he was totally living his part. You know, wholly Moses—or, rather, holy Moses."

Joseph Cotten, THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS

"Well, he was very lucky to be in so good with Orson Welles . . . He wasn't bad. He's what you call a serviceable actor. He certainly always showed up on time."

Tallulah Bankhead, A ROYAL SCANDAL

"She was inspired casting for Catherine the Great. Certainly, both women had very promiscuous reputations, though I'm sure Miss Bankhead drew the line at horses . . . She tried very hard, because she hadn't so far

achieved film stardom; she never did. I understand the commercial failure of A ROYAL SCANDAL drove her deeper into the bottle. It was a shame, because Tallulah Bankhead is one of the most vivid and memorable and even charming people I've met in motion pictures. She just had the bad luck not to star in any real hits. It's not that she was too 'big' for the screen, nor that her drinking interfered with her work. Not at all. It was just blind bad luck."

Marilyn Monroe, A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK

"I don't care to speak ill of the dead, but she is the most overrated star that Hollywood ever produced. There is always room for sex symbols, and a little vulgarity never hurt anyone, but Fox lowered its standards—toward the bottom line, you see—when they began ignoring real actresses and worthwhile roles in favor of Marilyn and her bosom and her idiotic breathy-voiced roles. I became disgusted and bitterly disillusioned not only with Fox and Zanuck, but the entire business."

Gary Merrill, ALL ABOUT EVE

"I could see the attraction [for Bette Davis, who later wed him]. I found him appealing, too. I went for the rugged types . . . but he was an alcoholic. I'm not going to go into details, but there was already evidence [on EVE] that Merrill drank. A lot. I'm sure Bette was aware of this, wise as she is. But she obviously didn't give it importance, or she'd already gotten used to abusive men. In those days, we all had to. What surprised me was that Merrill never went farther than he did, professionally. Maybe he was difficult, or became difficult. Maybe the association with Bette hurt him, in the eyes of male producers. He was very appealing . . ."

Capucine, WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

"I felt sorry for her. She was just the latest short-term import from Europe. They were novelties. Exotic or beautiful . . . She was tall and quite thin, dripping with glamour and the sort of haughtiness that often serves as a mask to hide the terror. She wasn't in many hits, I'm sure, and before she was 40 she was back in European pictures that nobody in America saw. I'm not sure I ever saw her smile. But great cheekbones."



LEFT: Montgomery Clift played the Canadian priest who knows the identity of a killer in Alfred Hitchcock's suspenseful *I CONFESS* (1953). Anne Baxter was the married woman who loved him . . . the priest, that is, not the killer. **RIGHT:** Baxter took a *WALK ON THE WILD SIDE* in 1962 with (pictured) Ken Lynch, Jane Fonda, Capucine, Laurence Harvey, and Barbara Stanwyck.

(In 1990, the Frenchwoman took her life by jumping from her apartment in Switzerland. She was 59.)

George Nader, *CARNIVAL STORY*

"He was a very handsome, personable actor. He had a fabulous smile, and for my money, he was much sexier than Rock Hudson—Universal was grooming both of them for stardom. Rock had the guiding hand of [producer] Ross Hunter, who was constantly worrying that Rock be seen in a sexually 'usual' light.

"I was in a movie set in postwar Germany, *CARNIVAL STORY*. I had three leading men. One was Steve Cochran, who was also very sexy and handsome, but just a third-rate Errol Flynn. He was never interested in any woman he didn't believe he could take to bed, sooner preferably than later. George was polite and charming, and in later years he made a big name for himself in Germany. I did know George was gay, and I think he knew I knew, and we were good friends for the duration. By contrast, he avoided Mr. Cochran, who could be quite cutting and rude—perhaps Steve knew George was gay. I was shocked when I later heard why George Nader had gone to Germany to make all those movies there."

(*Confidential* magazine "outed" Nader—in place of Hudson—and he found no more work in Hollywood. Nader went to Germany, where he became a major film star. The bulk of Rock Hudson's estate reportedly went to Nader and to his life partner Mark Miller, who had been Hudson's secretary.)

Barbara Stanwyck, *WALK ON THE WILD SIDE*

"A lot of stories about Miss Stanwyck . . . She did display tremendous courage, taking that [lesbian] role. She was a madam, so that might have made it less shocking; this was then thought a very, very adult picture. Barbara [as Jo] was in love with Capucine. Our imported leading man [Laurence Harvey] was also in love with her. I was not in love with her . . . That was a movie with a lot of promise. I don't know if it was ahead of its time. That never pays. Or else it was great characters, but no plot. Or miscast. I know I was miscast in it [as a *señorita* in a *serape*!]

"Barbara was very professional, as everyone says—it's a Hollywood axiom. But cold. A hard woman.

As for her role, I'm not going to touch that, with or without a ten-foot pole. If you print this while she's alive, I'll deny I said it. But the way I hear it, most stars who are homosexual will totally steer clear of any role that has even a whiff of lavender. That's why it's odd that she took that role, and that's what I mean by her tremendous courage . . . "

(The older Ms. Stanwyck survived Anne Baxter by five years.)

George Sanders, *ALL ABOUT EVE*

"Again, as with Clifton Webb . . . George Sanders was one of those performers who didn't give a damn about his craft or acting with a capital 'A.' He just went before the cameras, did his bit, and he was basically himself—sometimes with, say, a Nazi accent—from picture to picture . . . It's funny that actors—for instance, Brando—can get away with disdaining their chosen profession. It's something an actress cannot do—we have to respect and venerate the privilege of being an actress.

"In my estimation, George did deserve his Oscar [supporting, for *EVE*]. It's truly an unforgettable portrait, and a very real one. Addison DeWitt is a very real figure in our business; it's a reptilian business, much of the time . . . I think George was more concerned with his image, with his clothes and above all with his income than his roles. He lucked into Addison; most of his roles were rather mediocre. He settled too easily . . . A man who would marry not one but two Gabors doesn't take his craft very seriously."

Montgomery Clift, *I CONFESS*

"Yes, he played a priest. Not too big a stretch, I imagine. I don't think we had chemistry. Not for the obvious reason. I think I had chemistry with Ty Power, and he too loved his fellow men, though I think he was more of a bisexual . . . Hitchcock and Monty didn't seem to get along. I think Hitch was intimidated by him, and Monty by Hitch. Hitch was very, I'd say painfully, aware of his lack of any good looks, and someone once told me he was much more comfortable working with plainer actors. Monty was beautiful . . . so intense and so private that sometimes I had the feeling I was intruding on his time! He was polite, but emotionally distant. Lived in his own



LEFT: Tallulah Bankhead lit up the screen (when she wasn't lit herself) in *A ROYAL SCANDAL* (1945). **RIGHT:** Moses supposes his toeses are roses in *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS* (1956), but Anne Baxter knows better.

world . . . He had charisma, without a doubt, but it came across far more strongly on the screen than in person, maybe because he seemed so quiet or so preoccupied with his own private thoughts.

"I always tried to see anything he was in. He was fascinating, and I don't feel I ever got to know him at all."

Jane Fonda, *WALK ON THE WILD SIDE*

"She was the hot new newcomer on the Hollywood scene. No one thought she would amount to much. At that time, it was a novelty—the daughter of a star, acting. Nowadays, it's appallingly common. I think she played a prostitute named Pussy Galore [that was *GOLDFINGER*; Fonda played Kitty Twist in *WILD SIDE*]. She was beautiful . . . When she showed she had a backbone, I was surprised. After all, she grew up a rich kid, without a mother. I admire her courage, because few people in Hollywood ever risk so much as a blemished fingernail, let alone a career. I'm not going to talk politics—we simply didn't do that, and I still won't—but I'll tell you this: Hollywood has hurt or ruined the careers of many people perceived as left-wing, but no one has ever been blacklisted or destroyed for being right-wing. So you tell me . . ."

Jack Benny, *CHARLEY'S AUNT*

"Oh, he was camp! Totally! It's amazing, in retrospect . . . he flirted with everyone. He loved the drag [which he wore]. He had a great time on that film, and I believe it was his biggest hit. Not that he had any major hits—he was basically killing time before television made him a bigger star than radio already had . . . I once met Mrs. Benny [Mary Livingstone]. She had one tough handshake! Stared daggers at me, as if she were jealous of me! Very odd woman."

Tyrone Power, *THE RAZOR'S EDGE*

"A beautiful-looking man. Very appealing, at first. Very insecure, however. I suppose having to live a dou-

ble life; who knew, then? I appreciated his professionalism and good manners. Despite the good looks, he was no prima donna . . . Do you realize how many men actors in this business have died prematurely? Ty, in his 40s, Errol Flynn at 50, Alan Ladd the same, and Clark Gable and Gary Cooper and many others, I'm sure, before or at 60? The men might rate higher most of the time, but I'm glad I'm an actress!"

Agnes Moorehead, *THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS*

"Well, she didn't ever win an Oscar, did she? And I've heard a lot of people call her the definitive supporting, or rather character, actress of that era. It's all built on publicity and timing—not on talent. Not talent. If I hadn't already won one, I could have beaten Judy Holliday, I'm sure—Hollywood loves a virgin, you know. And I'd have beaten Bette, too, she already had two of those awards, no way was she going to win a third—she was too unpopular with the people she'd crossed. At least she never double-crossed anyone, which is the usual way Hollywood operates.

"Thelma Ritter [also of *ALL ABOUT EVE*] was terrific, too. Never won, I'm pretty sure . . . I don't know: maybe I won mine partly because I was young and pretty, unlike Agnes Moorehead or Thelma Ritter. It would certainly be typical of Hollywood."

Laurence Harvey, *WALK ON THE WILD SIDE*

"Total, total prima donna. Horrible actor, dreadful man. And miscast too—you know, English, but playing a Southerner, which only seems to work with actresses [i.e., Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara and Blanche DuBois]. The most arrogant and basically lazy actor I've ever worked with. Barbara Stanwyck really let him have it, and in front of everyone, too! Good for her! Me, I was always too much of a lady—doesn't always pay . . ."

Vincent Price, *BATMAN*

"I didn't get to know Mr. Price well. I did know George Macready, and they were very close friends and ran an

It is, perhaps, nostalgia for that mysterious bygone era, so eloquently described by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, which has helped perpetrate the fascination with the world of Victorian crime in foggy, gaslit London. He takes the reader into a world before computers and forensic science, a world in which Sherlock Holmes stands head and shoulders above all other heroes of detective fiction.

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art gallery together. Vincent loved to talk about art. He was very serious about art, and sometimes he'd joke about the work. I was, I am, serious about my work, and I didn't know that much about art

"Years later—but this isn't for publication during anyone's lifetime, when it could hurt them—I heard a story from a producer who knew both Vincent Price and George Macready. He said they'd been boyfriends or lovers, although both had wives and were fathers—which, as you know, in Hollywood is all but expected of an actor. This producer said that he'd cast young actors who had admitted they'd had threesomes with Mr Price and Mr. Macready. George did tell me something about his 'roving eye'; he said it wandered in directions other than the expected ones. I don't doubt George was gay or AC/DC. Vincent Price? I often heard he went either way. I do know from some insiders that his wife [actress Coral Browne, who met Price on the set of 1973's *THEATRE OF BLOOD*] has admitted to some female lovers in her past. Of course, she's more continental. Everyone thinks she's English; she's actually from Australia, where I lived for some years, if you've read my memoirs. I'm not here to speculate about Vincent Price or anyone else, but it's no secret that many or even most of the actors in this business—the men who are drawn to become actors—are sexually willing to try what they like or are interested in, and they're willing to do whatever they have to for their images and careers.

"For myself, I found it enough to act in front of the camera, but many of the men in this town have to act away from the camera as well. It's not entirely a man's world, not when they keep having to somehow 'prove' themselves."



Vincent Price and Anne Baxter appeared in several episodes of the classic 1960s series *BATMAN* as Egghead and Olga.

Dancing in the Moonlight Jeremy Brett

A Last Talk with David Stuart Davies and Jessie Lilley

Two issues ago, *Scarlet Street* ran what sadly turned out to be the first installment of the last interview given by Jeremy Brett before his death on September 12, 1995. The text was a combination of telephone interviews with *Scarlet Street* publisher Jessie Lilley and a personal visit to Brett by *Scarlet Street* columnist David Stuart Davies.

Rest assured that *The Magazine of Mystery and Horror* will continue to run its regular columns and special features on this more than special actor. For now, though, we present the final thoughts and comments of Jeremy Brett on the subject of playing the world's first consulting detective, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, concluding with David Stuart Davies' closing remarks about this memorable interview . . .

Scarlet Street: There seems to be a stronger sense of friendship between Holmes and Watson in the David Burke episodes than in the later, Edward Hardwicke episodes. Indeed, that first series is really wonderful.

Jeremy Brett: I think it was a little *vin ordinaire*. We were too safe. We became a little more daring later. And at first no one wanted to appear in them. It was difficult to stimulate enthusiasm. It became very difficult to cast that series.

SS: That came easier as the series became successful. During the entire 10-year run, what was the most controversial change from the Canon in adapting the stories?

JB: There are some I wish I hadn't made, but I'm not going to go into that. It's not really up to me, you know. It's up to everyone else. I don't think that's possible for me to answer without hurting someone. It's not fair on my directors, my producers. . .

SS: One change in particular caused a considerable amount of talk. It came in

THE DEVIL'S FOOT, when Holmes called Watson by his given name.

JB: Well, Holmes is semiconscious at the time, right? It really was the one time that he could call him John, because he was semiconscious. We always called each other by our surnames because of school; that's why I think they stuck to it. But I think in extremis he might have

that he did feel a little bit for Watson in one of the stories. Holmes' attraction is the fact that he's a one man band—and I find that hard, personally. Dame Jean agreed to burying the cocaine, but I slipped in "John," just to show that, underneath it all, there was just something more than—well, than what they say, that Holmes is all mind and no heart.

SS: He does seem to need Watson more than any other human being.

JB: What did he feel for Irene Adler? We'll never know. Probably she had the voice, the beauty, and she beat him . . . that's it. But if you're making it flesh and blood, if you're lifting Doyle and making flesh and blood, I tried to bring a little trickle of blood into the marble. Just to bring a tinge of humanity. Otherwise he's an iceberg, and I think it just provokes people to think, "My God. There is someone underneath that white mask!"

SS: That's what fans find so fascinating about your Holmes.

JB: And that's probably what I was trying to do, but with the odd crack in the marble, so you could see a flash of humanity. I think "John" was one of them—no more, no less. You see, his attraction is, I think, that Holmes is a person who can cope and survive completely alone, which is what we all wish we could do.

An ultimate goal. The other thing

is, he takes his time from Watson. When Watson eats, it's time to eat. When Watson is at work, it's time to . . . play. (Laughs) And although he likes to show off to him, I think that one mustn't bend that willow too far. It's not really a friendship. Watson gives up his surgery to follow this extraordinary creature, and I don't think Holmes would wait to see if Watson was there or not. He'd go. And I think that's his appeal. He has



said "John." It gives another little slant to it. I also asked if I could throw the syringe away earlier in the film, and Dame Jean Conan Doyle agreed to that. She said, "My father would be so grateful."

SS: Holmes calling Watson by his first name during a moment of weakness hints at the hidden depths of the Great Detective's feelings for his companion.

JB: I don't think Holmes needs anybody. I think there's an intimation

All photos © Granada Television International



In the beginning, Baker Street met CORONATION STREET (Granada's long-running series) at a party to launch THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. Pictured, Johnny Briggs, Jeremy Brett, and William Roache.

to have Watson as the chronicler. I think Holmes is flattered by that—although he despises the writing! (Laughs)

SS: Yes, but isn't it contradictory? On the one hand Holmes needs no one. On the other hand, he reveals time and again his emotional needs.

JB: There is a very interesting little moment with Mrs. Hudson in PINCE-NEZ, an interesting development of our relationship. I say something detrimental about Watson—I can't remember what—to which she replies, "Now you're only saying that because you're missing him." Which was, I thought, very nice.

SS: Yes, indeed. And Rosalie Williams was so perfect as Mrs. Hudson. Her relationship with Holmes . . .

JB: That is a relationship which, of course, I invented, because I really find it so difficult to have no woman to play opposite. That's a very important little relationship which has come through on the films. I love Rosalie and I'd worked with her before. Rosalie and I love each other so much.

SS: Do other scenes revealing Holmes' inner self come to mind?

JB: Now, there's a very interesting moment at the end of THE RED CIRCLE. You may remember that I turn away in tears at the end. Well, the reason is that Patrick Gowers, my brilliant composer, rang me and said, "Jeremy, it's unbearable that you don't turn away or do something at the end." And I said, "I know exactly what you're going to say." I actually had my hands in my pockets, ready to do it, but the camera angle was all wrong and it wasn't possible. How can Holmes listen to the strains of TRISTAN UND ISOLDE and not have a tear for Firmani, his great friend, who was garroted only a few days before, in that very spot. So, bless them, they later put in that shot of me turning away in tears. So there was a little humanity. Watson didn't see it, so that's all right.

SS: Holmes is always at great pains to hide his true feelings.

JB: We try to show little touches of humanity. Of course, there's the last one, THE CARDBOARD BOX, which

I was able to end with "What purpose?"—that final speech, which is pure Doyle. It was a dark story, but a true story. It happened at the time I thought June was particularly clever, as was her brilliant director on that one, Sarah Hellings. They set it at Christmas to make it look a little less dark.

SS: Why was THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES so disappointing?

JB: I was terribly unwell making that film. It was underconceived. If you are taking on THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, which is the most famous story of the lot, you've got to think it very carefully through. You've got to get the Hound completely sorted out before you start. If you can't get the Hound right, it's better you don't see him. We didn't get it right. It was a stuffed mastiff—thrown at me. The script drifted, which is fatal. Holmes was away too long, so many things weren't quite right. I'd love to do it again . . . in another lifetime!

SS: Did you have a say in the choosing of stories for adaptation?



LEFT to RIGHT: Gayle Hunnicutt (as the woman of dubious and questionable memory, Miss Irene Adler) in *A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA*, Rosalyn Landor (as Helen Stoner) in *THE SPECKLED BAND*, and Anne Louise Lambert (as Lady Mary Brackenstall) in *THE ABBEY GRANGE*.

JB: No. I was too busy moving from one to the next. I just asked the writers not to give me reams of purple passages to spout.

SS: The choice of stories in *THE MEMOIRS* is baffling. For instance, you'd never done "The Beryl Coronet," which isn't a bad story, and yet Granada chose "The Mazarin Stone," which is probably the duller of the lot.

JB: I don't know what governed the choices.

SS: There are 60 stories in the Canon. Is there one in particular you wish you'd done?

JB: There's "The Reigate Squires" and "The Engineer's Thumb," but we've done the best.

SS: It must have been extremely difficult filming *THE MEMOIRS*.

JB: The sad thing about the illness was that I couldn't be in one altogether, but these things happen and it can be sort of explained as we go along. I gather they're starting the American broadcasts with *THE DYING DETECTIVE*?

SS: That's the plan, yes.

JB: That's a good idea, because it's a marvelous story. It's highly dramatized—although we all know that Holmes isn't going to die. (Laughs) But I think it works. I think the last act works. I love *THE CARDBOARD BOX*, I love *THE RED CIRCLE*. I'm totally overwhelmed by the tapestry of *THE THREE GABLES*, because it takes on such an enormous event with no money in the budget. I think it was rather brilliant of darling Peter

Hammond, who achieved so much with so little. And I like his production, very much, of *THE GOLDEN PINCE-NEZ*.

SS: So overall, you'd say you were satisfied with the final six Sherlock Holmes programs?

JB: Well, I think we've gone out with a little bit of a splatter.

SS: At the time of filming *THE LAST VAMPYRE* and *THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR*, you'd spoken favorably about two-hour shows.

JB: Possibly, I'd just begun to believe in the two-hour format. I understood why—and that is that you don't have to tune your crystal set quite so quickly. Gives you a chance to luxuriate in Victorian England. And that's quite a good idea.

LEFT to RIGHT: Alison Skilbeck (as Annie Harrison) in *THE NAVAL TREATY*, Barbara Wilshire (as Violet Smith) in *THE SOLITARY CYCLIST*, and Lisa Daniely (as Nancy Barclay) in *THE CROOKED MAN*. Whoever said Sherlock Holmes had no women in his life?



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LEFT: David Burke played Dr. Watson to Jeremy Brett's Sherlock Holmes in the first 13 episodes of the celebrated series. **RIGHT:** Charles Gray returned as Mycroft Holmes in *THE GOLDEN PINCE-NEZ*.

SS: *It does present problems, though, when the story itself is weak.*

JB: Now, I thought *THE SIGN OF FOUR* was very good. Directed by Peter Hammond, who also did *THE MASTER BLACKMAILER* and *THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR*

SS: *MASTER BLACKMAILER* was a beautiful production.

JB: In between, we had Tim Sullivan, who did a marvelous directing job on *THE ILLUSTRIOUS CLIENT*

and *THE CREEPING MAN*. He did the one in the middle, *THE LAST VAMPYRE*. The reason it's called *THE LAST VAMPYRE* is because we couldn't shoot it in Sussex.

SS: *You were down in the Cotswolds for that, no?*

JB: Which was unfortunate. Sussex is so overgrown with people that we had to get away from them. (Laughs) But Cotswold stone is a particular color, and we'd have been the laugh-

ing stock of England if we'd called it *THE SUSSEX VAMPYRE*.

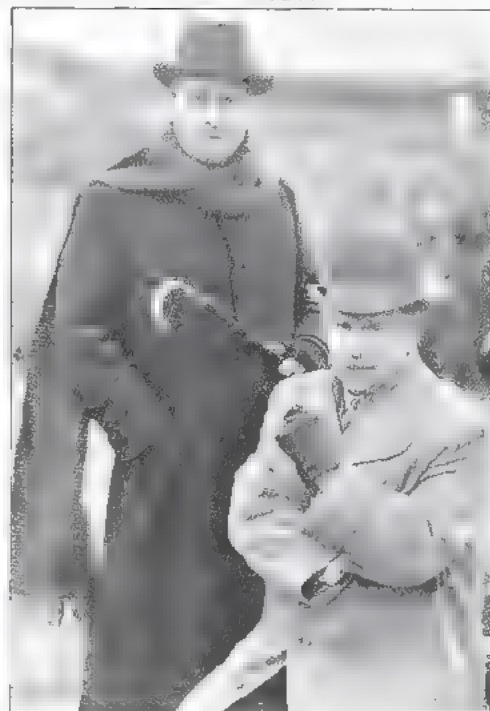
SS: *Sort of like claiming you were shooting a scene at the Statue of Liberty when you were at the Sears Tower in Chicago.*

JB: Exactly. It's the color of the stone.

SS: *You've often discussed your two Dr. Watsons, David Burke and Edward Hardwicke . . .*

JB: Can't put a pin between them. If I felt any different, I wouldn't say. Tact, my love. Tact.

LEFT: *THE MASTER BLACKMAILER* is widely considered to be the best of the two-hour shows. Pictured: Jeremy Brett, Serena Gordon, and Edward Hardwicke. **RIGHT:** Brett and Hardwicke as Holmes and Watson.



SS: Yes, but what about the other regulars, such as Colin Jeavons and Charles Gray?

JB: It's all gone. I made 41 films; it's all a huge whirl. I'm done, now. I'm moving into my next skin. I can't think of what I've done over the last 10 years. It's done. It's all one lovely, great conglomeration. Let the world work out what I've done. I haven't seen them, don't forget.

SS: You haven't?

JB: Well, I can't see them. I'm working. I've seen bits and pieces, final cuts here and there. But I've never sat down and looked at them all, no.

SS: It's a pity you couldn't complete the Canon, as you'd hoped to do. Would you have liked to film *The Valley of Fear*?

JB: Yes, but I can't now—the body's crumbling. I won't do Sherlock Holmes again.

SS: Not even, perhaps, on radio or audio tape?

JB: No, no, no, no—let's move on. Let's do something else. Let me have a go at *Winnie the Pooh*!

SS: What are you doing at present?

JB: I'm now just resting a bit and trying to get well. I've had a huge career. You know, I worked with Olivier for four years. I had a wonderful career before Holmes.

SS: Well, we'll look forward to seeing you in something new.

JB: I'll pop up like Jiminy Cricket! (Laughs) Now, then... how about a cup of tea?

And so we took tea. By this time, Jeremy was getting tired. He was after all still coming to terms with the news regarding his health and how his brilliant career was to be drastically curtailed.

During our talk, especially when David Burke and Edward Hardwicke were being discussed, those fine chiselled features became wistful and the voice cracked a little with emotion. There will be no more leaping over sofas, no more charging down stairs after a disguised villain, no more sprinting across the moor in pursuit of a Hound from Hell for Jeremy Brett. Or for us. To say this is sad is an understatement. Jeremy Brett made Arthur Conan Doyle's magical character come alive and reach out to touch the minds and the emotions of millions of viewers. For many, he will be the Sherlock. No matter who comes next, Jeremy Brett must remain the best and wisest Holmes we will ever know.



Jeremy Brett was more than just a favorite here at *Scarlet Street: The Magazine of Mystery and Horror*. Indirectly, he was responsible for the creation of the magazine itself. Jessie Lilley, Richard Valley, Tom Amorosi, and the entire staff of *Scarlet Street* would like to offer condolences to the friends and relatives of Mr. Brett.

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MAD GHOUL

Amanda McBroom Remembers Her Father

DAVID BRUCE

by Gregory William Mank

"What am I? Alive or dead? Man or Beast? What have you done to me!"

—THE MAD GHOUL

It was the plaintive cry of **THE MAD GHOUL** (1943), a character indelibly played by David Bruce. As Ted Allison, college science student-turned-zombie-like monster via George Zucco's diabolics, Bruce played **THE MAD GHOUL** with charm, drama, and the pathos characteristic of Universal's romantic horrors. Sporting the monstrous makeup of Jack P. Pierce, causing Evelyn Ankers to unleash one of her classic screams, Bruce made **THE MAD GHOUL** a worthy member of the horror mythology of Universal Studios.

During his 1943 to 1945 sojourn at Universal, the handsome and dapper Bruce proved himself a very versatile attraction, costarring on the San Fernando Valley lot with such World War II attractions as Deanna Durbin, Yvonne De Carlo, Randolph Scott, Lon Chaney, and Susanna Foster. He drifted out of show business after appearing in the early 1950s TV sitcom, **BEULAH**, but was about to make a "comeback" as an actor when he died of a heart attack (on a movie set) on May 3, 1976.

Today, Bruce's daughter, Amanda McBroom, has a wildly varied and successful show business career of her own. She played in **JACQUES BRÉL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS** on Broadway (as well as Off Broadway and throughout Europe), acted in

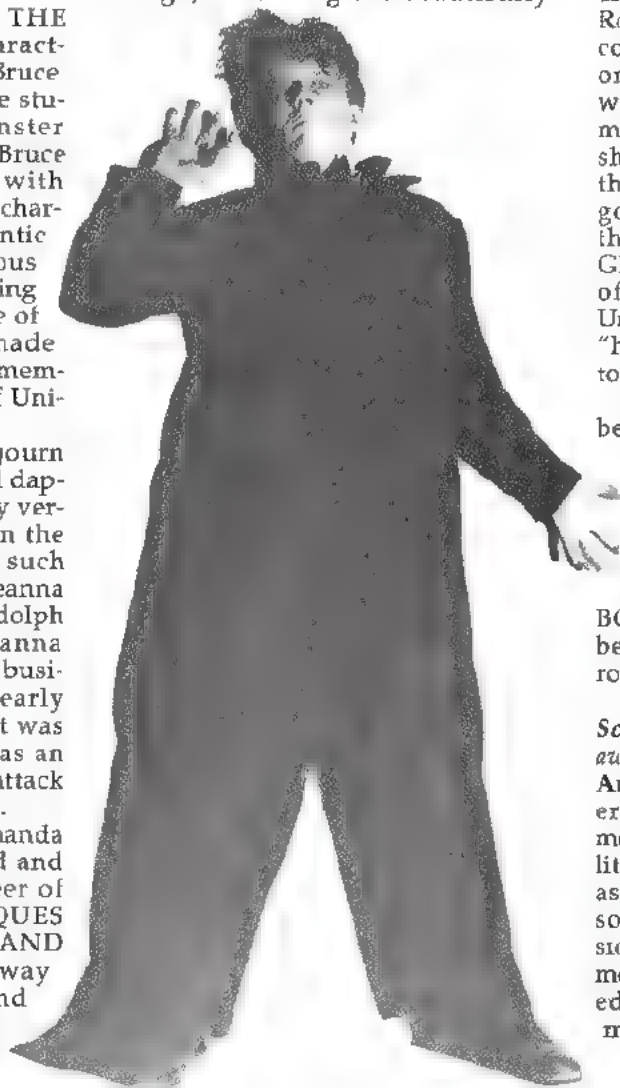
much episodic television (including **REMINGTON STEELE**, **MAGNUM P. I.**, and in a regular role on **HA WAI FIVE-0**), and has written many songs, including the beautifully

sensitive hit, "The Rose" which became the theme of the 1979 Bette Midler film, and which won a Golden Globe Award. As a concert singer, she regularly plays the Rainbow Room in New York City and has recorded five albums, producing two on her own label. Amanda has written and performed in her own musical, **HEARTBEATS** (for which she recorded an album); and, lest the Trekkies think they've been forgotten, Amanda guest-starred on the popular **STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION** episode, "Measure of a Man," playing the Judge of the Universe, who (in Amanda's words), "had to decide whether Data was a toaster or a human being."

On June 27, 1995, Amanda sat beneath a poster from one of her father's movies (1945's **THAT NIGHT WITH YOU**) in her Southern California home and talked about David Bruce—who, on her recent album **AMANDA MCBROOM: LIVE FROM RAINBOW AND STARS**, she remembered for making her "the hopeless romantic that I am."

Scarlet Street: What was your earliest awareness that your father was an actor?

Amanda McBroom: Oh, boy . . . literally, one of the first things I remember is **THE MAD GHOUL**. I was little, and we saw it in the movies—as a reissue. Of course, I saw him in so many parts, mostly on television, when they would show the old movies. I hated seeing him die—hated it when they killed him! I remember specifically in **THE MAD**



GHOUL, because I was always sympathetic to the monsters—the Frankenstein Monster was one of my favorite romantic heroes—and in *THE MAD GHOUL*, I kept saying, “No, no, you don’t understand! He’s a good guy! He’s a good guy!” But nobody would listen to me! He made a movie called *YOUNG DANIEL BOONE*. We went to a movie theater to see it, and I remember hiding behind my popcorn when I thought he was going to be burned at the stake—which he wasn’t! It became a family joke—whenever we went to the movies that were scary, my dad and I would turn to each other and say, “Quick! Hide behind the popcorn!”

SS: David Bruce was born . . .

AM: Marden Andrew McBroom, in Kankakee, Illinois, on January 6, 1914 or 1916—we don’t know. He went to Northwestern University. I don’t know if he graduated from Northwestern, because he was “discovered” there—a talent scout came, saw him, and said, “Here’s a ticket. Get on the train. Go to Hollywood!”

SS: Some actors are born wanting to act, others fall into the profession for various reasons . . .

AM: As far as I know, I don’t think it was something he was born knowing that he wanted to do. I think it’s something that he stepped into when he was in college. And he was so damn charming. He was so good at it, and the girls all thought he was so cute—which was very important!—that I think he just sort of fell into it. He had a beautiful speaking voice, anyway, and they just felt he should be in theater. So he said, “Okay!”

SS: His wife’s name—your Mom—was Cynthia Sory?

AM: Yes. Dad met her at Northwestern. He came out to Hollywood, started his career out here, and then realized he was madly in love with her, and asked her to come out and join him. My mother was a speech professor and drama teacher.

SS: How did he happen upon the stage name of David Bruce?

AM: He had the same agent who created the names for Rip Torn and Rock Hudson! To all his friends, though, Dad was always known as Andy McBroom.

SS: Your father began his career at Warner Bros.

AM: My father was one of the best fencers in Hollywood; he was a heavy duty fencer, which is one of the basic reasons he got into the

Flynn films in the first place, because he could sword fight like a son-of-a-gun.

SS: He made some great pictures for Warners: *THE SEA HAWK*, *SANTA FE TRAIL*, *DISPATCH FROM REUTERS*, *SERGEANT YORK* . . .

AM: And *ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN*. He loved Errol Flynn very much. I know that they were bad boys together! I remember that, when I first came to Hollywood and started working in TV, I would occasionally run into an old grip who would say, “Oh, you’re Andy McBroom’s daughter! Well, did he ever tell you about the time he and Errol and Bill Holden and the three goats and the two bimbos went to Catalina?” He’d start telling me these out-



rageous stories about the wild and wacky parties that they all used to go to! His best friends from that time were Errol Flynn and Rod Cameron. And Noah Beery Jr. and Alan Hale Jr. used to hang around a lot. They were quite good compatriots.

SS: You mentioned William Holden

AM: He and Bill Holden were rivals. There was an actress named Brenda Marshall. Dad did a movie with her called *SINGAPORE WOMAN*, one of those tropical ones where he wore a pith helmet. At the time, Bill Holden was dating Brenda Marshall—whom he later married—and so was Dad, and it was quite a rivalry. I always thought that very interesting because, later on, after my fa-

ther died, I’d see William Holden in films, and he looked just like my father. If you look at Holden in *THE TOWERING INFERNO*, say, you’re looking at a picture of my father.

SS: Leaving Warners, David Bruce did *FLYING TIGERS* with John Wayne at Republic, then joined Universal, where he was under contract for three years. Some actors enjoyed the old studio contract system, some resented it . . .

AM: He thought it was great. See, my Dad was caught in a very strange position: he was rejected from the Army because he had really bad ear problems. He was a pilot—my father loved to fly, and he wanted to join the Air Force. He couldn’t because he had these strange ear problems. So, almost everybody else was drafted—

one of the reasons he got as many good roles as he did was because Bill Holden and David Niven and all those people were in the service. He was at Universal and well on his way to a really wonderful career when the war ended, and all these big stars came back, and all the roles that were lined up for him went to them.

SS: While it lasted, however, he was one of Universal’s most versatile contract stars—and, of course, he played *THE MAD GHOUL*.

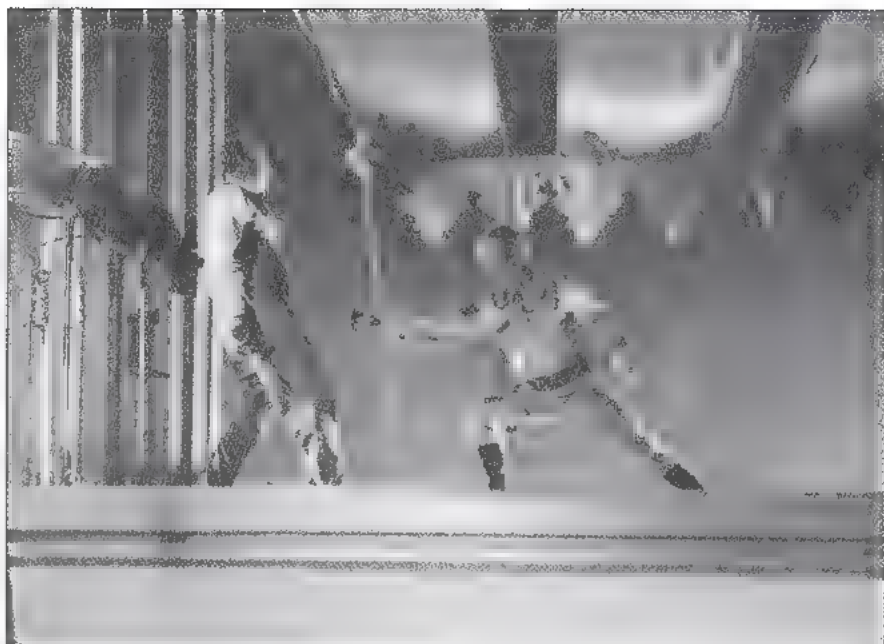
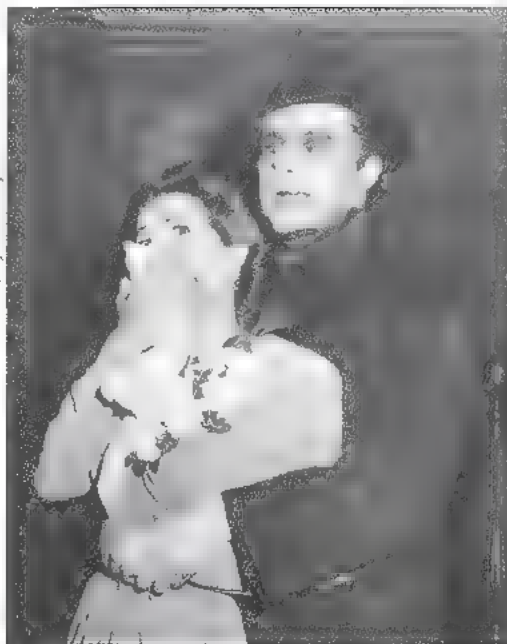
AM: He had so much fun on that film. I remember him telling me about coming home from the studio—we lived on the poor end of Toluca Lake, where the ducks were, as opposed to the rich end of the lake, where Bob Hope and the swans were—and one time he came home for lunch in full *MAD GHOUL* makeup. Well, he walked up behind my mother, she saw his face in the mirror—and he scared her so terribly that she passed out in the bathroom!

SS: Late in life, your dad gave an interview to *Famous Monsters* and remembered, “My makeup was green and it made my hair look red for some reason—bright red. They tinted me green and combed my hair over my eyes, and for the later thing they put the false skin on, which was absolute murder. I wore it for only three days and the third time I took it off my skin was bleeding, because you had to peel the makeup off!”

AM: That was very serious makeup. And that was back in the days before they knew how to protect somebody’s face. Your face was bare, and they just did what they did to it.

SS: But other than that . . .

AM: He had a lot of fun with it. He really liked George Zucco a lot—they



LEFT: David Bruce menaced a flowery Brenda Marshall in Warner Bros.'s *THE SMILING GHOST* (1941). Bruce gives Albert Dekker a second belly button in Universal's *SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED* (1945).

became quite good friends. And he loved Evelyn Ankers, they were great pals. He called her "Moo"—don't ask why! *THE MAD GHOUL* was evidently a very pleasant experience for him; he really enjoyed it.

SS: He gives a charming performance.

AM: I think so, too! Very interesting—he was very attractive, he could be a light leading man and very funny, and then he could turn around and be incredibly dramatic.

SS: He made three pictures with Deanna Durbin: *CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY*, *CAN'T HELP SINGING*, and *LADY ON A TRAIN*.

AM: Oh, he adored her! He loved Deanna Durbin; he just felt she was the sweetest thing.

SS: Randolph Scott worked with your father in *CORVETTE K-225* and *GUNG HO!*, both in 1943.

AM: Yes. Dad used to do a very good impression of him. "This is a Virginia accent," he would say, and then he would do Randolph Scott.

SS: Anything about Lon Chaney Jr., with whom he made *CALLING DR. DEATH*? So much has been said about Chaney's drinking problem...

AM: Yes. So many people drank at the time. It was *de rigeur*. I think that

Dad and Chaney were civil, but I don't think they were close.

SS: Your father played in the infamous *SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED*—a big Technicolor hit, which is remembered as a notoriously bad movie today!

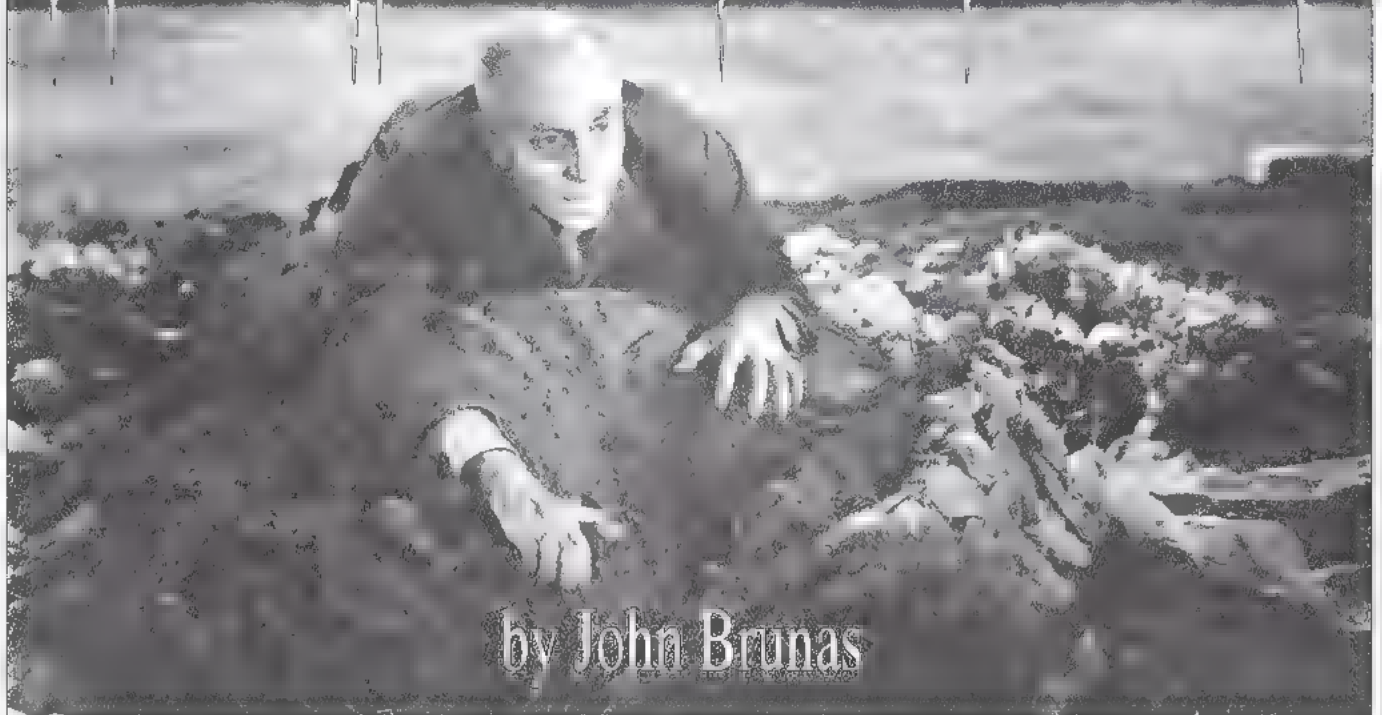
AM: Yvonne De Carlo's very first starring role! Dad told me lots of funny stories about that. He said he didn't know what drugs the writers were on. They never knew from day to day where the plot was going to go; there would be new pages every day, nobody knew how it was going

Continued on page 83

LEFT: David Bruce reminds the flowery Susanna Foster all about *THAT NIGHT WITH YOU* (1945). Susanna takes notes. **RIGHT:** Bruce and Brenda Marshall were also teamed in Warner Bros.'s *SINGAPORE WOMAN* (1941).



THE GHOUL NEXT DOOR



by John Brunas

THE MAD GHOUL (1943) is that rarity, a successful Universal horror film that didn't spawn a series. Designed to support SON OF DRACULA on an all-horror double bill, GHOUL deserves more credit than it's usually given. It's a slick, competently done B, with a new twist on the old body-snatching theme: instead of stealing a whole corpse, this fiend is only interested in the deceased's heart.

His career as a purveyor of shock fests on the rise, associate producer Ben Pivar put THE MYSTERY OF THE MAD GHOUL on the drawing board in February 1943. Brenda Weisberg and Paul Gangelin contributed a solid script based on a story penned by Hans Kraly. Studio contract player David Bruce found himself cast as a walking corpse, a far cry from the "pleasant young man" roles that dominated his career. Chosen to direct the thriller was James Hogan, who had joined the studio after a seven-year stint at Paramount.

After years of research, Dr. Alfred Morris (George Zucco) re-creates an insidious poison gas which the ancient Mayans used in their religious rites. The gas has a diabolical power, causing a "state of death in life." Morris determines that the Mayan ritual of removing the hearts from living men was performed not to appease their gods, but to restore life to the gassed victims. His goal is to discover a method of reversing the action of the gas.

Morris enlists the aid of prize student Ted Allison (David Bruce). Using a combination of crystals and

ancient herbs, Morris gasses a monkey, only to revive it using heart fluid taken from another animal.

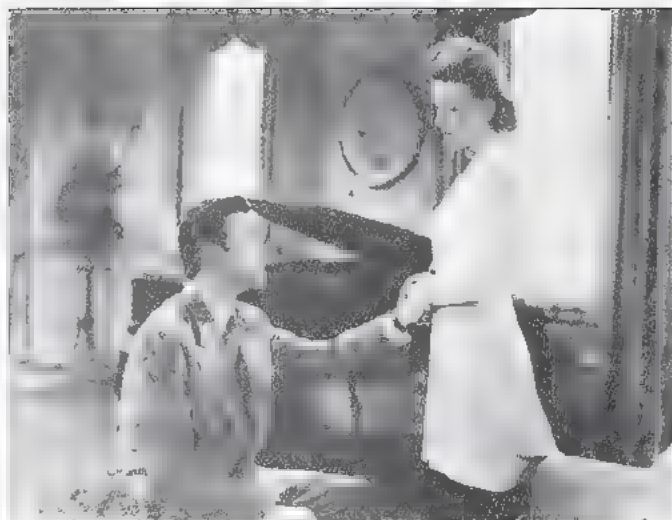
That evening, Ted and his fiancée, concert singer Isabel Lewis (Evelyn Ankers), drop in on Dr. Morris for a nightcap. Isabel is about to embark on a long-awaited multiple city tour, yet she seems uncharacteristically disturbed. Morris guesses the problem immediately: "You're no longer in love with Ted." For some reason known only to him, the aging intellectual draws the conclusion that the attractive young woman has fallen in love with him! "It's only natural that you should turn to an older man," Morris coos solicitously. "Someone who knows the book of life, and can teach you to read it." Isabel is understandably oblivious to the doctor's attentions, mistaking his kindness for fatherly concern.

Ted is easy prey for the trap Morris sets for him. Falling under the influence of the vapor, the student becomes an emaciated automaton.

Jack Pierce didn't have much to go on when he created David Bruce's makeup: "All they told me was that they wanted Bruce to look like a reasonably fresh cadaver. I said, 'How fresh?' They said a couple or three weeks buried. They seemed satisfied."

Pierce's makeup design is subtly effective. In the first stage of transformation, the actor appears pale, wizened, and fish-eyed. As the degenerative effect of the gas reaches an advanced stage, his features be-

Continued on page 82



LEFT: Star screamer Evelyn Ankers played a singer in *THE MAD GHOUL* (1943). Here she croons "We Were Sailing Along on Turhan Bey." RIGHT: College prof George Zucco instructs his Ghoul Boy (David Bruce.)

THE GHOUL NEXT DOOR

Continued from page 81

come parchment-like, resembling a corpse in an accelerated state of decomposition.

Now the master, Morris plants in Ted's subconscious the fact that Isabel no longer wants him. Handing Ted a scalpel, Morris escorts him to the town cemetery, where the zombie despoils the grave of a recently interred businessman. He performs a cardiectomy on the corpse, whose heart substance is used by Morris to bring the student out of the terminal state.

When his "miracle monkey" has a sudden relapse, the doctor realizes the possible consequences of his act. Once again, Ted reverts to a zombified state. This time, his rendezvous in the local cemetery has tragic results. Morris is forced to kill a snoopy caretaker. The old man's heart becomes the antidote to restore Ted to normalcy.

Unable to hide her secret any longer, Isabel confesses to a mortified Dr. Morris that she is indeed in love with another man: her handsome accompanist, Eric Iverson (Turhan Bey). Now saddled with two rivals, the desperate doctor drives Ted into having another seizure, and orders him to make arrangements to meet Eric later that night.

At the stroke of midnight, Ted, loaded pistol in hand, silently approaches Eric in the deserted alley behind the concert hall. Before the Ghoul can press the trigger, Isabel arrives and upsets his preprogrammed command with a piercing scream. Unseen, Ted escapes to Morris' waiting car.

Acting on a hot tip, ace reporter Ken McClure (Robert Armstrong) has a hunch there's a connection between the Ghoul atrocities and Isabel's concert appearances. Planting a phony obit in the local paper of the town in which the singer is next scheduled to appear, McClure sets a trap for the killer: he stations himself inside a coffin and waits patiently for the Ghoul's arrival. But McClure makes a fatal blunder. Morris and Ted overtake the clever but careless reporter and use his heart for the gas procedure.

Police Sergeant Macklin (Milburn Stone) and Detective Garrity (Charles McGraw) pay Isabel a visit on

the night of her last concert appearance. They suspect Eric might be their man. Aghast at their accusations, Isabel confides in Ted. Her tearful admission of love for Eric puts everything in perspective for Ted. "What am I? Alive or dead? Man or beast? What have you done to me!" the anguished student beseeches his mentor.

Planning a devilish revenge, Ted writes a suicide note, prepares a mixture of the deadly gas, and lures Morris into the lab. Suddenly seized by the effects of the gas, Ted becomes Morris' blindly obedient slave once again. The doctor hands his ghoul a revolver and orders him to kill Eric, then himself.

To his horror, Morris realizes that he, too, has been exposed. Seizing the surgeon's scalpel, he implores Ted to help him, but it is too late. His initial command has already been programmed in the zombie's mind. Ted blunders onto the stage as Isabel is in mid-performance and aims the gun at Eric. Before he can shoot, the Mad Ghoul is cut down by Sergeant Macklin's bullets.

In a grimly ironic postscript, Morris, his features distorted, attempts to dig up a grave to obtain heart substance for himself, but collapses and dies, scalpel in hand.

There's no shortage of carnage, either visualized or implied, in *THE MAD GHOUL*, yet the film manages to stay within the guidelines of accepted standards for the period. Considering its morbid preoccupation with death (cemeteries, funeral parlors, blood sacrifices, desecration of the dead, murder), cowriters Weisberg and Gangelin did a commendable job appeasing those watchdogs of the Production Code, the Breen Office. Director Hogan is simpatico with their efforts: during the potentially graphic murder/mutilation scenes, he fixes the camera's gaze on Bruce's deadpan face, discreetly cutting away from the bloodbath.

Saddled with a title that must have kept sophisticated moviegoers away in droves, and promoted by Universal with all of the usual shock-it-to-'em campaign gimmicks, *THE MAD GHOUL* nonetheless ranked as

Continued on page 95

DAVID BRUCE

Continued from page 80

to end. They would just hand the cast pages and say, "This is what we're going to shoot!" There's this scene in *SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED*, where Yvonne De Carlo rises up out of this gigantic clam shell, doing her famous Salome dance, and they had these giant pearls that float up around her. Well, actually they were all condoms, inflated with helium! And the first time it happened, the condoms all started floating up around her, and the crew all started laughing hysterically, and Yvonne said, "I know what those are! Those are *condrums*!"

SS: How about Susanna Foster, with whom he costarred in *THAT NIGHT WITH YOU*?

AM: Right at this moment, I'm sitting under a poster of *THAT NIGHT WITH YOU*—one of the worst movies ever made!

SS: Oh, Susanna Foster hated it!

AM: Well, it's so silly. They do parodies of all the famous operas. "The Barbara of Seville"—oh, it's just wretched! (Laughs) Oh, please! But Dad and Susanna were very friendly. Well, women loved him, he loved women—he was very, very fond of ladies. He was one of the more charming men on the planet, and women were one of his favorite things, so I'm sure he and Susanna got along great!

SS: *THAT NIGHT WITH YOU* also starred Louise Allbritton.

AM: Louise Allbritton! She was one of my dad's favorite people. He'd mention her with great fondness, frequently.

SS: Come the end of World War II, your Dad's career declined.

AM: The end of the war side-tracked his career, big time. It was a big shame.

SS: He did B films such as *PYGMY ISLAND* with Johnny Weissmuller, and *PIER 23* with Hugh Beaumont.

AM: And that's what kicked him into TV, and he did the *BEULAH* series. *BEULAH*, I think, was one of the very first family television sitcoms. First the title role was played by Ethel Waters, and then it was Louise Beavers.

SS: It was after this that your father left acting and went into advertising work?

AM: He went into advertising . . . as a copywriter.

SS: Did you get the impression that he missed acting?

AM: Oh, terribly. He never got over it. It broke his heart. When I was

about 14, my mother became ill, and about two years later she died. I got sent to Texas to live with her sister, and I lost touch with my dad for about four years—I think those were four very, very dark years in his life. He traveled around quite a bit. We finally reunited just as I was getting out of college, and became very close friends again, and wound up living in Hollywood together. We had apartments right down the street from each other. Not long before he died, I got him his first agent in 20 years, and he wound up doing a lot of episodic television.

SS: Your father died rather suddenly.

AM: I think it was his first film in 20 years; it was a film called *MOVING VIOLATION*. It was also the first



movie for my husband, George Ball, which was very ironic. My dad finished his final scene; he was playing a reporter, which is the first role he ever had in a film. The director said, "That's a wrap"—and my dad fell down and died on the set, from a heart attack. That's the way I think he would have preferred it. We had him cremated, and we had a ceremony out at sea. Dad always loved the ocean; at one point, during a period when he was not acting, he built a trimaran with two friends and sailed around the world with them. So we knew that his desire was to have his ashes spread at sea.

SS: Considering the ups and downs of his own career, what was your father's

attitude about you following his footsteps into show business?

AM: He was always very proud of me, and he and my mother were both incredibly supportive. At the age of four, I knew that I wanted to be an actor. Neither of them ever said, "Oh, you mustn't do this; oh, this will break your heart!" They said, "Great!" And he did my make-up, and she made the costumes. Oh, they were totally supportive of me.

SS: You've certainly made a great success of it.

AM: Well, I've been in the business since I got out of college in '69. I've done a lot of repertory theater, at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, and A.C.T. in San Francisco. Then I went to New York and did *JACQUES*

BREL, in which I met my husband, George Ball. *BREL* brought us back to Los Angeles, and then I wound up doing a lot of television—I was on *HAWAII FIVE-0* for a while. I started songwriting. I had written a song called "The Rose," and the movie *THE ROSE* was about to happen, and they were looking for outsource material, so my girlfriend sent them my song, and that's how it got in the movie. From that, I wound up having a recording career. Predominately at the moment, I'm being a playwright and a cabaret and concert singer. But whenever someone has something for me, I go do it!

SS: Did your father live long enough to see your achievements?

AM: He had seen me act, and he knew that I was a really good singer—but "The Rose" and everything happened after he died, which I'm very sorry about, because I know he would have been delighted.

On her album *AMANDA McBROOM. LIVE FROM RAINBOW & STARS*, Amanda sings a song entitled "Errol Flynn" (music by Amanda, lyrics by Amanda and Gordon Hunt). She dedicates the song to her father—and it features these lyrics:

Fame—it is fleeting
And stars—they keep falling
And staying right up there
That's the business of art.
Luck kisses some
And she passes by others
Disappointment and bourbon
Are hard on the heart.

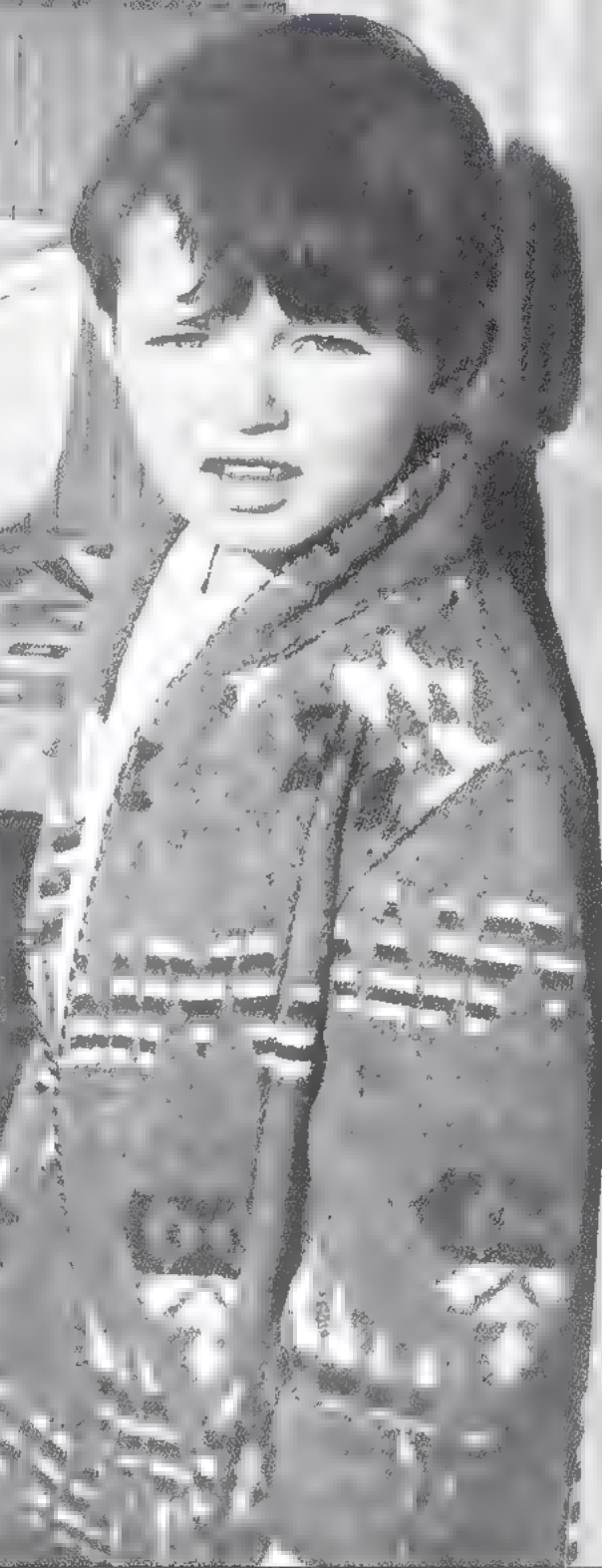


The Hayes Office

John Michael Hayes

Interviewed by Richard Valley

Plagued by ill health in recent years, scenarist John Michael Hayes found his name in the news again with the 1993 release of the Disney movie *IRON WILLIE* for which he wrote the screenplay. Dozens of interviews followed, including this one with *Scarlet Street*. As Hayes tells it,



"IRON WILL got Disney a lot of attention, because a lot of stories were written about my comeback. The problem is . . . well, I moved to New Hampshire with my wife when she became ill. She got ovarian cancer and, after two years of fighting it, she suggested we move to Hanover, because they've got a beautiful hospital, a college with a lot of activity . . . and they offered me a professorship, which I didn't expect. But here's what also happened: at the time my wife was dying, I became legally blind. And then, lo and behold, I got cancer myself. My wife passed on; it was a terribly difficult fight. And I've recently finished seven months of chemotherapy. People keep saying, 'You've had a rebirth, a renaissance; you should write.' But I've been too ill in the past year to do anything. I'm pretty good, now; I'm in good shape."

When we left off last issue, John Michael Hayes and Alfred Hitchcock had also moved to New England, where filming was scheduled to commence on *THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY* (1955). Unfortunately, *TROUBLE* proved to be just that . . .

John Michael Hayes: We trucked into Stowe, Vermont, where we shot background plates, and we filmed a couple of scenes with the boy running along in the woods. It was an absolutely spectacular fall. A storm hit; it went on for two and a half days, and when it finished, there was n't a leaf on any tree anywhere! All the scenes in *THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY* where they bury Harry, dig him up, and when the boy finds him, were done on a stage in Hollywood.

Scarlet Street: It certainly looks like location work

JMH: It wasn't. We had to start with interiors. We shot interiors in Vermont first. We found one small town that had been in a hollow, and it still had some of its leaves. That's where the store was, and where the house and the sheriff with the old car was—but most of Vermont was denuded of leaves.

SS: But you still had the background plates, right?

JMH: Hitch didn't like the rear projection process. He used it in *CATCH A THIEF* in the automobile driving scene, when Grace Kelly drives Cary Grant all around the Grand Corniche at reckless speed—

which, tragically, was where she really died. He used it for that, but he didn't like it. So we went back to the studio and made plastic trees pasted with artificial leaves on them. We could have had a more spectacular locale for the burying, if the leaves had only stayed.

SS: It still manages to capture the mood of a New England autumn.

JMH: It has many marvelous qualities. There's no reason that a director has got to hit a home run every time. He can make a picture he'd like to make. Hitch just wanted to do it. So it delighted me, because it's the kind of tongue-in-cheek stuff that I

we didn't use the original script. Hitch sat down and said, "I'm going to tell you the story, then you go home and write it your own way." I sat in the room, he told me the story, I took notes, then I went home and wrote it—except for the Albert Hall sequence, which was much as it was in the original.

SS: After *REAR WINDOW* and *THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY*, he must have trusted you to do a good job.

JMH: He said, "I don't want you to be influenced by what was done before." So I went home and wrote the first draft. They actually sailed to Morocco without a complete script, and I was shipping five to eight pages a day by Pan American pilots over to them. I met Hitch in London, and we finished the script there. We wrote during the day, mimeographed at night, and brought it to the set the next morning.

SS: So this was a rare case in which the work hadn't been completed in the office before filming had begun.

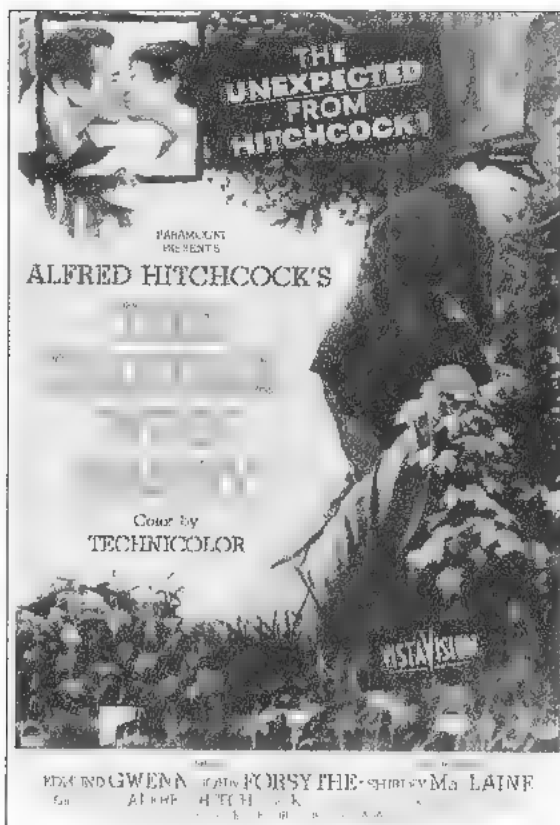
JMH: It hadn't been. It was the one case where it hadn't been. I don't know whether it suffered or not.

SS: Did you know who was going to star?

JMH: Jimmy Stewart and Doris Day. I had worked with Doris before, on radio in Cincinnati. We were friends. Hitch was going to introduce me to this wonderful star he had in his office. We came in, he greeted her, and then he turned to say, "And this is . . ." And she said "John!" and ran across the office, threw her arms around me, hugged me. Hitch was very upset! I knew her better than he did! (Laughs) He was emotionally sensitive about many things.

SS: And, as you've said, not inclined to share too much credit.

JMH: It was as late as two years ago that I was lecturing, and a woman came up and said, "I never knew that Hitchcock had people writing his screenplays! I thought he did everything!" People just watch the credits in a fog or something; they don't see them. I met some people in Cannes, Americans, and when I told them what I was doing, the husband said, "Nonsense! Everybody knows that Hitchcock does his own writing." He had good writers. He had four Pulitzer Prize writers—Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, Samson Raphaelson, and Thornton Wilder—but you would never



enjoy writing. It was great fun—except for the weather.

SS: Why, in the midst of what was the most creative period of his career, do you think Hitchcock chose to remake one of his earlier films, *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH*?

JMH: It's always been a mystery to me. He just was never quite satisfied with it. And I guess maybe after *THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY*, Hitch got a little shaky and was unsure of himself. Perhaps he wanted to get back on sure territory, but he was not so forthright about it. Instead, he said, "I've always wanted to redo this." How we did it was interesting. I never saw the original picture. We didn't look at a print;



PAGE 84: Leave it to Beaver to be in the thick of it! Young Jerry Mathers finds the title character in the tub in **THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY** (1955). LEFT: Waiting for the troublesome Harry to be discovered: John Forsythe, Shirley MacLaine, Mildred Natwick, and Edmund Gwenn. RIGHT: Meanwhile, in another part of the forest, young love blossoms between Allison and Norman (Diane Varsi and Russ Tamblyn) in **PEYTON PLACE** (1957).

know it; he gave them no publicity. He didn't mind if the writer was mentioned in the fourth or fifth paragraph of a story, but when he moved up to paragraph three, Hitchcock got nervous, and up in two, he was alarmed.

SS: *Is that what happened between you and Hitchcock?*

JMH: We were working on the idea for **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**—which I didn't do; Ernie Lehman did, because by then we had separated. It came out in the paper—and I had nothing to do with it—it said **NORTH BY NORTHWEST** was on Hitchcock and Hayes' fall schedule! That was my death knell. I got too much attention for my writing, and I was too close to him. He wasn't going to be part of Barnum and Bailey. He was Alfred Hitchcock, Genius. He was the Creator, the Master; it was an Alfred Hitchcock film and nothing else. It was not an Alfred Hitchcock film written by John Michael Hayes.

SS: *It's a shame, since you accomplished so much together.*

JMH: Actually, I woke him up. He was treading along and he needed some vitality. That's why he hired a young writer. I gave it to him, and he never complimented me the entire time. Hitch believed that, if you did your job, that's what you were paid for; if you didn't do it right, he'd let you know.

SS: *Some people work that way.*

JMH: His wife, Alma turned to me once—she was really half of the genius of Alfred Hitchcock; Alma was his mentor, his researcher, his script supervisor, she saw the first run of the film and everything else. She came up to me and said, "Don't breathe a word of this to Hitch that I've told you, but he's immensely pleased with you."

SS: *He simply couldn't bring himself to say it.*

JMH: Once, in an interview in a New York newspaper, he was highly complimentary to me—then he claimed later that he'd been misquoted! (Laughs) The *New York Times* asked me to do a story on the making of **TO CATCH A THIEF**. The publicity department said the *Times* had contacted them and would I do it? I said, "Sure." Well, Hitch found out about it and called me to his suite and said, "Young man, you are hired to write for Paramount Pictures and Alfred Hitchcock, not the *New York Times*." He didn't want a story to come out with my stamp on it, saying what I was doing in a Hitchcock film. Alfred Hitchcock was doing all of it.

SS: *Singlehandedly.*

JMH: We had a press conference once in Paris, and I had too many people asking me about the writing of **REAR WINDOW**. I was told afterwards that I was not to appear at any press conferences again. It was because I got too much attention.

That's the sort of thing that broke us up. Later on, his associates, Doc Erikson and Herbie Coleman, tried very hard to get us back together, because he needed help on **MARNIE**, **THE BIRDS**, **TORN CURTAIN**, **TOPAZ**, and so forth. He wouldn't do it. They kept saying, "For Christ's sake, call John Michael Hayes."

SS: *Did he have an official reason for the breakup?*

JMH: Well, he wanted me to put a name on **THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH**, a fellow named Angus MacPhail, who never did any writing and who was sort of a technical advisor; he was hopelessly alcoholic. Hitch wanted to put his name on it because he needed employment, and I refused. And Hitch smoldered about that, and he tried to create pages that he claimed Angus had written. He sent them to the guild, and the guild reprimanded him severely. Then, too, he owed Warner Bros. a picture for nothing, as part of the deal he'd made to get out of his contract. It was called **THE WRONG MAN**, with Henry Fonda and Vera Miles. Well, he wanted me to write it for nothing, knowing that I couldn't do it. My agent said, "You should be proud, because a diploma from Alfred Hitchcock is as good as one from any university, and it's very saleable." But I couldn't do it—raise a family and work six months on a film without salary. Nor would the guild allow me to



LEFT: Ben and Jo McKenna (James Stewart and Doris Day) break chicken with Mr. and Mrs. Drayton (Bernard Miles and Brenda de Banzie), the couple who will later kidnap their son in *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* (1956). **RIGHT:** Alfred Hitchcock and James Stewart discuss John Michael Hayes' screenplay for *REAR WINDOW* (1954), the first of the celebrated Hitchcock/Hayes collaborations.

do it. So, he used those excuses; he said, "If you don't agree to put Angus MacPhail's name on the script, and if you don't come to Warner Bros. with me, I'll never speak to you again." I said, "Well, Hitch, that's too bad, because I can't do either one." He didn't tell me personally; he sent emissaries to tell me. He was just a registered coward, I guess. (Laughs) He wouldn't speak to me. Only once: I went to the ballet with my wife, and our seats were right next to Hitchcock and Alma's. He acted very cordially, he spoke to me—but that was the only time.

SS: But he could never bring himself to work with you again.

JMH: I said, "Look, I'll work on more of his pictures. All he has to do is call me. But he has to call me. He can say, 'I haven't seen your ugly Irish face. I thought you were dead.' Any damn thing, just to break the ice—and I'll work with him." But he just wouldn't do it. He wanted me to come in the back door, and pull his chestnuts out of the fire, and I wasn't about to do it.

SS: It was such a bad ending, wasn't it?

JMH: I want to say this: Hitch earned his position. He had a right to defend his position in whatever way he felt was correct. Working with Hitch was very enjoyable. It was exciting. A Hitchcock picture was an event; you were in the limelight—as much as he would allow you to be—and it was highly exciting. I got

nominated for an Academy Award for *REAR WINDOW*. And I won the first Mystery Writers Of America Award ever given to pictures, the Edgar Allan Poe Award. But Hitch, there again, was very resentful. He was invited to come to the dinner presentation, but he wouldn't. And I was foolish; I brought it in to show it to him. I put it on his desk—it was made out of ceramic on top of a wooden stand—and he brushed it aside and said, "You know, they make toilet bowls out of the same material." He was very jealous of his position and the attention given to me. He was very annoyed by it. But in the enthusiasm of my youth, and in the excitement of working with him, I didn't foresee this. We should have made another 10 pictures together.

SS: You were a perfect team.

JMH: I was unhappy; I was sad when we parted, because I really wanted to do *NORTH BY NORTHWEST*. We used to discuss it every time we had a chance.

SS: Did any of your ideas find their way into the film?

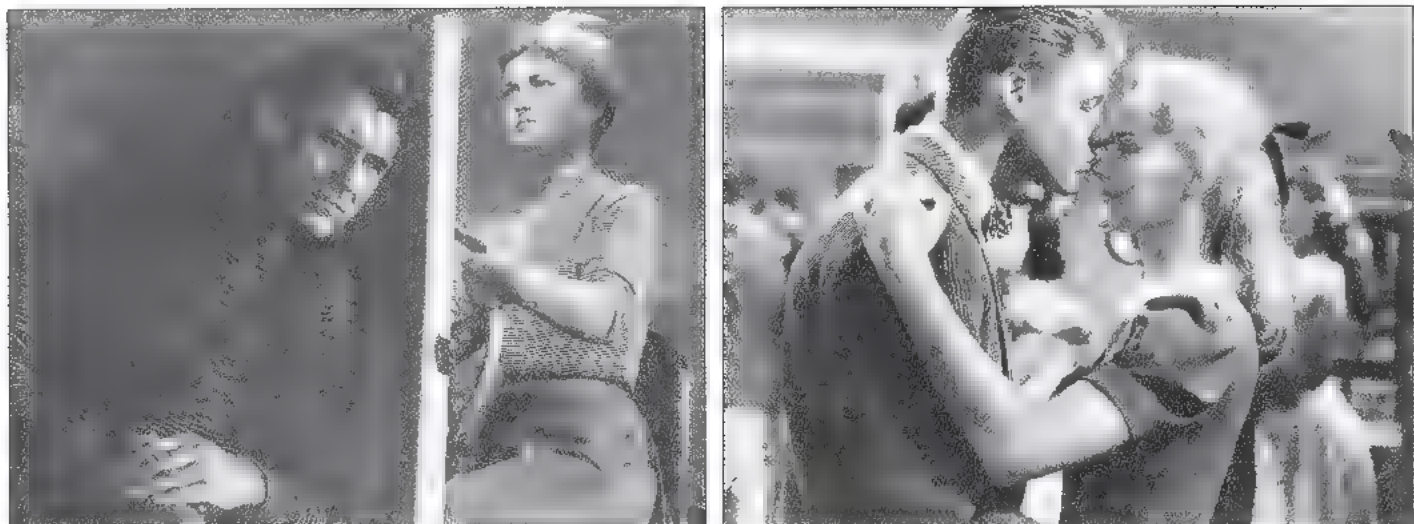
JMH: I can't remember, now, to be honest with you. And I don't want to detract from Ernest Lehman, because he's a friend. People called this Hitch's "golden period," but he made a lot of great pictures before.

SS: There were a lot of great movies made in the 1950s that are ignored or neglected nowadays. For example, *PEY-*

TON PLACE. That must have been an extraordinarily difficult novel to adapt to film, considering the Production Code.

JMH: They called it "the book that couldn't be made into a picture." It was the second biggest selling novel of our century. *GONE WITH THE WIND* was number one, but *PEYTON PLACE* was number two. *PEYTON PLACE* was the opening shot in the sexual revolution in the United States; it changed our whole culture. Now, I had wanted to do a small-town story, having lived in small towns in New Hampshire and Maine and Massachusetts. I was slated to do *RAINTREE COUNTRY* at MGM, a period, small-town story. But, I was at Paramount, and they wouldn't let me go because they had me working on something of theirs. I said to my agent, "The next small-town story you find, let me know. I'd like to have a crack at it." Along came *PEYTON PLACE*! When I read it, it hadn't been published yet. It was still in galleys. I read it, and I thought it was a piece of pure Americana. Written without pretension, simple, direct, alarming, shocking, everything else... I was excited by it. Then, when it was published, it became a big scandal; it was banned in Boston, banned in England, banned in every Catholic country. You had to be 21-years-old in many states to buy it.

SS: And have a bathroom with a lock on the door.



LEFT: IF you want TO CATCH A THIEF (1955) you have to find him first, and, with the help of Danielle (Brigitte Auber), John Robie (Cary Grant) manages to stay out of sight. RIGHT: David Nelson (interviewed in *Scarlet Street* #6) and Hope Lange were two of the youthful lovebirds of PEYTON PLACE.

JMH: People said, "Why would you associate yourself with this?" I said, "Because it's a beautifully sad and tragic story." Mark Robson, the director, who read the book when Jerry Wald sent it to him, said, "I wouldn't touch this with a 10-foot pole." After he read my screenplay, he said, "I want to do it!" We tried to film it in Vermont, but they wouldn't let us. New Hampshire said, "Don't even try." Finally, through the good offices of Governor Muskee, who read the screenplay, we were allowed to come into Maine. We filled it with beautiful scenery. You'll notice there are churches in it all the time, bells, instead of making it dark and dreary and distasteful. This was America coming of age, the young people and the difficulties they had becoming adults. So I wrote it, and they had the showing in New York. I was there with Monsignor Little, who was the head of the Legion of Decency. We came out after the show, and he said, "John Michael, you've done it! I wouldn't change a word!" (Laughs)

SS: Were there scenes in the book that you wanted to include that the censors simply would not allow?

JMH: Well, no, when it reached the censorship stage, everything was under control. Nobody objected to anything. It took me eight drafts to get it boiled down to the size we wanted. My first draft was some 280 pages, and we just kept taking things out and taking things out, so that we were left with the essence of the book, without all of the shocking details. Somebody commented that I was the only person he knew who could write a rape in good taste.

(Laughs) I'm not quite sure if that's a compliment or not. But after the picture came out, the book was allowed in Boston, the book was allowed in England, and everybody said, "What's the big furor about?" There were a few people who resented the fact that we didn't make it as raw as the book. The book wasn't raw in today's terms; today, it would be nothing. But for the times, it was rather shocking.

SS: In the book, Rodney Harrington dies in a car crash, trying to get his hands on a girl while he's driving. In the movie, he dies a war hero.

JMH: That was something I changed. I wanted to show that there was good in all these people, and that the circumstances of their lives altered their performance in life. There was good in Rodney Harrington. He was just brought up by a father who broke the rules, but didn't want his son to do it. And the son became wild. I've seen it happen to many people... movie stars' children, for instance.

SS: Who was really the driving force behind PEYTON PLACE: Jerry Wald or Mark Robson?

JMH: Jerry Wald. After two weeks of working on the script, I just couldn't get a handle on it. I went to Jerry Wald, and I said, "You know, I can't seem to get a grip on it. There's so much material." Well, he was like Knute Rockne at half time. "We're behind three touchdowns, and we want to win the game." His main role was encouragement and cutting the script down. That was mainly the problem: trying to make maple syrup out of sap. We had to keep boiling it down until we had it to a

manageable point. Jerry Wald was the driving force behind it. Buddy Adler tried to get into the act by sending numerous memos, but they were so long and involved that I couldn't deal with them. Mark Robson had a great deal to do with what we eliminated, and what was put in on location. We had a trio of women who sang at the picnic. They practiced this song, and by the time we got them on the set, they were singing it too well; there wasn't any fun in it. He changed their song, then he gave them 10 minutes to learn it—and they sang it out of key, which was very imaginative. There were things like the kid at the picnic, who ran his finger along a whole row of cakes until he'd got a half a handful of icing. (Laughs) That was Mark Robson's touch. In the middle of all the tragedy and bitterness, we had a lot of human touches and Americana. I enjoyed that. As a matter of fact, I moved to Maine afterwards. I lived there for years.

SS: You had a terrific cast of talented young performers in PEYTON PLACE. Russ Tamblyn, David Nelson, Hope Lange, Terry Moore, Diane Varsi...

JMH: Diane Varsi! It was her first movie. Never even had a foot of film on her. She came into the office, sent by an actor named Jeff Morrow, who hoped that she could get some second-unit work, some extra work. When Mark and I saw her, we said, "She's perfect for the part." And she was propelled into it, not having ever made a movie before!

SS: She's quite good in it.

Continued on page 97

The Men Who Knew Too Much

Hitchcock's Politics of Terror
by Ronald Dale Garmon

At one point during the marathon series of interviews conducted in Alfred Hitchcock's Universal City office in 1962, Francois Truffaut, ever the advocate, began a detailed comparison of the 1934 British version of *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* and the 1956 American remake. With the nuanced perception that marked his early pieces in *Cahiers du Cinema*, Truffaut held that Bernard Herrmann's score was far superior to its British counterpart, the final scene's suspense was extended to excellent effect in the later version, and the humor much subtler in the American film. Hitchcock, eyes glazing perhaps from the prolonged (and, to him, uninteresting) exegesis, steered the interviewer away with a revealingly casual line: "Let's just say that the first version was the work of a talented amateur and the second was made by a professional."

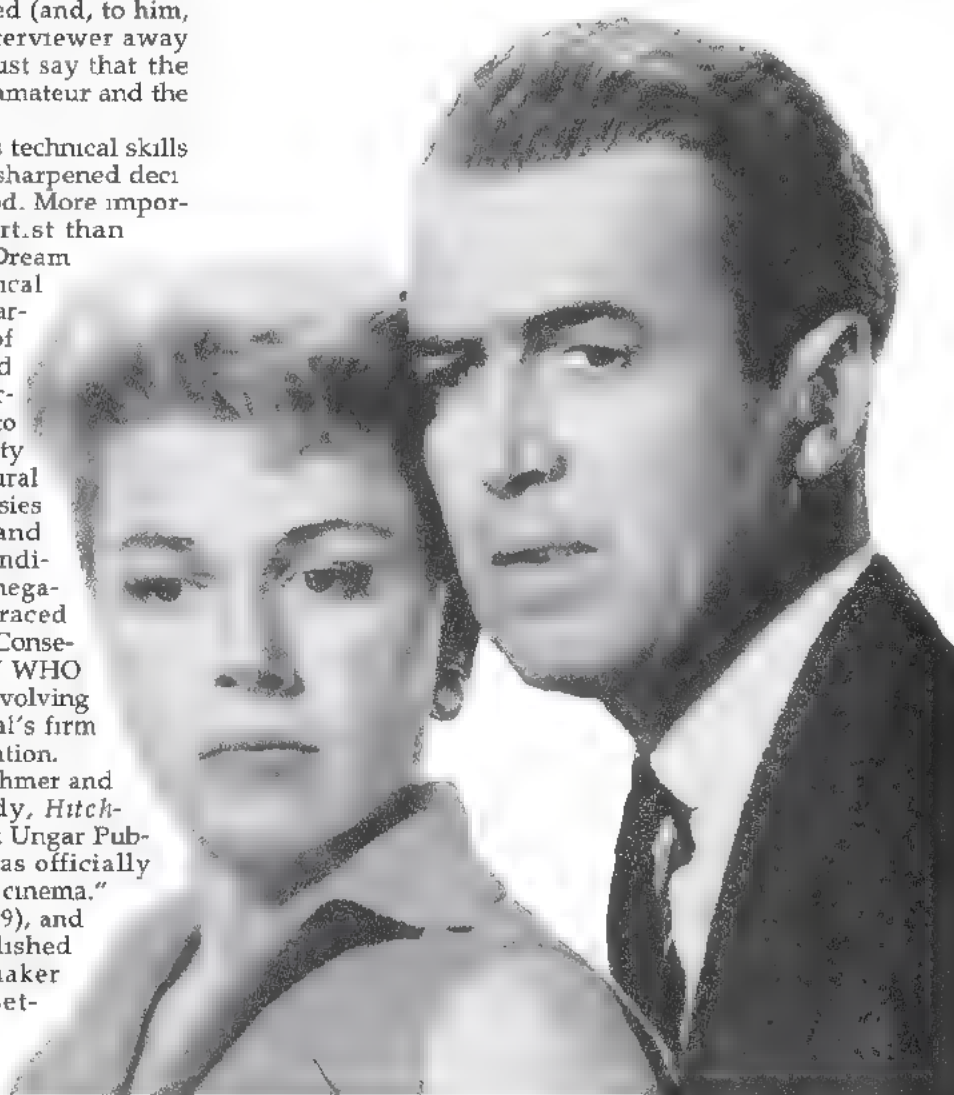
It is beyond dispute that Hitchcock's technical skills and command of cinematic vocabulary sharpened decisively in his first few years in Hollywood. More important to his development as a cinema artist than his initiation into the mysteries of the Dream Factory were the general cultural/political developments of the intervening years. Parallel with Hitchcock's evolving mastery of the logistics and poetics of film, World War II (and its continuation-by-other-means, the Cold War) contributed vastly to the general sense of terror and insecurity felt by the trans-Atlantic public; the natural audience for Hitchcock's sublimest fantasies of anxiety, desperation, and personal and familial annihilation. That audience, conditioned by political instability and the mega-death horror of two world wars, embraced Hitchcock as the cinema's poet of terror. Consequently, the two versions of *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* display, in turn, an evolving artistic consciousness and a professional's firm grasp of the politics of audience identification.

"At twenty-seven," observed Eric Rohmer and Claude Chabrol in their pioneering study, *Hitchcock. The First Forty-Four Films* (Frederick Ungar Publishing Co. Inc., 1979), "[Hitchcock] was officially considered the great hope of the English cinema." *THE LODGER* (1926), *BLACKMAIL* (1929), and *MURDER!* (1930), among others, established him as a first-rate commercial filmmaker whose style (use of subjective camera set-

ups, deadpan humor, and swift, fluid editing) could be expressed most profitably in the manufacture of thrillers. The scenario of Hitchcock's next project (sold to Gaumont British's Michael Balcon at a guilt-inducing 100 percent profit) had the cachet of being based on a famous incident in the public career of Winston Churchill.

A generation before, a London anarchist group, formed around a mysterious "Peter the Painter," staged an assassination attempt at the Royal Albert Hall. Home Secretary Churchill, senses ever keen to press attention and political advantage, took a forward part in the direction of the police after the attempt failed and was on hand when the gang was slaughtered in a police shoot-out. The affair, as managed by the Home Secretary and the press, caught the public's fancy and "Sapper" (H. C. McNeile) wrote his fictional beef and blood imperialist hero, Bulldog Drummond, into the narrative. The inherent Boy's Own Adventure qualities of the press story, with its emphasis on the machinations of evil foreigners/revolutionaries and the countervailing might of the established order, dovetailed neatly into the era's taste in popular fiction (Buchan, Chesterton, Orczy). The Anglo-American thriller, as practiced by Fleming, Forsythe, and Clancy, later proved an ideal vehicle for conservative fantasies of alien threat and cleansing brutality.

The scenario for the first version of *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* (adapted by longtime Hitchcock associate Charles Bennett and Catholic humorist D. B. Wyndham-Lewis, with additional dialogue by playwright





LEFT: Ramon (Frank Vosper) and Abbott (Peter Lorre) have Bob Lawrence (Leslie Banks) and his daughter, Jill (Nova Pilbeam) under their power in *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* (1934). RIGHT: Peter Lorre brought his own brand of villainy to two Hitchcock films: *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* and *SECRET AGENT* (1936).

Emlyn Williams) fits into this narrative tradition of paranoid nationalism well. The plot is very simple and leaves great scope for Hitchcockian nuance. An English family (husband, wife, daughter) is vacationing in fashionable St. Moritz when they hear the dying words of a secret agent (one of Our Chaps) warning of an assassination attempt to be made at the Albert Hall. The conspirators, clever and utterly ruthless, then kidnap the couple's daughter to insure their silence. After encounters with authorities and a maddeningly inconclusive investigation conducted by the husband, the assassination is foiled (by the wife's timely scream) and the gang ran down and killed.

In Hitchcock's hands, the finished film displays flashes of brilliant invention (the hypnotism scene, with its subjective camera, the gun barrel that intrudes into the frame with murderous suddenness in the Albert Hall sequence) but also betrays the naiveté of its dime novel origins. Leslie Banks (Count Zaroff of 1932's *THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME*) is a convincingly cool, energetic, and thick-headed protagonist in the Drummond tradition, but his silly-ass Woosterian friend (Hugh Wakefield)

quickly tires. Peter Lorre, as the gang leader, is a Sapper/Buchan "foreigner" par excellence—a remorseless, preening sophisticate exuding Continental decadence. More problematically, the film's dialogue is shot through with a forced jollity that is inappropriate to the simplistic tensions of the plot. The stage bright-talk and broad humor can be seen both as box-office "insurance" for the practical Hitchcock and as a sign that the director did not yet understand what gave this story of endangered innocence and political intrigue its curious power.

After the success of this film and its followup, *THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS* (1935), came the legendary Hitchcock/Selznick partnership and star director status in Hollywood. Most accounts of Hitchcock's conquest of the American film industry and the deepening and maturation of his cinematic vision slight two contributing (and interrelated) factors—the rise of the film noir and the increasing sense of dread and anxiety that characterized the post-World War II United States. The first was a cultural expression of the powerlessness and alienation many felt in Depression and wartime America. Stories of lonely and past-haunted men struggling for knowledge

LEFT: Alfred Hitchcock directs Doris Day and James Stewart in one of the remake's most powerfully-acted scenes. RIGHT: Doris belts out a rescue song ("Que Sera Sera") at a foreign embassy in London.



and survival while being devoured by a pitiless urban jungle were wildly popular with audiences desiring "relevance" and "social significance." Writers and filmmakers such as Cornell Woolrich, Raymond Chandler, David Goodis, John Huston, Edgar Ulmer, and Howard Hawks were using the genre's forms to create works of surpassing lyricism and social engagement. The implied criticism of accepted American reality inherent in the noir form contrasts sharply with the unquestioning social Toryism of the thriller genre.

The end of World War II, with the dubious security and gratifying prosperity it offered, only increased the general sense of sociocultural dislocation. The Cold War, that "twilight struggle" against a phantasmal Communist menace, elicited such varied cultural responses as the second Red Scare, the birth of rock 'n' roll, and the rise of the "sick joke." The pre-war noir sensibility became suffused with what was fast becoming an almost-fashionable sense of decay and approaching doom. Films such as Rudolph Maté's *D.O.A.* (1950), Joseph H. Lewis' *GUN CRAZY* (1949) and *THE BIG COMBO* (1955), and Fritz Lang's *THE BIG HEAT* (1953), far from depicting a harmonious '50s-style social consensus, place the viewer in a predetermined and inhuman milieu marked by treachery, powerlessness, and instant death.

Such was the audience (and milieu) for Hitchcock's "mature" masterpieces. He found the moral ambiguity of the noir congenial enough to incorporate its elements into his own work. In such noirish pictures as *SHADOW OF A DOUBT* (1943), *NOTORIOUS* (1946), *STRANGERS ON A TRAIN* (1951), and *REAR WINDOW* (1954), the Master of Suspense perfected his techniques for, in his words, "conditioning the viewer."

What most critics call "suspense" in Hitchcock's films is the result of carefully planned "audience identification" with his increasingly minimalist characters and the building of viewer investment in the resolution of even his most unlikely plots.

The American remake of *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* is a case in point. Longer by almost half than the 1934 counterpart, Hitchcock and screenwriter John Michael Hayes used the extra footage to build maximum audience investment in the family as a representatively American one. James Stewart carries viewer associations as Jefferson Smith, George Bailey, and Elwood P. Dowd into his role as the father, now a respectable, if painfully provincial, doctor. Doris Day is perfect as the very model of a middle-class trophy-wife, a retired singer ("Que Sera Sera," a song about cheerful acceptance, is inserted into a film about a desperate struggle against a malign fate) who consistently displays greater self-possession and common sense than her husband. She

reflects the devoted, but capable, "new woman" who had begun to emerge from the egalitarian war effort of the '40s and Stewart's efforts to control her behavior provide a much-analyzed subtext.

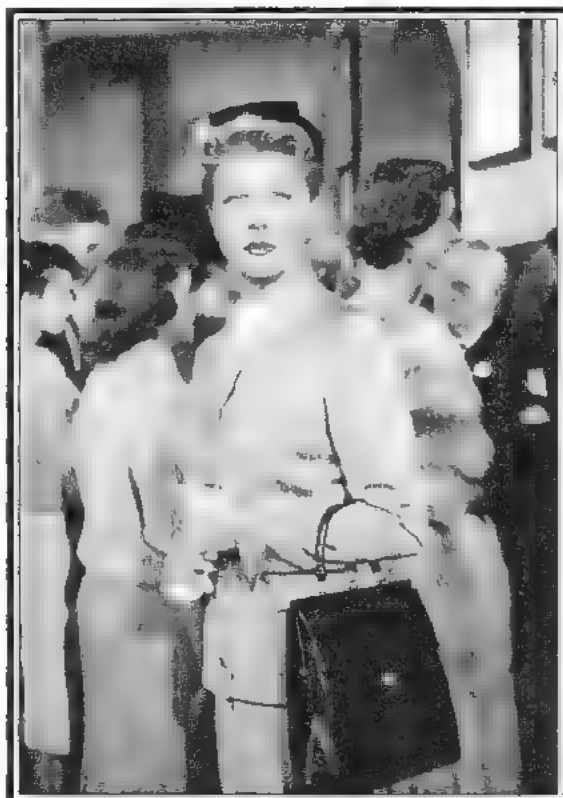
The two are designed, with patented Hitchcockian ambiguity and irony, to stand in for the 1950s nuclear family, the goal of every decent Cold War American aspiration. Hitchcock/Hayes demonstrate a shrewd grasp of postwar zeitgeist in switching the gender of the kidnapped child. The missing son (as played by Christopher Olson) figuratively places the masculine order Stewart awkwardly represents in jeopardy. The boy Hank is the object of good-natured competition between the parents (the self-important father wants him to become a doctor and mildly disparages his wife's efforts to teach her son to sing) and Stewart betrays uneasiness when Day hints that she wants another child.

In light of the heightened domestic tensions in the American version, the switch of antagonists from Peter Lorre's suave mastermind in the original to a troubled British couple (bland functionary Bernard Miles paired with a conscience-wracked Brenda de Banzie), is a brilliant stratagem. Audience investment in the American couple's plight is both augmented and problematized by the presence of this barren (and even more dysfunctional) alternate family. The viewer subjectively responds to the kidnappers' mounting desperation even as Stewart and Day move closer to unraveling the mystery of their son's disappearance. Reggie Nalder, with his jackal's thin-lipped sneer, provides Lorre's calibre menace as an imported French gunman and faintly echoes the anti-Continental xenophobia of the original.

The location is changed from placid St. Moritz to "exotic" Marrakesh and the boy sets the plot in motion through a blundering discourtesy to a

Moroccan woman. This change in locale was obviously meant to remove the (American) audience further from the "real" world and into an unfamiliar place where, according to the rules of the Anglo-American thriller, life is cheap and intrigue commonplace. The besieged family, far more than in the British version, are unwilling pawns in a high-stakes game of power politics, the rules and ends of which are morally obscure. Gone is the simple nationalism and bigotry of the earlier film. In its place is the pervading sense of dread and helplessness that permeated Cold War American culture.

The story proceeds familiarly to the Albert Hall sequence and Doris Day's scream. Throughout, Hitchcock builds audience engagement by focusing on Stewart's strenuous and largely ineffectual efforts to find his



Songstress Jo McKenna (Doris Day) arrives at Albert Hall, where her remarkable lung power will save a life.

Book Ends

The Scarlet Street Review of Books

MIDNIGHT MARQUEE ACTORS

SERIES: BELA LUGOSI

Gary J. and Sue Svehla, eds.

Midnight Marquee Press, 1995

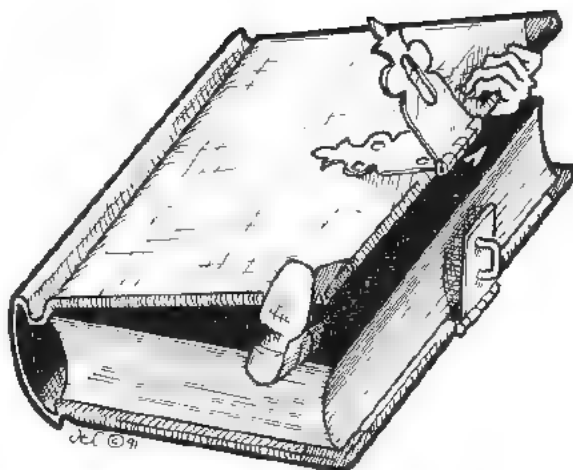
312 pages—\$20.00

With this, the first volume in a projected "Actors Series," the editors of the venerable fanzine *Midnight Marquee* evince both a prudent commercial sense and a commendable taste for controversy. Interest in Lugosi has sharpened considerably since the release of ED WOOD (1994), and the general roar of fannish acclaim greeting Burton's masterpiece hasn't quite managed to suffocate the persistent bickering among the actor's admirers and critics. Bela is the genre's single most divisive figure, and the present volume not only exposes many fissures among fannish opinion, but also throws *MidMar's* characteristic virtues and defects in to sharp relief.

The level of scholarship is, as one would expect from a *MidMar* publication, quite high. Page after page is devoted to production history arcana and astute commentary on the lives and careers of supporting players. One can credit this to the happy influence on genre scholarship of Bill Warren's marvelous study of 1950s sci-fi films, *Keep Watching The Skies*, without diminishing the present volume. Gary Svehla's discussions of THE RAVEN (1935) and THE DEVIL BAT (1940) exemplify the collection's quiet virtues of careful reasoning, balanced judgment, and a light, conversational tone.

These virtues are offset by the Svehlas' apparent unwillingness to use the editorial blue pencil on a few rambling and pointless critiques. Mark A. Miller's contribution on 1943's THE APE MAN (replete with unsupported critical assertions, "Poor Bela" snideness on a sub-Medved level, and a wholly inadequate evaluation of Lugosi's "Monogram nine") and the Bret Wood essay on 1931's DRACULA (the analytic poverty of which is empathized by overuse of a very small stock of descriptive adjectives and scarcely redeemed by an irrelevant bow to Jacques Lacan) are but two that could have benefited from tighter editing. Another editorial lapse occurs on page 231, with a photo caption identifying Wally Brown and Alan Carney from ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY (1945) as the deathless Duke Mitchell and Sammy Petrillo from BELA LUGOSI MEETS A BROOKLYN GORILLA (1952).

Indeed, the quality of writing, argumentation, and critical discernment varies considerably from essay to essay. A few of the entries are outstanding, such as David J. Hogan's piece on the classic ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN (1948), a witty and professionally-crafted appreciation of a much-loved film. Others, such as Don Leifert's profile of RETURN OF



THE VAMPIRE (1943) add little to one's understanding of the work under discussion and indicate that the editors might well have gone outside their stable for contributors. As for the chapter on THE BLACK SLEEP (1956), Tom Weaver soils a perfectly delightful essay with a foredoomed attempt to credit that faux-Universal knockoff with starting the Hammer horror cycle of the '50s. His critical infelicities aside, Weaver's last paragraph is one of the best passages in the book and quite a tribute from a longtime Bela-basher.

The volume's two standouts are *Scarlet Street* staffer Bob Madison's "ED WOOD and the Lugosi Mystique" and Richard Gordon's "An Appreciation of Bela Lugosi." Madison is nearly the only writer in the book to use the device of the plot summary (much ink has been wasted both in this book and elsewhere on the custom, which was better suited to the era before video and laser) to support his thesis. Indeed, he is one of the few who bother to make a discernible argument about Lugosi or his films at all and it is couched in prose that is graceful, urbane, and affecting.

Producer Gordon's memories are fresh and vivid and he conveys them with a marvelous sense of time recaptured. Through him, we understand Bela's loyalty and storied lack of business acumen. Gordon makes nonsense of many familiar explanations of Lugosi's career and personal problems.

Though uneven and intermittently plagued with slovenly writing, this first volume in the *MidMar* Actor's Series is worth the attention of the scholar and serious fan. Lugosi fans will find it indispensable.

—Ronald Dale Garmon

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DRACULA: THE RARE TEXT OF 1901

Bram Stoker

Transylvania Press, 1994

337 Pages

The people at Transylvania Press have taken the rare, 1901 text of Bram Stoker's immortal *Dracula* and republished the book in a handsome boxed edition.

The book comes bound in sturdy, black covers (with red-embossed title) and includes a stunning reproduction of the 1901 edition's frontispiece—Stoker's Vampire King climbing down the stone walls of his castle—which alone is worth the price of the book.

At this late date, *Dracula* transcends criticism. That it has never been out of print, and continues to survive the stage play that forever altered the public perception of the Count, let alone Hollywood's endless attempts to gut and destroy the legend, makes Stoker's work as formidable as the undead fiend who walks its pages.

Why is the 1901 edition important? According to two amusing and informative prefaces, one by Robert Eigheten Bisang and another by world-class *Dracula* scholar Raymond T. McNally, Stoker himself cut his own novel for this condensed version. Contemporary readers sometimes find Stoker's lengthy work a daunting task. Now they have the luxury of a 162,000 word novel reduced to 137,000 words, pared by the author himself. The 25,000 missing words will not matter to those encountering the novel for the first time, and it's interesting for the *Dracula* buff to see what Stoker thought to be extraneous.

The Transylvania Press edition of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* makes a fine addition to any vampire collector's library, and comes very highly recommended

—Bob Madison

1995 LASER VIDEO DISC COMPANION

Douglas Pratt

Baseline Books, 1995

974 pages—\$39.95

The laserdisc has been hailed for years as the state-of-the-art in video quality, but any honest collector of the medium will tell you that the road to video nirvana is often

fraught with frustration. Studios are slow to remaster their libraries of classic titles. Collectors, eager to get their hands on laser editions of old favorites, are sometimes stymied when manufacturers are forced to press discs from faded, scratchy, and splicy source materials

Intelligent, reliable guidance is definitely in order and it is to be found in this imposing work by Douglas Pratt. Well-known as the editor of the indispensable *The Laser Disc Newsletter*, Pratt has condensed and collected his reviews of virtually every disc in print (through 1995). It's a telephone-book-sized volume that any quality-minded video addict will want to squeeze onto their bookshelves.



Bela Lugosi as Count Dracula in *ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN* (1948), the second (and last) time the actor played the Vampire King on screen.

Pratt's tastes are impressively eclectic, but by no means peg him as a traditional horror fan. His ho-hum assessments of *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1935) and *THE CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE* (1943) made me wince, and I could almost hear the collective groan of Universal horror buffs everywhere at his dismissal of 1943's *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN* as "low class." (Despite its hackneyed plot, I always thought of it as a crack example of B-movie craftsmanship).

For the most part, though, Pratt is a receptive, even generous, com-

mentator. Readers caught up in his enthusiasm will likely be adding more discs to their collections than they ever intended. Pratt knows how to read a movie and his reviews are peppered with knowing observations about character, nuance, and technique. (His comments on Alfred Hitchcock's 1964 *MARNIE*, for instance, are a model of concise, uncluttered and insightful criticism.)

But the main attraction here is Pratt's unflinching appraisals of the software itself. Surveying 8000 discs in abundant detail is enough to make this the ultimate consumer guide for all laser owners. Unlike mass-marketed video magazines, Pratt doesn't curry favor from advertisers nor mince words. He frequently comes down hard when a disc is all but unwatchable.

Excepting that Pratt fails to detail price and manufacturer information, this volume is as complete as anyone could hope.

—Michael Brunas

SLEAZE CREATURES

D. Earl Worth

Fantasma Books

255 pages—\$19.95

Happily subtitled "An Illustrated Guide to Hollywood Horror Movies 1956-1959," the somewhat misnamed *Sleaze Creatures* is an enjoyable look at fright films from an era regarded by many as the genre's most influential, the 1950s or, in this case, the late 1950s. It's not the big-budget studio productions that Worth concentrates on (few horror movies at the time had budgets), but those cheapie gems that are dear to every B-movie lover's heart.

Given these limits, one would think that Worth would be hard pressed to find enough movies that he considers worthy, but the author packs his book with no less than 50 films. Such favorites as *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF* (1957), *THE WASP WOMAN* (1959), and *THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON* (1959) receive detailed critiques and an analysis of what influence—if any—they had on pop culture.

Worth knows what he's talking about, and his love for these films is obvious. Stylishly designed and overflowing with great black-and-white photographs, *Sleaze Creatures* is a welcome addition to any film fan's book shelf.

—Sean Farrell



LEFT: LAURA (1944) marked Gene Tierney's successful bid to establish herself as a leading lady, but Vincent Price was already moving beyond his short-lived career as a Hollywood leading man. RIGHT: Dana Andrews was a fresh kind of hero for the 1940s—tough, cynical, and right at home in the dark world of film noir.



THE FACE IN THE MISTY LIGHT

Continued from page 59

ed voice on a radio program say, "love is eternal. It has been the strongest motivation for human action throughout centuries. Love is stronger than life. It reaches beyond the dark shadow of death."

If Lydecker can't have Laura alive, he will take her, possess her, in death. He can't stand the idea of her being the "dame" of a vulgar cop. "Do you think I could bear the thought of him holding you in his arms, kissing you, loving you?" he asks Laura, as he levels the gun at her. If sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, then sometimes a gun is just a gun, but given the popular fad for Freudian analysis at the time LAURA was made, perhaps it isn't farfetched to see phallic symbolism in Lydecker's impotent, wild shotgun blasts as Laura escapes him. No longer superior, he's the animal now, hunted, as a cop (not McPherson) guns him down.

Finally, there's the elusive character of Laura herself. In the film's trailer, a narrator says, "Few women have been so beautiful, so exotic, so dangerous to know . . . Every woman will feel that when it comes to men, Laura gets by with murder. Every man will feel that when it comes to murder, it couldn't involve a more enticing girl." Then the written legend comes up: "The strangest, most dangerous experience in love and murder."

To a modern viewer, these words may sound misleading, if not flat-out wrong. Patricia Dowell (in *World Film Directors*, H. W. Wilson, 1987) aptly describes Laura as an enigmatic woman who does nothing directly to cause men to behave the way they do over her. Indeed, far from being the film noir stereotype of the dangerous siren, Laura comes across as calm and gentle. Coworkers and everyone around her all seem to wish her well.

However, here again, times have changed. "Laura had innate breeding," Waldo Lydecker says. She looks and speaks like a lady. But by the standards of 1944, being a career woman (with several boyfriends, no less) instead of settling down as a housewife made Laura dangerous. America faced social changes as World War II sent unprecedented numbers of women into the work force. "Working girl" was a popular euphemism for "whore" back then. Magazine articles exhorted the "good" wife and mother at home with the babies to be-

ware of those shameless home-wreckers who did their nails instead of the dishes and lurked invitingly in the husband's office.

Jon Tuska, among others, has pointed out that, "whether intentionally or unintentionally, women outside traditional roles in the patriarchal system in films noirs are *prima mobilia* which unleash the havoc which befalls the male protagonists." (*Dark Cinema: American Film Noir in Cultural Perspective*, Greenwood Press, 1984.)

The movie illuminates the gap between old and new thinking when Mark is surprised that working girl Laura claims she can cook. She reassures him that her mother, while encouraging her to follow her dream of a career, also taught her the family recipes. However, in a sly bit of visual humor, just as Laura sets a pot of water on the stove, Bessie interrupts, hysterical at the sight of Laura alive. Laura calms her down and then promptly turns all the kitchen chores over to the maid. The audience has almost, but not quite, seen Laura boil water! So much for her domesticity!

Laura's personality seems less mysterious when she's seen as a woman vacillating between an old order, where women obey, and a new order, where women think for themselves. When McPherson demands to know why she broke her promise not to reveal to anyone that she was alive and why she arranged to meet Shelby Carpenter on the sneak, Laura says, "You forced me to give you my word. I never have been and I never will be bound by anything that I don't do of my own free will."

But Mark never forced her. He only asked her. She feels forced because she automatically reacts as if a woman should take a man's word as law. Reluctant to disagree or say "no," she goes behind his back to disobey. Laura seems so enigmatic because of this way of avoiding conflict.

Instead of confronting Lydecker and telling him that she has the right to date anyone she wants, Laura sneaks around. Carpenter convinces her to lie to McPherson that they're back together, because if they broke up it might look as though she thinks he's guilty. Rather than argue, she agrees to protect him. But when McPherson confronts her, she gives in to him, too, and readily admits that she's been covering up for Carpen-

ter. Naturally, these apparent shifting loyalties frustrate the men in her life

Her wavering merely annoys Carpenter and McPherson, but places her in grave danger with the psychotic Lydecker. By the time she works up the courage to be honest and break off with him, time has run out; he has literally come unwound, as symbolized by a closeup of a tangled mainspring as his last wild shot smashes the clock he gave Laura (and in which the murder weapon has been hidden all along)

By the end of the film, Laura has learned. She blames her own passive behavior for Diane's death. "I'm as guilty as [Waldo] is, not for anything I did, but for what I didn't do. But I couldn't help myself. I owed him too much." She seems on the verge of realizing that her traditionally "womanly" behavior, outwardly meek but inwardly rebellious, fed Waldo's destructive (and self-destructive) delusions of power over her. Becoming stronger would make Laura a better, wiser, and safer person.

At one point, McPherson says gruffly, "I must say that for a charming, intelligent girl, you've certainly surrounded yourself with a remarkable collection of dopes." His blunt language sounds refreshing, the voice of common sense. Since he doesn't like clinging vines anyway, he might respect Laura enough to help her learn how to be her own person. Unlike many noir women who get punished for their wicked modern ways, Laura not only survives, but has a chance at growth and happiness as the movie ends.

THE GHOUL NEXT DOOR

Continued from page 82

one of the studio's more mature thrillers. Once again, an innocent person's life is destroyed by the renegade experiments of an over-zealous scientist. Along with his desire to prove his theories, the medico often has an ulterior motive (more often than not, to avenge himself on his oppressors, but occasionally to gain financial reward or the love of a woman). Universal had exploited this horror-movie cliché only recently in *CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN* (1943), and before that in *BLACK FRIDAY* (1940) and *MAN MADE MONSTER* (1941).

George Zucco and David Bruce take top honors in the acting department. Like Lionel Atwill, Zucco approached most of his horror movie roles with his tongue planted firmly in his cheek. To this cultured stage actor, breathing life into such poorly written parts as the wacko scientist in PRC's *THE MAD MONSTER* (1942) and the white witch doctor in Monogram's *VOODOO MAN* (1944) must have been the height of indignation. *THE MAD GHOUL* provided Zucco with yet another mad scientist role, but this time the stock character was conceived with more sensitivity and shading than usual. Zucco himself must have felt the part worthwhile, as he performs it with atypical restraint and perception.

David Bruce is the ideal victim, a naive child-man who is blissfully unaware of the deceptions in operation around him. He is appropriately void of emotion as the Ghoul, and seems to operate on automatic pilot while in this condition. His state of mental oblivion is especially chilling at those times when he's committing heinous acts.

Evelyn Ankers lends beauty, charm, and intelligence to the role of Isabel. At first, Universal planned to have

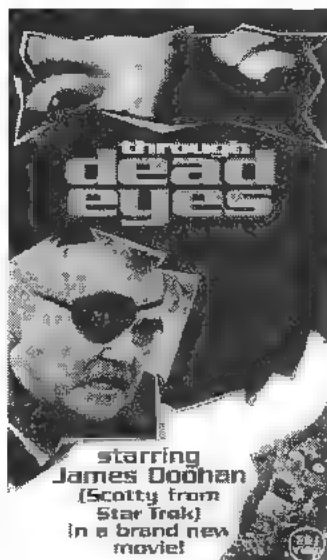
Continued on page 97



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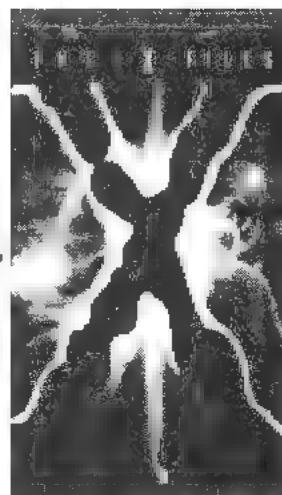
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THE GERTZENSTEIN MONSTERS

Continued from page 41

might be screwy, but it should not be a mere sound effect. Maybe you'll use, as I did, a theremin or that sort of thing—but not exclusively, you're not just going to make sounds. Even if it's the screwiest sound in the world, I want it to have a melodic line, a kind of logical musical sense.

RS: A notation in the orchestral sketch for *THE LAND UNKNOWN* actually instructed that the novachord should be played "screwy."

HS: That word "screwy"—I use it differently; I meant that it would not be the way you'd hear it in a symphonic hall, not in a conventional way.

RS: Let's hear more about how you work.

HS: I don't use a piano when I write. I have a piano here, and I never use it—but it makes a wonderful coaster. Terrific! Set 'em up!

RS: Was there any special challenge to scoring sci-fi films?

HS: Not for me, there wasn't. I found it all equally challenging, if that's the word. I don't like the word challenge. A challenge is something the outcome of which we do not know. I don't like a challenge. I don't know how it's gonna come out. And that's risky, that's dangerous. Who wants to put themselves in danger? I want something that will interest me, intrigue me. I liked comedy, some of the Abbott and Costellos and Ma and Pa Kettles. I approached them with as much respect anything else.

RS: Did the director know exactly where he wanted music?

HS: That decision was made when they "spotted" a picture. You'd sit in a room and run the picture for Joe Gershenson, the composers, and sometimes the director and the producer. Not always. Sometimes they'd just leave it to Joe. He'd sit with the composer and say, "Should we start music here and then end it here?" We didn't really like to have the producer around, because they didn't know. The ones who know where music should go in a picture and what it should be are the composers.

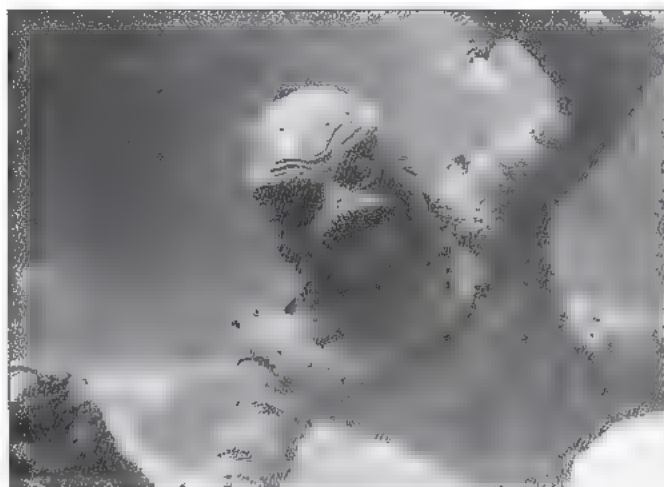
RS: Was producer William Alland ever there when you "spotted" a picture?

HS: He was there occasionally, yes. He was one of the producers that

we would humor. I don't mean to make it sound disparaging, but he always had this illusion—he would say, "My Westerns are not just action horseback, they're psychological dramas." That amused us, because to us they were Westerns!

RS: But basically you'd say there were no problems?

HS: One dumb thing that was said to me—it was Douglas Sirk. He was a big director, and there was a picture called *THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW*, with Barbara Stanwyck. He said, "You know, this picture requires a very sensitive score." Now, I love that comment! Because what picture doesn't require a sensitive score? **DEBBIE DOES DALLAS?**



"What hath Herman wrought?" asked the astonished Mr. Stein upon learning that his 1954 three-note *CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* motif is a classic among sci-fi fans.

I guess he was just worried that I couldn't handle a sensitive score. What he really meant was, "You schmuck, you can't do this!"

RS: That was in 1956

HS: The '50s, that's all I can tell you. My memory about these things is very vague. I remember episodes, I remember where I was, I remember Audie Murphy...

RS: Do you remember anything about director Jack Arnold?

HS: Yes, he was thin! Now see that? Who says my memory's wrong? He was very nonchalant and casual; I liked him, I remember. I didn't have too much interaction with him. We never dealt with the producers or the directors directly. In fact, it was discouraged. Milt Rosen, the assistant—he once said, "Look, the less you have to do with them, the better you are off." I love that grammatical construction.

RS: Were you at the recording sessions?

HS: The best place to be is in the control room. We were almost always there. I wanted to see that it came out right, the way I wanted it. It was Stage 10, and we had six or seven woodwinds, we had six or seven brass when we needed it, and we'd get extra men whenever we needed them. It was a pretty good-sized orchestra.

RS: A lot of the music sounded heavy on brass.

HS: Well, you've touched on something. There was one lack of all the studio orchestras, and I guess it was because of money. They never had enough strings. If you go to a full-sized symphony orchestra, you'll see the same amount of brass that

we had at Universal, same amount of woodwinds may be, but many more strings. I think the reason you heard the brass was because you couldn't hear the strings; there weren't enough of them. It's that simple.

RS: Did you ever feel that your music was in any way marred by the music editor?

HS: Well, sometimes they had to change the picture. If they cut the picture, then the music would be cut with it, and sometimes we'd have to make changes in the music. We hated that. Not because of what it did to us artistically or aesthetically, but because it's difficult. When you're writing a piece of music, you're thinking logically in a certain way,

and then they'd change the whole thing. If they put in a different scene, then you'd have to put in a bridge. It just became a mechanical difficulty, that's all. We didn't care. We were happy to be working, let's put it that way.

RS: Do you have any favorite scores?

HS: Well, I'd say particular cues. I wouldn't say scores. I had a chase that I did once. It's about six and a half minutes, and it's frantic! It's from a thing called *GIRLS IN THE NIGHT*. I killed off Don Gordon in this picture; they're chasing him and he gets killed. I'm proud of that.

RS: Your three-note "signature" for *CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* is so widely recognized

HS: Oh, yes, the Creature! Joe said he wanted some kind of theme, some kind of a little striking thing, a motif or something. What did you say that was?

RS: A musical signature.

HS: A musical signature? And that's recognized by whom, by what? Where?

RS: People who like that movie, who I would never expect to be aware of the music, repeat those three notes whenever I mention *CREATURE*

HS: Oh, really? Oh, for God's sake! What hath Herman wrought? I'll tell you what I would have liked. We always wanted one thing—we tried to get a tune in the picture, because the rewards for a successful tune are much greater than for anything else.

RS: You mean something commercial?

HS: Yes, of course. But we couldn't; the producers wouldn't understand it or they had somebody else. They'd hire a guy, any guy just to write a tune! And we'd gnash our teeth, because when they hired the guy to do a tune, we'd have to write that tune into the picture. We based our stuff on that tune. When you do that, you're not considered the composer,

so far as ASCAP is concerned. That's why we always wanted a tune in the picture so we'd get some credit for it; that's when you'd be remembered

RS: Later you worked for 20th Century Fox, didn't you?

HS: I did TV at Fox. I needed work and Irving Gertz brought me over there, for which I'm eternally grateful to him. I did a lot of TV—*LOST IN SPACE*, *VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA* . . .

RS: Do you remember Irwin Allen?

HS: I remember we were seated at a table and there was somebody else involved with the production. I don't know what his function was, but I remember Irwin Allen asking him, "Did you see the show? How did you like it?" And it was one of those situations where the guy couldn't say anything negative, and he didn't want to say he liked it—so he said, "The production values were great!" (Laughs)

RS: Are you involved with any musical projects now?

HS: At my age, no. No projects. I just want to survive. I think that we should be old and get younger as we go on. I want to back into puberty the next time! (Laughs)

RS: Did you ever think, when you were composing this movie music, that people would be interested in it one day via new recordings?

HS: No, it never occurred to me. I never thought that it would have any importance, if that's the right word, or any significance, or even any use. The only use it might have is maybe wind up in the music library—and it did go in the library and a lot of it was used in pictures afterwards. Anybody who thinks, "Oh, this will live after me," doesn't have a good grip on reality or is vain. Pride is one thing, but vanity is another.

JOHN MICHAEL HAYES

Continued from page 88

JMH: Yeah, she is. Terry Moore would have liked to have played the part, but she was too movie wise for you to have believed in her innocence, her frailty, or whatever you want to call it.

SS: You recently wrote a screenplay for a Disney film.

SS: Yes, *IRON WILL*. I actually wrote the picture some years ago for Bing Crosby Productions. They didn't make it, so somebody bought it from them and then sold it to Disney. It was something that I always wanted

to do: man against impossible odds, man against the elements. It's the only time in my career that I've ever been followed by another writer. That's because Disney apparently wanted somebody to "Disneyize" it with a youthful viewpoint.

SS: God bless them.

JMH: But I still got top credit, and it was a nice story. It got Disney a lot of attention, because a lot of stories have been written about my comeback. I'm asked to lecture everywhere and Hitchcock has become sort of a cottage industry. But I've had to turn them all down since last year.

SS: Because of your health.

JMH: You can't imagine the number of people who want to know why I wrote this line or that line for *REAR WINDOW*. Why, there are some people who can quote the entire movie! (Laughs) Absolutely!

SS: The favorite at *Scarlet Street* is when Wendell Corey asks Thelma Ritter if she wants to see what the cops dug up in the garden, and Ritter replies, "No, I don't want any part of her!"

JMH: That came out of my comedy experience. It was fun to do. I enjoyed it. I had a wonderful time with it. And I wish it had gone on for 10 more years.

THE MEN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

Continued from page 91

son. By making Stewart's fitness as father and protector the emotional center of the film, Hitchcock turns this venerable old chestnut of a plot into a prime piece of 1950s Cold War male hysteria. Moreover, that plot's resolution (and the reconstruction of the secure nuclear family) comes at a price to Stewart's smug assumptions of masculine superiority. It is only when the two begin to work together, reclaiming their jeopardized status as a couple, that they find the lost boy and foil the machinations that led to his disappearance.

An era in American cultural evolution that produced such deeply political allegories of male angst as *HIGH NOON* (1952), *ON THE WATERFRONT* (1954), and *TWELVE ANGRY MEN* (1957) can scarcely be termed the renaissance of national self-confidence and macho resolve that many today suppose it to have been. Hitchcock, adroit showman that he was, knew well the sensitivities and unresolved tensions of his time and place and continued to craft superb popular entertainment by cultivating paranoia wherever he found it.

THE GHOUL NEXT DOOR

Continued from page 95

the actress/singer record the classic pieces in her own voice, but the idea was scrapped at the last moment. Library recordings of Lillian Cornell were ineffectively substituted. There was little Turhan Bey could do with the colorless role of Eric, Ankers' lover, but to act suave and Continental, yet remain sympathetic. The supporting cast is headed up by old reliables Robert Armstrong, Rose Hobart, Addison Richards, and a wryly amusing Andrew Tombes as an overzealous funeral director.

Boasting a macabre tale generously plied with gruesome effects, unusually good performances, and deft writing and direction, *THE MAD GHOUL* is several cuts above the average grindhouse quickie released by the likes of Columbia, Monogram, and PRC.

Excerpted from Universal Horrors: The Studio's Classic Films, 1931-1946, by Michael Brunas, John Brunas, and Tom Weaver. Published by McFarland & Company, Inc. See ad on page 51 for ordering information.

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OVER THE RAINBOW

Continued from page 27

it as originally and so beautifully planned. (The culprits, by the way, include Vestron, Image, and Orion.)

Wait, music lovers! There's more! There's been a Mende.ssohnian muddle made of THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES as well, and once again it concerns the ever-popular "War March of the Priests." (For a number that was never recorded by Elvis, that thing sure gets around.) This

time, though, the penny-pinchers have replaced one recording of "War March" with yet another recording of "War March." I know that purists and anally-retentive collectors of motion-picture minutia will be up in arms over this, but, frankly, I'm not fainting.

What is a crime is the loss of the Vincent Price vocal at the conclusion of DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!, but there's a grain of good news for those willing to track down the film for one of its occasional television broadcasts: on TV, the original ending is intact! (See, the

boob tube was already around when the Phibes films were made, but no one had the foresight to sew up the song rights for the coming video revolution.)

In an age in which every week brings yet another Director's Cut or Special Edition, so that no one film is one film any longer, it would be swell if someone actually took the trouble to present a movie in its original form—or is that asking too much?



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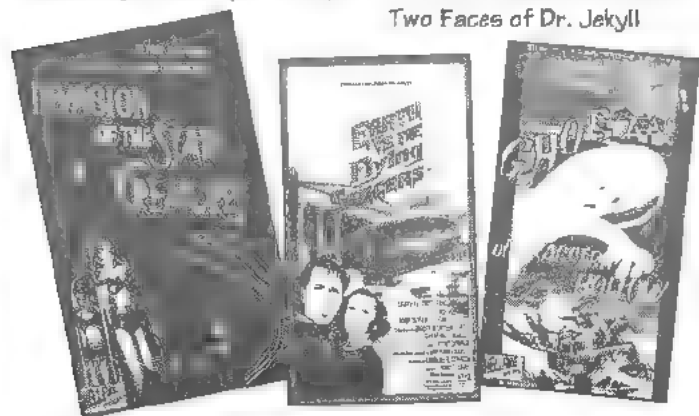
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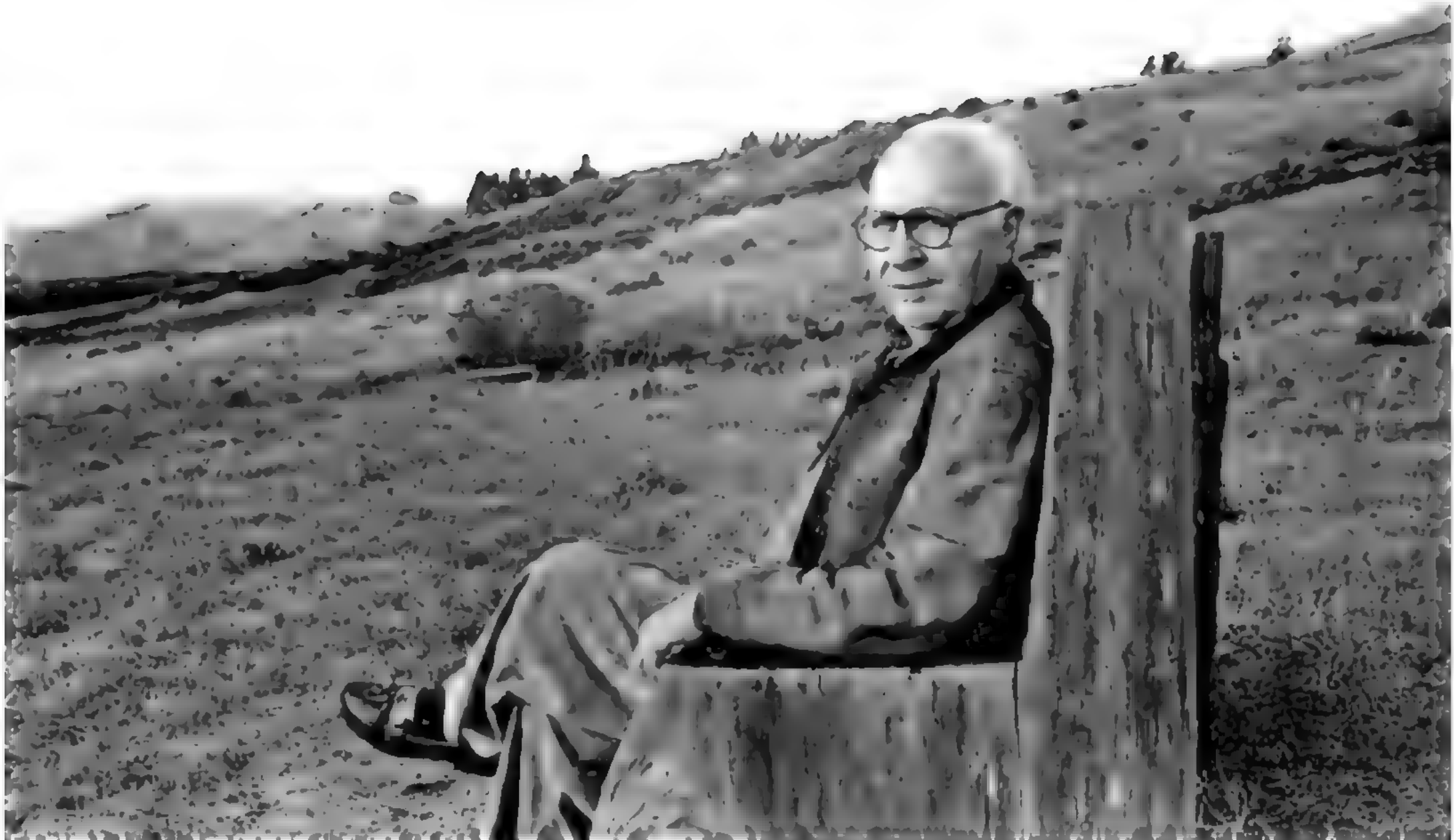






























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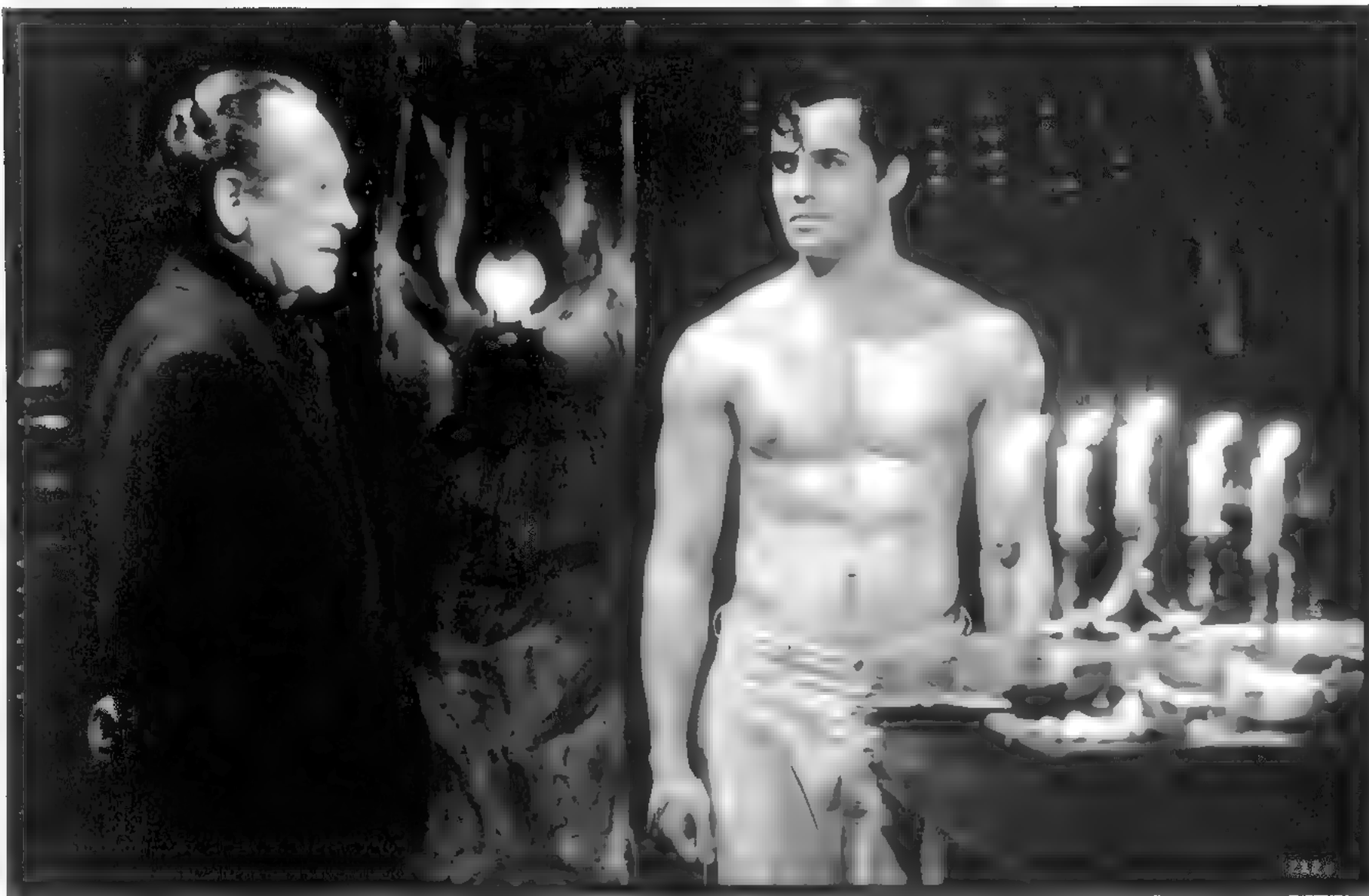
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2220

Photo by: Andrew Cooper

In times of need, The Phantom (Billy Zane, right) turns to the ghost of his murdered father (Patrick McGeehan) in the action adventure "The Phantom". The film is directed by Simon Wincer from a screenplay written by Jeffrey Boam. The film is a Paramount Pictures Presentation in association with Robert Evans and The Ladd Company of a Village Roadshow Pictures Production and a Simon Wincer film. The producers are Robert Evans and Alan Ladd, Jr. The executive producers are Richard Vane and Joe Dante and Village Roadshow Pictures' Graham Burke, Greg Coote and Peter Sjoquist and Bruce Sherlock. The co-producer is Jeffrey Boam, and the associate producer is Bonnie Abauza. Paramount Pictures is part of the entertainment operations of Viacom Inc.



























